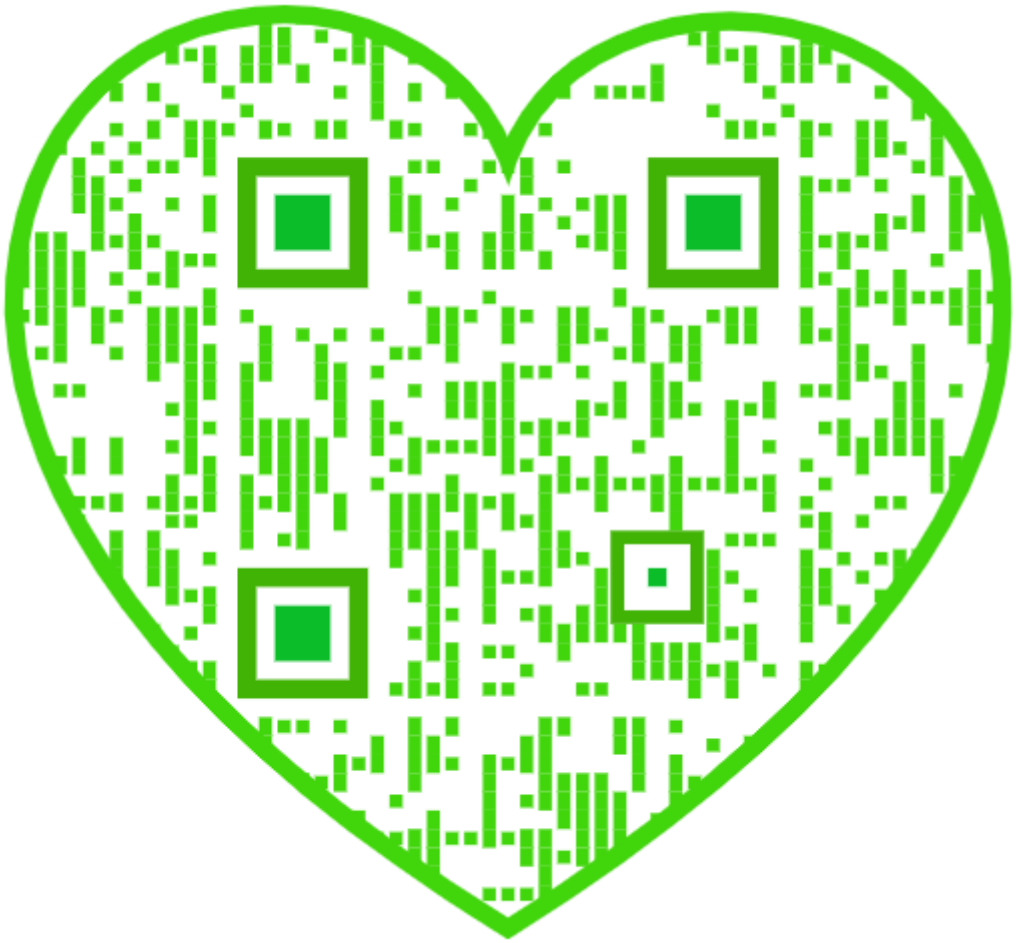

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

I.—THE MOTOR-CAR QUESTION

BY ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH

WHAT is the charm of motor-cars? It is not to be wondered at that those who are unacquainted with them detest them. Until some six or seven years ago I was among the number of horse-owners who regard the new method of transit as a noisy nuisance, and although I am still alive to the drawbacks attending the introduction of something entirely new in so old-fashioned a country as ours, the continued use of many types of motor-cars has quite revolutionised my feelings on the matter.

It is difficult to realise to-day that seventy years ago the locomotive was regarded as the enemy of horses. The fact that railways did, to a certain extent, reduce the number of horses used for some kinds of transport, confirmed the belief that the progress of the iron road would lead to the extermination of the friend of man. When the automobile was introduced into France some ten years ago, similar notions were rife in that country, but it will be within the knowledge of many readers

of the *Badminton Magazine* that carriage-horses to-day command a higher price in Paris than in any other place in the world, and that the French carriage-building industry was never so prosperous.

Curiously enough, too, the introduction of lighter work in carriage-building that has been brought about by the French motor-car races is having effect in the production of broughams, victorias, and phaetons that, while equally strong and graceful, weigh considerably less than those made by English firms.

Much of our British opposition to mechanical traction, our objection to electric tramways, light railroads and the like, arises from our natural affection for the horse. But some of it is a little unthinking. That owners and breeders of horses should be anxious as to the future value of their stock is perhaps not unnatural, but their apprehensions are in my judgment unnecessary. I do not believe that the introduction of motor-cars will have any effect upon the number of horses in use, though it will doubtless displace some of them. The heavy road-waggons, the thousands of commercial travellers' gigs, the post chaises, the coaches that covered the high-roads of England seventy years ago have disappeared, yet there are now said to be five times as many horses in use in the United Kingdom as there were at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The motor-car will fill its own place, just as the railway did.

Let me endeavour to explain what are the charms of a method of travel that, to the surprise of the uninitiated, has already captured the imagination of almost all the Royalties of Europe and the millionaires of the United States. Why does King Edward VII. use a motor-car on many occasions when he has at his command at any time a special train? Why is it that the Automobile Club in London is the most rapidly growing club in the United Kingdom? Why is it that the leading French, German, American, and British motor-car manufacturers are working night and day, and are many months in arrear with their orders? All those who have been seized with the craze cannot be mere enthusiasts. Many of them are practical men of affairs, not a few are among the leading horse-owners of the world.

The movement and the industry in England owe their practical extension to the interest of the Royal family in the matter. Prior to the King's purchase of a motor-car, the British public regarded self-propelled carriages with a still

smouldering dislike. They were foreign, they were noisy, they frightened horses and old women, they would ruin horse-breeders, they were a mere passing craze of people with more money than brains. Up till 1896, by which time the foreigners had captured nearly all the patents, they could not be used on the English roads unless preceded by a man walking with a red flag in his hand. These matters were not unobserved by the Germans, and the Americans, and the French, and more particularly by the latter. The burst of enthusiasm with which the legalisation of the motor-car in England on November 14, 1896, was welcomed, was regarded with positive dread by French manufacturers. They had witnessed the introduction of the bicycle in France in 1867 and its subsequent capture by the manufacturers of Coventry and Birmingham. They feared a similar result with their remarkable new industry. By the British public the altering of a ridiculous law was celebrated by the assembling of enormous crowds to witness the departure of the first legal run of motor-cars from London to Brighton. I remember the occasion well; the crowds in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge reminded one of the Jubilee, and all all along the fifty miles of road people assembled to welcome the vehicles of the future. Company promoters seized the opportunity to float numbers of rotten concerns by which some millions of money were lost to the public. But the apprehensions of the French and the enthusiasm of the British were all groundless. France, Germany and the United States continue to monopolise the industry, and while it is quite possible to buy a good motor-car of English manufacture, the majority of those in use are the result of handsome cheques and high wages paid to foreign manufacturers and work-people.

One curious result I may mention in passing, is the fact that the builders of the carriage part of motor-cars as apart from the engine, have secured much English custom for foreign horse carriages. At Messrs. Kellners, in Paris, the other day, I noticed several broughams and victorias about to be despatched to customers in England who had been struck by the lightness and finish of the work of the bodies of the automobiles of this firm.

Our King was preceded in use of the motor-car in England by a number of well-known public men, of whom I may instance Lords Carnarvon, Cairns, Shrewsbury, Iveagh, and Suffield, Sir David Salmons, Mr. Evelyn Ellis, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. John Scott

Montagu, and Mr. Charles Rolls. One of the most enthusiastic owners of motor-cars in England is Mr. R. H. Hudson, whose record as a breeder of Shire horses will be known to many readers of this article.

In the motor-car matter experience has taught me that it is useless to attempt to combat prejudice by instancing the utility of the machine, or the common sense of its users. What is needed is a short ride in a good automobile. It is safe to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who make a motor-car trip return amazed and convinced. The celerity with which the machine can be started, the extraordinary power of the brakes, the absence of vibration, the newness of the motion and the exhilaration produced by a rapid spin through the air instantly convert prejudice into enthusiasm. As to the English law which limits the speed to twelve miles an hour, it is tolerably well known that it is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, by Royalty downwards. Nor is it to be wondered at. The ridiculous regulation in question was made by men of whom only one, I believe, had ever been in a motor-car, and very few of the magistrates throughout the country, who are making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of posterity by inflicting fines for technical transgressions of this act, have any acquaintance with self-propelled carriages.

As a magistrate I am well aware of the valuable nature of the work done by our British unpaid judges, but it would be better, I suggest, for the commercial prosperity of England, threatened as it is on every side, if some of them evinced a little more patriotism by studying the motor-car question before attempting to drive another trade permanently into the hands of the foreigners. I admit that it is not by any means pleasant when driving a young and spirited horse to come suddenly face to face with a noisy engine filled with people dressed in the costume of submarine divers. It is equally unpleasant to be approached from behind by one of these infernal machines, whose advent is heralded by a raucous and most annoying horn. It is an experience with which I am well acquainted, and as a result I have gone to the very slight trouble of breaking my horses to several sizes and shapes of motor-cars. As a rule, half an hour's careful work, accompanied by kindness and by carrots, will accustom any horse to the noisiest motor in existence, more especially if the people in the motor-car speak to the horse. Unfortunately, many drivers of horses will not take the trouble. I know fond and charming mothers who

send out their little ones in a pony cart drawn by a spirited cob and driven by a governess, who, as often as not, throws down the reins at the approach of a motor. It would be well, I think, if the County Councils of England instead of ruining British motor-car manufacturers would provide their road surveyors and others with good motor-cars which could be used, among other purposes, for the training of horses in localities, for a small payment.

So much to the prejudice which is blighting this new and most profitable industry.

Inasmuch as there are already 300 kinds of motor-cars, it is not easy to deal with the subject in the space of a magazine article of a few pages.

Roughly they may be divided into three types. The most generally used is a small carriage or *voiturette*, as it is called in France, capable of carrying two or three people at a speed of fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour, and costing from £200 to £500 with horse-power of 3 h.-p. to 7 h.-p. Then comes the larger type of carriage of from 8 to 40 h.-p., costing from £600 to £2500, with speed from anything up to sixty miles an hour. Beyond these are the heavy steam carriages for the haulage of goods.

Let me take the possibility of the King's carriage as an example of what can be done with one so useful, fast and comfortable. It is a 12 horse-power Daimler car, with a canopy, able to travel at a maximum speed between twenty-five or thirty-five miles an hour. As is well known, his Majesty, like a great many other automobilists, takes it about with him wherever he goes, at home or abroad. With a carriage of the same horse-power as the King's I have made the following delightful journeys: London to Cannes, *viâ* Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, St. Etienne, and Aix-en-Provence. While at Cannes I ran the machine some three thousand miles and returned *viâ* Toulon, Marseilles, and Paris. Many Americans, Russians, French, and a few English will travel to the Riviera this winter by the same means. The splendid roads and excellent hotels of rural France tend to the increase of the enjoyment of a method of travel, that is after all merely a revival of the Continental journeys of our great-great-grandfathers.

The run to Newhaven occupies but a few hours, there the motor-car is put on board the steamer and at a cost of a few pounds conveyed with its owners to Dieppe. Arriving at Dieppe in the early morning, one travels through Normandy to Paris,

arriving in time for dinner. From Paris to Cannes occupies three delicious days.

This use of the automobile, which I would call land-yachting, has many developments in the future. Already new hotels are being opened and old ones are being enlarged and it is advisable for motor-car tourists to telegraph on ahead for rooms, lest they find that other parties on similar pleasure bent have monopolised the accommodation. France knows nothing of the decay of its rural inns with which we at home have become so familiar. During the present year I have made three tours *en automobile*, twice through Touraine and once in North Eastern France, and at some of the more popular halting-places forty or fifty people have arrived by road each day.

A moderate-sized motor-car is a very useful addition to any steam yacht and enables one to land at one's pleasure and tour the surrounding country. One can land almost anywhere in the Mediterranean and travel with comfort.

As a rule most countries have fairly good roads nowadays. I can speak from personal acquaintance of the roads in India, Syria, Egypt, Spain, Italy, France, Ireland, England, and Scotland, small portions of the United States, Switzerland, Cyprus; and in all these places, the motor-car can be used with advantage. Of the adaptability of the motor-car some notion can be gained when I say that the 12 h.-p. carriage to which I have referred is used daily in England to convey me to and from London, a distance of fifty-two miles each day. It very often takes me to London in the morning, goes straight back and does much other useful work, and comes to fetch me from a neighbouring railway-station at night. It has been used every day in three hotly contested elections, has crossed the Channel some twenty times for my use as an ordinary carriage in Paris, can climb any hill in the United Kingdom, and is in every respect as good as it was the day I bought it some two years ago. It has never had any kind of breakdown on the road other than a punctured tyre. During the hot weather of last and the previous summer it relieved our horses of all station work, and, indeed, on this latter head I cannot speak too strongly in favour of motor-cars. Those who are, like myself, lovers of horses, can derive no pleasure whatever from the use of them as mere beasts of burden, toiling to and from country stations with long waits, in heat, cold, or wet. It is quite possible to get a 12 h.-p. motor with a removable top for wet weather, that, while acting as a special train—so to speak—of every household, and ready at

any moment of night or day to travel uphill and down dale as fast as the law will permit, can also be used for short journeys, for paying calls, for carrying luggage, for the conveyance of shooting parties, or for the mere pleasure and health to be derived from the driving of it.

Yet the introduction of a motor-car into an establishment requires much judgment, and should not be done without careful inquiry and study.

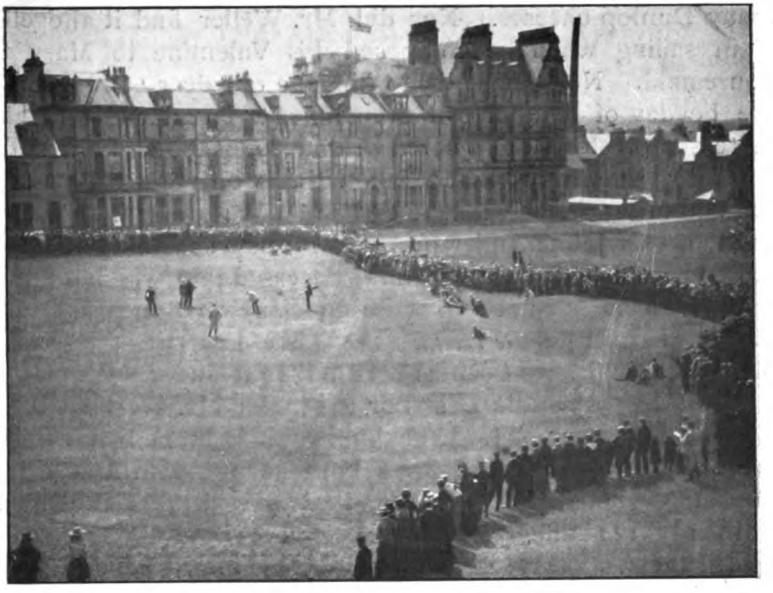
My experience teaches me that for all-round work in an average county a twelve horse-power car is necessary. It should have a top that can be taken off in fine weather, it need not have pneumatic tyres, it should be driven by a petroleum engine having both lamp and electric ignition, and be made by a leading English, French, or German maker. Its brakes should hold both backward and forward, its wheel base should be long, the wheels small and of equal size. There should be no attempt at lightness about the wheels or axles, though the body should be of aluminium. I have in my eye such a car, which I lately saw leaving the Place Vendome for Nice. It carried six persons, including the driver. From the point of view of modern requirements it would be too slow, but I am anticipating a reaction against the very fast cars now in use.

Such a carriage should never be entrusted to any one except an expert driver. Personally, I regard a twelve horse-power automobile as almost as dangerous as a four-in-hand. I object to driving behind a spirited team unless in proper hands. I refuse to drive in a motor-car unless I know the abilities of the driver. The automobile is free from the dangers that follow shying, bolting, rearing, and running away, but it has an equally dangerous enemy in side-slip. Nearly every motor accident one reads of is an exaggerated account of a side-slip, but nearly every side-slip is avoidable. Side-slip amounts to this, that one cannot rapidly apply the brakes on greasy wood, asphalte, oolite, macadam, or stone blocks. The result of such application is invariably unpleasant, sometimes dangerous. There are patent tyres which minimise the danger, but let every person who purchases a motor-car recognise that it *is* a danger, and one that cannot be avoided by the most skilful driver unless he proceeds slowly on dangerous road material.

Driving an automobile properly and safely is more easily done than riding a bicycle, once one recognises the fact that a powerful engine is not a thing to be played with. One should learn with a careful teacher, such as Mr. Stanton, of the Daimler

Company, who has had the honour of driving the King, and one should learn on a car of small power.

To do the thing fairly well is much easier than it looks. But to drive as skilfully as Mr. Rolls, Lord Shrewsbury, or Mr. Montagu, requires much knowledge and practice. I would much prefer to be driven by an expert at fifty miles an hour on a difficult road than at ten miles by a duffer.



CROWD AT LAST GREEN, AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

GOLF IN 1901

BY H. S. C. EVERARD

THIS is an age of progress, at times, it may be confessed, in a somewhat unexpected direction. Whatever may be said or thought on that much-vexed question, the relative merits of present and past professionals, none can deny that in one respect at least there has been a material advance—the domain of letters has been invaded by them, and with marked success, for at least two champions of recent years are seen to make as skilful play with the pen as with the putter. The literary professional is a new product of the age, for it may hardly be denied that the old time heroes shared the somewhat marked disabilities of Jeannie Deans and Mr. Samuel Weller, whose habits were not those of literary composition. The reader who knows his Scott may recall the fact that Jeannie indeed on one occasion, by dint of unwonted labour of the pen, contrived to indite no fewer than three letters in one day ; but we learn that if milk had been plentiful she would rather have made thrice as

many Dunlop cheeses. Nor did Mr. Weller find it altogether plain sailing when he composed his Valentine to Mary the housemaid. No; let us try to imagine our dear 'Old Tom' in the heyday of his glory, or even now, when added years have increased his stores of garnered wisdom, let us think of him sitting down to write, not a letter, but a thesis on 'Short Putts, and How to Miss Them,' with the end and aim of publishing it when written. Or Jamie Anderson, still with us also, and Bob Martin, or Tom Kidd, or Andrew Strath, deceased; to which of these would it have occurred to write an essay on things special or things in general; *De rerum naturâ*, like Lucretius: any or all of them would have been as hard put to it under such circumstances as was Jeannie Deans or the junior Mr. Weller.

Yet the versatile J. H. Taylor makes light of literary difficulties, and writes for the press both here and in America, in pleasing style and excellent English. His articles are always eminently readable, on whatever subject: and the perusal of one of them, a graceful tribute to the memory of the late Tom Hutchison, suggested to the present writer the train of thought expressed in the reflections above set forth. The death of Tom Hutchison, about the end of 1900, closed a golfing career of the very highest promise. It is sad to think that it was the result of an accident, a fall from a pony we believe, in Florida. He was quite a lad, probably about seventeen or so, when he put on record his first performance of note, a splendid 77, made at St. Andrews, playing for professional prizes. His partner was a capital player, but Hutchison had that extra thirty yards or so from the tee which demonstrated him to be a really long driver; this power makes the game so easy; the partner was obviously crushed by it, and so, it turned out, was every one else besides. Then came a tournament at Carnoustie; in the course of which Hutchison greatly distinguished himself, disposing, amongst others, of the present champion, James Braid, and only succumbing to Taylor, whom a stimy befriended at the very close of the match.

In regard to this tussle, Taylor has left it on record that it was one of the very hardest matches he ever had in his life; that though he was at the very top of his game, his 'nose was at the grindstone' the whole way, and that he never got on even terms with his youthful opponent until the sixteenth hole was reached. He compares Hutchison with Hugh Kirkaldy, and there is much justice in the comparison; both had that fine free style, full of confidence, recking little of possible

disaster, the very antithesis of that quality known in Scotland as 'pawkiness'; both played the bold game, and 'went for everything'; both consequently were attractive players to watch. Undoubtedly Hutchison had it in his power to carry off championship honours, and Scotland has good reason to deplore the loss of such an able exponent of her national game.

To turn to a lighter side of golf, a most amusing examination paper was set by the able professor of Latin in St. Andrews University; it is too long to quote in full, but a specimen question or two may be given. The writer remarks:

MR. ROBERT MAXWELL

'A new course qualifying for the degree is, we learn from a lately published ordinance, "Golf, its Theory and Practice." By special provision, it is not to be combined with Agriculture, nor with Language. For the benefit of those who think of taking up this fascinating though difficult subject, we subjoin a specimen examination paper.' From the paper we extract the following:

(1) 'I would that I were dead.'
(2) 'Dead for a ducat, dead.'
(3) 'Oh the little more and how much it is.'

Illustrate by a sketch the progress of the ball (A) towards the hole (B) at stage (1), stage (2), stage (3).

(1) *Inutile cingor ferrum.* I take the iron, but it's of no use.
(2) *Tres super: unus adhuc.* Three up and one to play.
(3) *Lydia, dormis.* Lydia, you're dormy.

In what matches were these words uttered, and by whom?

Describe the Seven-Hill course at Rome. How far was it improved by: (1) The Agger of Servius Tullius; (2) Curtius' bunker in the Forum?

Discuss the propriety of the following renderings:

Ludere par impar. To play the like, then the odds.
Permittere ventis. To allow for the wind.

MR. HILTON PLAYING (MR. LAIDLAY WITH CLEEK)

Totus teres atque rotundus. All even on the round.
Nimis graviter ferre. To tak' it owre heavy.
Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba. They raised a cloud of turf and unparliamentary language.
Tumidoque inflavit aheno. He said, blow this bulger!

From this it may be seen that the St. Andrews student, while improving his golf, has the opportunity of improving his classics also; the idea, besides, seems capable of extension, and might be submitted for consideration by the authorities of the English universities, who might set papers in Greek and other languages upon somewhat similar lines.

A feature of the past year has been the successes gained by

Mr. Robert Maxwell, now undoubtedly considered the strongest amateur in Scotland. Of exceptionally powerful build, he is able to tear the ball out of any difficulty as easily as an ordinary man can drive it from the tee. By reason of his very strength and physical form, he is lacking in the easy grace and suppleness of Mr. John Ball and Mr. John Graham, junr., but accomplishes the same results by a different method. Just as the spectator is held in admiration by some of the vast engineering machines which delve out chunks of hardened

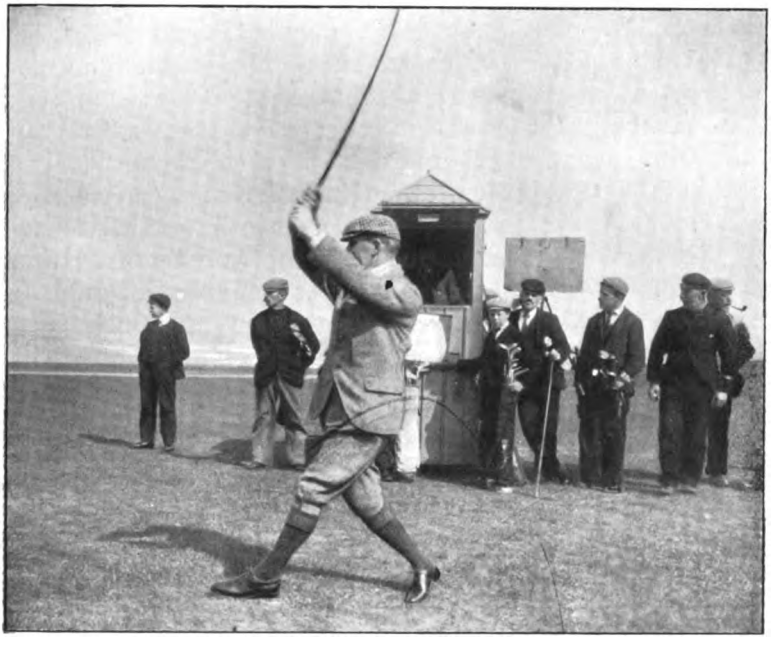
MR. J. L. LOW

steel as if they were of the consistency of cheese, so is the impression produced by Mr. Maxwell's execution with driver, cleek, and mashie. When to this is added a capital short game, especially in the important part of it, holing out, we are justified in stating that he is armed, as it were, *cap-à-pie*, at all points. He began the season by a tie with Mr. Josiah Livingstone at 85 over North Berwick, which he subsequently won. The prize was the Law New Century Scratch medal of the Tantallon, recently presented, and competed for in February. Next, curiously enough, came another dead heat, for the Gold Medal of the Honourable Company at Muirfield, in April. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. P. Balfour, son of Lord

President Balfour, each returned a card of 80; on playing off the former won with an excellent 78. Mr. Laidlay, who has so often monopolised chief honours, was close up with 81. At the Spring Meeting of the Tantallon Club, Mr. Laidlay had his revenge on Mr. Maxwell, but both were beaten by Lieut. C. K. Hutchison, the leaders' scores being 84, 85, 86 respectively. Lieut. Hutchison is in the Coldstream Guards, and has seen a deal of hard fighting in the South African war ; after Magersfontein he was invalided home ; so, as he had learnt golf at North Berwick as a boy, and having frequently practised on that green, he went there to recuperate, with, as we have seen, excellent result ; for it is no light task to defeat both Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Laidlay, to say nothing of the other good men and true whom the Tantallon Club is fortunate in claiming as members. After this minor reverse, Mr. Maxwell came to the front again at St. Andrews, where he won the Spring Medal with 82 ; at this meeting North Berwick carried off all the honours of war, for Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. Ferrier Kerr tied at 83 for second, the tie being won by Mr. Hunter. The Autumn Meeting furnished yet another triumph for Mr. Maxwell, who on a very foggy day, on which it was difficult to judge distance, managed, notwithstanding, to go round in 79, beating Mr. A. G. Tait by one stroke. This exploit secured for him the King William IV. medal, and also the George Glennie medal for the best aggregate score made in Spring and Autumn. He rounded off his season in November by winning the Honourable Company's Gold Medal with a record score of 77 ; a record, that is, in competitions of that Club. In 1893 Mr. Laidlay went round in 78, which remained until the occasion under present notice, when again he did remarkably well with 79, being beaten by Mr. Maxwell alone of all the field.

This, it will be admitted, is a pretty fair measure of success for one player ; to win both in spring and autumn all the first medals of the two premier clubs in Scotland is a performance which stamps Mr. Maxwell as a golfer of no ordinary calibre, and goes far towards justification of his description as at the present moment the best amateur in Scotland. That being so, his absence from the Amateur Championship was all the more severely felt. A sad family bereavement, which evoked for him the sympathy of all, necessitated his withdrawal, and diminished *pro tanto* the interest of the tournament. As a prelude to the great event of the year, the annual team match between the

Royal Liverpool and Tantallon Clubs took place. Here Mr. Maxwell met and was defeated by Mr. John Graham, junior, a result which, if we mistake not, has usually been recorded when the two have come together. In this instance Mr. Graham won by three in a 36-hole match ; the play, of course, was first-rate, especially in the second round ; Mr. Graham 78, Mr. Maxwell 82. But it was open to remark that the Hoylake player was doing his work with the greater ease, leaving himself less to do than his antagonist, who, indeed,

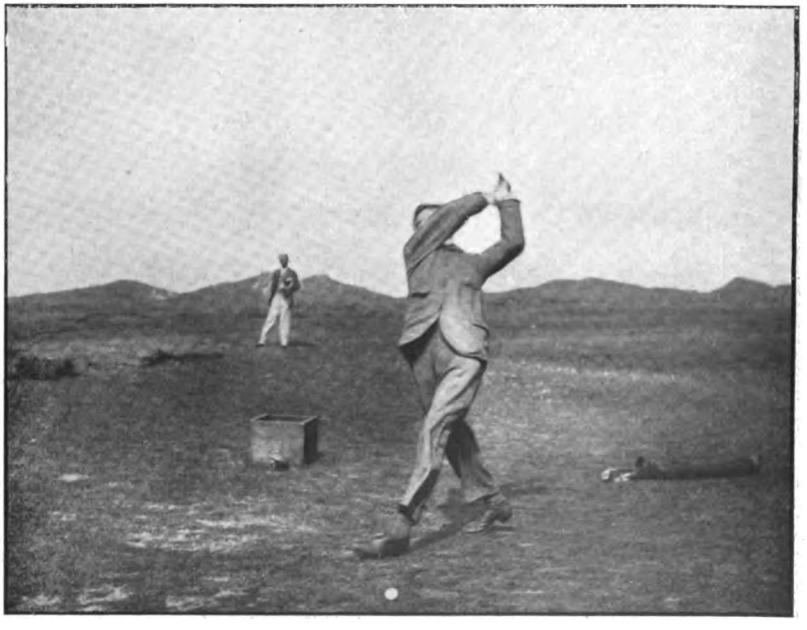


MR. LESLIE BALFOUR MELVILLE

frequently just halved the holes with difficulty. What would have happened had they met in the Amateur Championship none can say ; Mr. Maxwell won the first round in the Tantallon match by one hole, but lost the second by four. Mr. Hilton won by six from Mr. Laidlay, but lost by three in the afternoon ; three to the good ; and the Hoylake team won on the whole match by thirty-three holes.

A really red-hot enthusiast might find in the Amateur Championship material for 'copy' which would keep him going till crack of doom, so interesting was the play and varied were the incidents. Mr. H. H. Hilton emerged victorious, and for the

second time in succession. It may be said at once that he was the finest golfer in the field; the fact, however, if it be a fact, as we think it is, does not necessarily imply immunity from defeat. 'It's a queer game, the gowf,' as the caddies say, and in a single round anything in the world might happen: a man might lose to a player to whom he could concede a third, for there is but little time to recover if fortune dispense an unusual number of slings and arrows to your detriment. Mr. Hilton had an uncommonly narrow squeak for it as it was; Mr.



MR. F. MACKENZIE. A TYPE OF ST. ANDREWS SWING

Horace Hutchinson ought to have beaten him, was, indeed, one up and five to play, but lost the match by bad putting; not a usual weakness of his. Mr. J. L. Low in the final, the grandest final that has ever been played, lost indeed, but earned undying renown. If Mr. Hilton won the *spolia opima*, Mr. Low was the hero of the fray. His first two matches were easy victories for him; thereafter he was fighting for dear life five rounds in succession. He met Mr. Norman Hunter, was dormy one, and topped his ball into the burn; nothing daunted he waded in after it, and made a sufficiently good recovery to halve the last hole and win the match. After beating the well-

known Musselburgh player, Mr. J. M. Williamson by two, he met Mr. C. E. Dick in the semi-final, and defeated him after a desperate struggle by a hole. The most formidable antagonist was in waiting, Mr. John Graham, junior; Mr. Low had a lead of three holes at the turn, which he retained till the fourteenth hole, but then lost all three in succession; all square, one to play. Many a player would have become demoralised at such a critical juncture, not so Mr. Low, who, gallantly rising to the occasion, drove two of the best shots he ever played in his life, reached the last green against the wind, and won the hole in four, Mr. Graham having half missed his second. 'Bravo Johnnie; Scotland for ever!' said his numerous admirers in enthusiastic Doric; the tension of the last two or three holes had been almost too much, as they hung upon every stroke played by either man, and the pent-up feelings found vent in patriotic admiration of their hero—a truly magnificent finish, *arbitrio popularis auræ.*

No one who watched the final is likely to forget the fine play of Mr. Hilton and Mr. Low. The Hoylake player had a very distinct advantage in driving, which on four or five occasions just turned the scale in his favour, and had an important bearing on the issue of the match. But if Mr. Hilton drove like a demon, Mr. Low putted like an angel. No more able exponent of the possibilities of the old-fashioned wooden putter exists. Thanks to this, and to rather more accurate approaching, he was all square at the turn (both out in 39); all square likewise at the thirteenth. Then by grand driving Mr. Hilton won a hole, another, and yet another, and was three up at the end of the round. In the afternoon he won the first, and the fifth, where he reached the green in two, struck the hole in three, and won it in four against five. Five up thirteen to play—a certainty—no, we are all wrong! three of the next four go to Mr. Low; only two down and nine to play; nothing in it if the other were not a Hilton. Three halves, then another win; two more halves, and—a muffled whisper from craning spectators, 'he's missed it'—a two foot putt for a half, and Mr. Hilton's lead has disappeared. All square two to play. Now comes that crucial Road Hole, where long driving is of such value; it was so in this instance; by one of the most brilliant strokes imaginable Mr. Hilton laid his third, a full drive against the wind, on the green, in a bee-line for the flag; holed out in five, and was dormy. A second shot, even more brilliant if that be possible, laid his ball within

a club length of the last hole, giving him the best possible chance of a three, but a half in four was all that was necessary; Mr. Hilton accordingly retained his title, while Mr. Low, beaten though he was, gained, if possible, more honour in the hour of his defeat than had he actually won.

It remains but to add, as giving some indication of the standard of play, that Mr. Hilton's two rounds were 80 and 83, Mr. Low's 83, and, allowing for one hole not played out, 83; by far the best play ever seen in a final over St. Andrews links, so far as present deponent is aware. Before leaving the subject of the Amateur Championship, it is right to make special mention of Mr. A. R. Aitken, who played an extraordinarily strong game against Mr. James Robb, whom he defeated by a hole, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Robb went round in 80. How this came about will be apparent if we give Mr. Aitken's figures, beginning at the sixth hole: they were 3334434 = 24 for seven holes; the same aggregate as was made by 'young Tommy' in his far-famed record of 77, and again by Mr. F. G. Tait for the same holes in his record of 72. Mr. Aitken had just previously won the Prestwick Spring Medal with 84. As he is scarcely over twenty, it seems likely that in him Scotland may find a champion; he remained till the fifth round, when Mr. John Graham, junior, beat him by two and one to play.

Before quitting St. Andrews to glance at amateur golf elsewhere, we must not fail to notice a splendid 77, made by Mr. Fred Mackenzie when playing for the Spring Medal of the St. Andrews Artisan Club:

Out . .	5 4 4 4 6 5 3 3 4 = 38	}	77
Home .	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 = 39		

Mr. Mackenzie is perhaps the best player in the Club; but fell before Mr. John Graham, junior, on the second day of the Amateur Championship, which day also proved fatal to the club's other representatives, Mr. W. Greig and Mr. D. Simpson.

Mr. J. E. Laidlay had one of his brilliant rounds at North Berwick, winning the Moncrieff Gold Cross of the New Club with 76, fourteen strokes better than the second man. Hoylake Spring Meeting found Mr. Hilton in brilliant form the first day, with 75, but decidedly off colour the second, with 85: this gave Mr. Graham his opportunity, and with 78 that gentleman stepped into the position generally occupied by Mr. Hilton or Mr. John Ball, junior, for in fact on twenty-four consecutive occasions first honours have fallen to either the one or the other. Mr.

Graham did better still at the Autumn Meeting, winning first prize with 78 on the Wednesday, and returning a grand 75 on the Friday. Mr. F. P. Crowther, junior, was second with 80 on the first day ; Mr. Hilton 81, and next time Mr. Hilton and Mr. A. J. Graham, a younger brother of the winner, tied at 81 for second, Mr. Hilton gracefully retiring in favour of the younger player, who seems destined to uphold the family honours—no inconsiderable honours either, for his sister, Miss M. A. Graham,

MR. CHARLES HUTCHINGS

holds the title of Lady Champion, having won it at Aberdovey in May.

The St. George's Vase, played for at Sandwich in May, was won by Mr. S. H. Fry, with 85 + 80 ; the last round in especial, played in a rising wind, being most creditable. Good scoring was made there in the autumn, Mr. Mure Fergusson having a 79, Mr. A. D. Blyth in a match 76, and for a medal 77 (35 and 42) ; the best score of the year.

In August Mr. Hilton was very much on the war-path at Harlech, amongst other successes breaking the record of the course with 71. Those who, like the present writer, are unacquainted with the Royal St. David's links, may probably gain a very fair impression of the value of 71 from a remark overheard during the meeting. 'Have you heard of Hilton's score?'

'No.' 'Seventy-one.' 'Disgusting; he ought to be stuffed, put in a case, and sent to the British Museum.'

All this notwithstanding, the Amateur Champion was beaten in a team match at Formby a month or two later by Mr. Harold Reade; four and three to play; an inspiriting victory for Irish golfers.

Few amateurs would care to tackle Braid and Harry Vardon, but this was what Mr. Hilton and Mr. Graham did on the West Lancashire links at Hall Road in July, in a four-ball match, which must have been worth seeing. Honours in the end were divided.

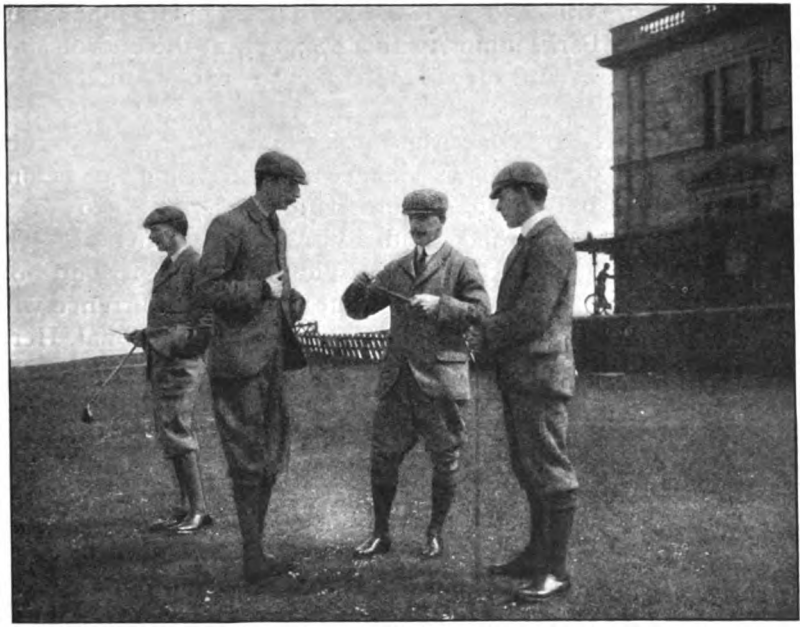
Amid great local rejoicings Mr. John Ball, junior, returned from South Africa in July. His eighteen months of campaigning have left him none the worse, and he is probably as fine a player as ever. True, he did not do himself justice at the Hoylake Autumn meeting, but he has given glimpses of his old game elsewhere: thus at Lytham and St. Anne's in September he won the gold medal with 75, Mr. Hilton 76; while at Leasowe his success in the final for a cup occasioned the remark that if he had come back from the war with a wooden leg he would probably still have won. Yet his antagonist, his cousin, to whom he allowed two strokes, is a fine player.

At Oxford and Cambridge are to be found some of the strongest amateurs of the day. The University match, in March, resulted in a victory for Oxford, by 28 holes to 9, to which Mr. H. W. Beveridge, Christ Church, contributed thirteen holes, and Mr. J. Crabb-Watt, Balliol, ten. Sandwich was the scene of action. The match of the day was that between Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. J. A. T. Bramston, who in 1900 suddenly leaped to the front in virtue of his brilliant victories at Sandwich and Westward Ho! On this occasion he was somewhat below par, and had to play second fiddle to Mr. Norman Hunter, whose long driving was the feature of the meeting. In light of subsequent experience, seeing him pitted against Mr. Edward Blackwell, one is compelled to admit that there is little or nothing between these two mighty swipers from the tee, if they both happen to hit the ball.

There is interesting reading in the report of the Royal Liverpool against the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, and against North Devon in April. In the first-named match at Hoylake, sixteen a side, Mr. Hilton was thirteen up on Mr. J. L. Low; Mr. Laidlay was seven up on Mr. Bramston; Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Norman Hunter came off all square;

the Hoylake men finally winning by 47 holes. At the same place they beat Royal North Devon by 51 holes, Mr. Hilton losing one round to Mr. Bramston by a hole, but winning the second by five, while Mr. Graham beat Mr. H. M. Braybrooke by eight, but lost the second round by four.

In the Oxford and Cambridge Scottish tour the Society lost two matches, against Mr. Herbert Johnston's team of Honourable Company golfers and against Tantallon. Their one victory was over New Luffness. Of individual play we



MR. COLT; CAPTAIN A. WOLFE MURRAY;
MR. LESLIE BALFOUR MELVILLE AND HIS SON

note that for Mr. Johnston's team Mr. Edward Blackwell beat Mr. Norman Hunter by eight holes, and Mr. A. W. Robertson-Durham performed the same kind office for Mr. Mansfield Hunter, Mr. Norman Hunter's brother. Later, in November, the Society was worsted by the Oxford undergraduates, for whom Mr. J. A. T. Bramston played a grand round of 71, at Oxford ; nevertheless, he only halved his match with Mr. H. C. Ellis, whose score was identical with his own. Mr. Mansfield Hunter beat Mr. A. J. Graham by four.

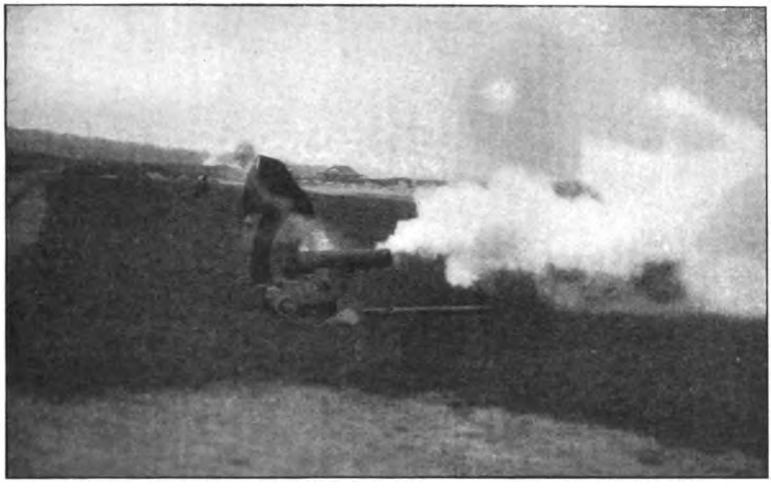
In due time the statistician of the game, Mr. H. Ross

Coubrough, will doubtless publish in tabulated form the results of the many professional matches and tournaments which at this moment of writing he is collating. One thing, at all events, is plain enough: that three men stand out above the rest as a nearly invincible triumvirate—James Braid, Taylor, and Harry Vardon; between them they have monopolised the prize-money of nearly all the tournaments in which they have played.

The most sensational golf of the whole year was undoubtedly shown by Braid, at Musselburgh, where he also won in 1900, with 150. The record was made nine years ago by Willie Park, junior, with 147; yet, at the end of May, Braid returned a card of 36, 34, 35, 35 = 140, a total which it is pretty safe to prophesy will stand unbeaten for many a year. One feels sorry for Andrew Kirkaldy, who played much better than he usually plays when card and pencil are behind him, for he also beat the record with 37, 37, 36, 36 = 146, yet he was only second, and by a longish interval. The winner's driving was extraordinarily long, past the second hole in two and down in four being quite a usual occurrence with him. By beating, first, Taylor, and then in the final, Herd, he thus carried all before him.

This was of good omen for the ensuing Championship at Muirfield, where, however, he did not at the outset give much indication of the play he was to exhibit at a later stage. He required 43 for the first nine holes, but came home in a brilliant 36, which left him level with Taylor, but two behind Vardon. Braid improved a little in the afternoon, while Vardon slightly fell off, Taylor here having a bad round; the result was a tie at 155, the two having a clear lead of Taylor, which it was unlikely he would make up. The third round practically decided the Championship, a grand 74 by Braid, which left him five strokes in front of his most dangerous rival, Vardon, who was unable to do more than diminish this lead by two; Scotland, therefore, to some extent avenged a long series of defeats, the final result being: Braid, 309; Vardon, 312; Taylor, 313; Mr. H. H. Hilton, 320. Somehow or other the Hoylake amateur was completely off his game for the first round, requiring as many as 89; his position, therefore, is all the more remarkable, and is due to the fact that on the second day he beat every single player in the field, save Taylor, with whom he tied—his rounds were 75, 76 = 151, Taylor's 74, 77. There were not wanting good judges, who thought

that if both days had been calm, as was the second, Mr. Hilton would have won outright. The opening stage, however, was played in a very strong and troublesome wind, which was in favour of the very long drivers, such as Braid. As a sample of his swiping power, it may be mentioned that in one of his rounds he drove from forty to fifty yards past the 16th hole, in one and a brassey. The hole is 528 yards in length, and rather uphill, a cross-bunker guarding the green some forty yards or so from the hole. Braid could always drive, but until this year he was as poor a putter as you could find in a long summer-day's journey. He has now altered his style, keeping



THE GUN FIRED TO ANNOUNCE CONCLUSION OF MEDAL COMPETITION, ST. ANDREWS

his body still and rigid, whereof the interesting and valuable results have speedily become apparent. On the whole there seems but little to choose between these three men. Taylor has had some wonderful successes, notably in winning the £100 prize at Islay, where, halving with Vardon, six holes were played ere Taylor won. He met Braid in the final, and won on the last green. At Blundellsands, in July, he won again with 156; Braid and Herd next, 162; Vardon and James Kinnell, 163. At Tooting Bec, in an inaugural tournament in connection with the London and Counties Professional Golfers' Association, Taylor won with 149, Braid having to yield also to J. Hepburn and Rowland Jones, 152 each. Taylor also in a match with Braid at Blackheath lowered the record of that

course to 96: 33, 33, 30. Vardon's best performance in a tournament was at Richmond in May, where he won with 147; Braid, second, 152; Herd and Taylor 155 each.

The triumvirate, however, are not absolutely invincible, and as a matter of fact, were rather badly mauled in Ireland at Dollymount, where the final issue was one of the most exciting imaginable. First of all James Kinnell beat Braid by 4 and 3, and Taylor lost to Fernie by the same amount. Vardon beat Fernie easily, while Herd thrashed Kinnell. In the final, Vardon, who had actually been six up on Herd in the first round, lost every one of these holes and the match besides, on the last green. This is one of the finest performances Sandy Herd has ever shown; excitement ran high as he kept drawing up to Vardon, till at the 16th hole he was all even. The seventeenth was halved, but at the eighteenth Vardon drove out of bounds—just out and no more. Making a splendid recovery, he even had a five-yard putt to save the match, but just failed. During the meeting Mr. Hilton made a record for the course, 73, which Vardon subsequently twice equalled. That he can still play as he did in that brilliant year before his American visit is plain from the fact that he has now reduced the record of his own green to 64; and that of Mortonhall to 68, eliciting the remark that he just made a lady's links of it. Braid, too, on the Blackhill course, at Glasgow, had a marvellous round of 67. Of professional matches, other than exhibition, the principal one was between Taylor and Jack White, the latter having pluckily challenged for £50 aside. The match began at Richmond, where White putted badly, and lost by six holes. Later, at Huntercombe, where both men drove superbly, White in the first nine holes reduced Taylor's lead to one, the Richmond man, however, forged in front again, ultimately winning by 4 and 3 to play.

Altogether, professional golf is at present in an interesting state, 'the triumvirate' very decidedly for choice, Kinnell, Herd, and Jack White in close attendance, and younger men coming on, whose chances will now be all the better, seeing that the Professional Golfers' Association has been inaugurated. This guild will encourage golf by its competitions, giving the youngsters the opportunity of meeting the best men of the day, than which nothing provides a more wholesome stimulus to play.

THE WRATH OF FULLEYLOVE

BY F. M. LUTYENS

MR. TRISTAN, the owner of Beech Hall, had always been a staunch supporter of the fox-hounds, and his coverts had been for generations a stronghold for foxes. The time arrived, however, when the decline of agriculture as a lucrative pursuit obliged him to let his shooting; and James Fulleylove, his keeper, took his orders from a syndicate of professional gentlemen from London, who came down on Saturdays and returned to town the same evening laden with their spoils, as ignorant of fox-hunting as they were indifferent to the sport of any one but themselves.

Fulleylove had at least one good point; he obeyed orders. Under Mr. Tristan's rule foxes and pheasants abounded, and he won golden opinions from his master and golden sovereigns from the Hunt. To the syndicate he was equally faithful, and was on that account the one thing about Beech Hall that retained the signs of former prosperity. Otherwise his appearance was against him. He had shifty eyes, a weak mouth, and a complexion whose pallor was increased by a scrubby black beard. He spoke in a snuffling falsetto, as though he suffered from a chronic cold in the head.

'Fulleylove,' said the syndicate in one of its first interviews with the keeper, 'there is a clause in our agreement that foxes

are to be preserved. So whenever the fox-hounds come you must see that there are foxes.' And the intelligent keeper replied, 'Wedever the 'ouds cub, there bust be a fox.' From that day there was never a good run from the Beech Hall coverts. When the hounds drew, they found, but that was about all; and the bagman at length came to be regarded as such a certainty, that few sportsmen cared to travel any distance to the once popular meet. Partly owing to Mr. Tristan's obstinate belief in Fulleylove, partly to the latter's ingenuity, which made it difficult to obtain positive proof of his guilt, the Hunt by degrees became resigned to the evils it could not prevent.

This was the position as regards Beech Hall when John Crammer was appointed huntsman. Before the season commenced he and Fulleylove had met two or three times when the hounds were out exercising, and exchanged the usual civilities. Nothing passed between them to arouse Fulleylove's suspicions, or to make him think that Crammer was in any way different from his predecessor, so that when the hounds met at Beech Hall one morning in November he accosted the new huntsman with the easy confidence that comes of prolonged impunity.

'Good bordig, bister Crabber,' he said in a patronising falsetto; 'your 'ouds look well; they do you credit.'

Crammer looked him up and down, and replied, 'Where are we likely to find?'

'Oh! Eddywhere!' exclaimed the keeper, airily. 'You bay fide eddywhere—pledty of foxes—the ravagid they've beed doid all the subber and autub is subtig awful!'

'Glad to hear it,' said Crammer, drily.

'Ad I 'ope you'll kill sub of eb,' said the keeper, and thereupon proceeded to give a marvellous account of the number of cubs on his shooting, and of the pheasants they had destroyed, until the order was given to throw off, and Crammer moved away to throw his hounds into a withy-bed that lay at the bottom of the Park.

Any one with half an eye could have seen that the hounds at least were not persuaded of the truth of Fulleylove's story. Neither Crammer's cheery voice nor the rating of the whipper-in had the slightest effect. Those hounds that went into the swamp followed one another listlessly in a long line, and nothing would induce them to make even a pretence of trying to find a fox.

Several other coverts were visited with the same result. Crammer rode into a patch of gorse, that might well have held a fox, cracking his whip, while his oldest hounds looked on from outside, telling him as plainly as dog can speak that he was merely wasting his time.

'You bight as well leave 'eb at 'obe,' exclaimed Fulleylove, with well-feigned indignation. 'If there were twedty foxes they would't fide wud!'

Crammer was apologetic. 'I don't know what's come over them; I've never seen them like this before. Hadn't we better draw the most likely places first? Where do you think we shall be most likely——?'

'Bost likely?' the keeper cried, abruptly; 'eddywhere is bost likely, but the Warred's a certidty.'

'Then we'll go straight to the Warren,' replied Crammer, and blowing his horn he trotted off with his hounds in the direction pointed out by the indignant keeper.

The Warren was a small round copse in the middle of a ploughed field, quiet and remote. The bank which surrounded it was honeycombed by rabbits. Beyond the ploughed ground grass fields and fair fences stretched away almost unbroken to the horizon. Here was an ideal harbour for a fox, and an ideal prospect for a run should the fox make across the open country; and it was therefore a favourite spot of Fulleylove's for turning down his bagman. He had turned one out there this morning, and now hurried after Crammer so as to arrive in time to see the fox break covert in full view of 'the field.' But luck was against him, for the first-whip, as he was galloping along the edge of the copse for that very purpose, suddenly found himself face to face with the bagman sitting on the bank.

'Tally-ho, tally-ho back!' he hollaed as the fox jumped back into the thicket, and the pack, excited by the holla, and hardly awaiting the huntsman's permission, flew towards the covert, and within a few seconds from the time the fox was viewed, were pursuing him with deafening clamour.

'Keep back, keep back,' cried Fulleylove, as one or two horsemen pushed forward in their eagerness to get a good start; 'let 'ib get away!'

But the fox apparently had no intention of going away. Twice he completed the circuit of the wood, and twice the hounds followed him round in close pursuit. Then suddenly there was silence.

'They've got him!' exclaimed several voices; but there was a whimper, and Fulleylove's hopes rose again. He had made sure the fox had been chopped. Once more the fun grew fast and furious, but only to cease again as suddenly as before. This time there was no doubt as to what had happened, for the hounds began to appear by twos and threes upon the bank.

'Who-oop!' cried Fulleylove, and jumping into the copse before the Whip could dismount, he reappeared almost immediately, holding the carcass of the bagman above his head. 'Who-oop!' he cried again, looking about him to see what had become of the huntsman and his hounds. Then he heard the horn, and saw Crammer riding away with his hounds over the ploughed field. Unaccustomed to such treatment, he stood staring in speechless amazement. Was the new huntsman going to leave the customary obsequies unperformed? Was the fox to be left like vermin on the ground? He threw down the carcass and shouted after the retreating huntsman.

'Aren't you goig to break 'ib up, bister Crabber?'

Crammer turned in his saddle and called back: 'No; you keep him, Mr. Fulleylove; you keep him. He does you credit!'

Fulleylove's feelings are more easily imagined than described. Had he only foreseen his being put in such a position Crammer's sarcasm might have been met by some ready retort; but swift invention was not one of his strong points, and as the clever things he might have said began to dawn upon him, he only experienced an aggravated sense of humiliation and defeat. Long after the last horseman had disappeared he remained vowing vengeance on Crammer, and muttering unutterable things about foxes and everything connected therewith, till at last, hurling the cause of his misfortunes into the under-brush, he returned home to vent his ill-humour on his wife.

For days he secretly brooded over schemes of revenge, but could not devise one that appeared practicable. He first thought he would allow that the fox was a bagman, and would lay the blame upon the under-keeper. He would say that he had long suspected the man, and had been, alas! only too unwilling to charge him with the crime. But there was an obvious and fatal objection to this theory—that owing to his own cautious ingenuity, the under-keeper would have no difficulty in proving an *alibi*. Prudence at the same time whispered that the man was rather ready with his fists, and that Fulleylove's skin was of an exquisitely tender quality. Then he thought, failing the

"YOU KEEP HIM—HE DOES YOU CREDIT!"

From a Painting by F. M. Lutyens.

under-keeper, he might find some other scapegoat; but finally had to abandon the idea, for although there were doubtless many ready enough to do him an ill turn, the general accusation, 'an enemy hath done this,' was too vague, and he could fix on no one in particular against whom he could bring the charge with any show of plausibility. Besides, even if he could get any one to come forward and confess to having turned the fox out of a sack, whatever good it might do him, what harm, he asked himself, could it possibly do Crammer? If, on the other hand, he could prove beyond doubt that there were foxes in his coverts, Crammer's conduct would be rendered quite unjustifiable, and he would have taken the first step towards consummating his revenge.

To carry out this new idea, he lost no time in procuring a brace of foxes from Leadenhall Market, which he turned down in one of the coverts, intending to supply them with rabbits until such time as they could cater for themselves, or were no longer of any use for his purposes. Such precaution, however, was soon shown to be unnecessary, for the new-comers immediately advertised their arrival by destroying between twenty and thirty chickens during the night—an advertisement entirely satisfactory to Fulleylove, as they were not his chickens —and on several nights following repeated their predations on other chicken yards in the immediate neighbourhood.

The commotion raised by such wholesale destruction of domestic fowl went some way towards restoring Fulleylove's reputation as a preserver of foxes. Claims for compensation poured in upon the secretary of the hunt, the claimants protesting that there was such a swarm of foxes in the country that they were constantly seen jostling one another in the open by daylight. These claims were immediately satisfied by the secretary without strict inquiry as to the accuracy of the details, but with a suggestion that as it was so long since there had been foxes in those parts perhaps the owners of poultry had become somewhat careless, and that a small expenditure on wire-netting would prevent any cause for further complaint.

In the meantime, Fulleylove, taking advantage of a slight fall of snow, created a strong impression by pointing out to different interested persons the tracks of innumerable foxes through the woods, and on one occasion, after carefully baiting the ground, had the satisfaction of taking Mr. Tristan to a point in the park whence he could see two of the number fighting over the remains of a rabbit beneath an oak-tree. An indefinite

number of foxes was also reported as having been seen by the syndicate, for each of the two foxes, who were actually seen, was, as is often the case, multiplied by the number of 'guns' who saw him. With considerable artfulness the keeper laid the blame of a somewhat indifferent day's sport, due in reality to erratic shooting, to the account of the fox-hunters, explaining to his cockney masters that it was not the extraordinary number of foxes, which was merely accidental, that did the harm, but the continual disturbance of the coverts by the hounds; that there was a scarcity of foxes elsewhere and consequently the fox-hunters were sure to come where they knew there were foxes, and that hand-reared birds were not like wild ones, for when they were driven away they never came back; so that unless they took steps to prevent the hounds coming there more than once a fortnight they might look in vain for the birds they had reared with so much trouble and expense. Such arguments fell on not unwilling ears, and the members of the syndicate having pondered over their agreement decided in conclave that, although they were bound to preserve foxes, there was no clause which obliged them to permit the hounds or any member of the hunt to enter their coverts; and that if things did not mend they would stand on their legal rights; for surely their sport was to be as much considered as any other; they had paid for it, and would be justified in taking any step that would secure their getting what they had paid for.

Fortune smiled on Fulleylove, for on the next Friday afternoon the hounds came full cry across the Park. They were close behind their fox and close behind them rode Crammer and the rest of the hunt.

The hunted fox, who had for some time been keeping an anxious eye over his shoulder, had gained the woods and was considering by what means he could best baffle his pursuers, when he ran ran right up against one of Fulleylove's *protégés*. What then was the astonishment of the latter, who was overjoyed at seeing a fresh face and expected a friendly greeting, on being attacked by the stranger with open mouth! He turned and fled, wondering what on earth he had done to merit such treatment; but after travelling a hundred yards at his best pace, and finding he was no longer pursued, he was beginning to take things more leisurely, when his attention was arrested by the cry of the rapidly approaching pack. Such discordant sounds were unknown in the Scotch mountains whence he had recently been brought to the London market,

and he was at a loss what to make of them. His instinct, however, warned him that he would do well to move on, and he trotted along placidly enough; but when he discovered that, in spite of this precaution, the noises hehind him were growing appreciably nearer, he became thoroughly alarmed, and, turning sharp out of his course, ran at full speed for a considerable distance in the hope that the authors of the clamour would pass on their way without molesting him. It was, therefore, with the utmost dismay that he became aware that the pack had turned on his tracks, and that he was undoubtedly the object of their chase. Terror seized his soul and he ran for his life. On coming to the end of the wood he thought for a moment of taking to the open, but his courage failed him and turning with faint heart he ran along the inside of the fence. Then through the hedge he saw the hounds sweep into the field and spread right and left. He heard the galloping of horses and the voices of men, and hurried on hoping he might yet escape. But as he shot across a ride a heart-piercing yell dispelled the small wit that still remained to him. Behind him were the hounds, in front of him were sounds like the popping of guns. He turned again, only to be greeted by another yell, and at the same instant ran full tilt against a horse's legs. He turned, snapped at a hound, and was rolled over and over beneath an avalanche.

'He was mangy, was he?' said a sportsman who prided himself on his powers of observation to the first whip. 'I thought the hounds didn't seem to care for him. Well, it isn't often a mangy fox shows such good sport!'

In the meantime Crammer, whose observation had led him to a more correct conclusion, had cast his hounds, and having hit off the stale line of their hunted fox, left Fulleylove alone to his reflections.

The keeper had been present, but had maintained a discreet silence during the late operations. Now he remembered that it was Friday afternoon and that it was most desirable that the syndicate should not make a big bag the next day.

So shortly before roosting-time he went forth with his retriever and gave all the coverts that were to be shot the next day a good harrying.

On Saturday evening the syndicate looked ruefully at Fulleylove. 'Well! I cadt 'elp it,' he exclaimed, with nasal inflection, 'it's the 'ouds! They were 'ere yesterday, they were 'ere the Friday dight before that, ad the birds 'ave gord—just

as I told you they would. If you wadt to 'ave birds to shoot you bust stop the 'udtig!'

Two days later the secretary of the hunt received a letter from a well-known firm of solicitors warning the hounds off the syndicate's preserves, and informing him that any one found trespassing on the same on or before February 1st would be prosecuted according to the law. Expostulations on the part of the secretary elicited the brief reply that they believed their clients were acting within their rights.

Before many days had passed Fulleylove had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the hounds whipped off in the middle of a run to prevent them following their fox into his coverts.

'I 'ope you've 'ad good sport, bister Crabber,' said Fulleylove with excellent irony, 'ave you cub far?'

'I've gone further and fared worse. How's the mange?'

'Bage be dabbed!'

'Quite right, Mr. Fulleylove, we don't want more of it than we can help; but I'm sorry I must be getting along. I should have liked to have stopped and had a little chat with you. If you see any of my hounds you can tell them I've gone on.'

'By orders,' shouted the keeper as the huntsman rode off, 'is to shoot all dogs I see 'aggig about. So if they dod't fide you, you will dow where they are!'

Flushed with victory, and exulting in the complete success of his schemes Fulleylove returned home, and in a sudden access of amiability promised his wife a new silk gown at Christmas.

The solitary surviving fox was now left to cater for himself. He was of no further use, and was only spared a charge of powder and shot because Fulleylove found a certain grim humour in telling himself that he was bound by agreement to preserve foxes, and because a sight of the wretched half-starved animal from time to time recalled pleasant memories of victory. On Saturday nights the poor creature generally managed to pick up a wounded bird or two, but was now so weak and eaten up with mange that for the rest of the time he had to eke out an existence on moles or any vermin he could catch. In the beginning of January a hard frost set in, and he found it still more difficult to support life. A fruitless attack on some well-protected turkeys brought him within an ace of death at the teeth of a collie-dog, and driven at length to desperation he carried off a lamb from a sheepfold. This sealed his death warrant, and a speedy end would have been put to his ravages had

not Fate decreed another—perhaps a nobler—termination of his sufferings.

As Fulleylove went up the road with his gun under his arm for the purpose of shooting the lamb-killer if he got the chance, he saw a fine dog-fox cross the road some distance in front of him, and enter the covert where the lamb-killer generally lay. Cocking his gun he crept stealthily towards the spot where he had seen the fox, and as he approached heard the hounds coming rapidly towards him. He felt greatly disappointed that he had not been near enough to shoot the fox, and somewhat nervous about shooting hounds, but found consolation in the idea that there could be no harm in peppering them as long as he was not seen doing it. The leading hound appeared. He raised his gun, but hesitated and looked anxiously round to see if any one were in sight. The whole pack, save a straggler or two, swept across the road, but he was still afraid to shoot. Then came a single hound; it might be the last. He summoned all his courage and again raised his gun.

'Hold hard!' cried Crammer, as he came thundering up the road, 'what are you about?'

'What busidess 'ave you 'ere?' retorted the startled keeper as he lowered his gun.

'I'm trying to stop my hounds and I'll trouble you not to do it for me! Is that gun loaded? If so I should be obliged if you would put it on half-cock. Thank you—I'm rather nervous about loaded guns.'

Crammer took out his horn and began blowing his hounds out of covert. He and Fulleylove were standing by a gate and could see straight down a broad ride which ran through the wood, and they were presently joined by several horsemen. The hounds had been for some time at fault, and some of them now appeared at the far end of the ride, and came rapidly towards the huntsman in obedience to the sound of his horn. As they were coming up the ride a single hound opened in the covert, and at the same moment a most abject creature with scarcely a hair to his brush made his appearance immediately in front of the advancing hounds. They were on him in a flash, and thus the lamb-killer met the nobler death that Fate had decreed for him.

'Now, here's a pretty go!' exclaimed Crammer, appealing to the horsemen who were standing by, 'the hounds won't touch him, and none of us may go in to bring him out. Perhaps Mr. Fulleylove will be kind enough——'

'Do your ode dirty work!' retorted the keeper.

'Lor! but it's a pity!' Crammer went on, 'there's a lady here would give me half a sovereign for the brush; but what do you say, gentlemen, shall we subscribe and buy the whole animal?'

'The whole adibal be dabbed!' cried the furious keeper, and, followed by peals of laughter, he marched off with as much dignity as under the trying circumstances he could assume.

A modern Homer might sing the wrath of Fulleylove in twenty-four books, but exigencies of space and inability to do justice to the theme must bring this story to an end.

Blind with rage, absolutely regardless of consequences, Fulleylove rolled up balls of poisoned fat. These he distributed through his coverts, placing them carefully on pointed twigs of hazel bushes so as to be out of the reach of his birds, and then prayed that the hounds might come again. Day by day he listened for them, but they did not come. January had gone, the first of February had arrived, and he had almost given up all hope when late in the afternoon he heard the sounds he had been longing for. In a fever of anxiety he rushed to get his gun, and hurried back up the road. He was just in time to see a beaten fox crawl into the wood. Forcing his way through the fence he hastened to the nearest ride. Again he caught sight of the fox, but he was out of shot. His face grew whiter and whiter, and his heart beat like a sledge hammer as he rushed hither and thither, now stopping to listen to the hounds, now running on again. Now they were leaving him, now they were coming towards him! They were coming nearer—and nearer! He held his breath, raised his gun, and waited. Then—bang—bang—went both barrels and the fox fell dead not twenty yards away from him.

At the same instant the thong of a whip curled round his thighs, then round his shoulders, his arms, the calves of his legs, and he yelled in agony.

'I'll teach you to shoot foxes,' cried the whipper-in, once more making his thong whistle in the air. Fulleylove, deathly white save for a blood-red blister raised by the lash under his left eye, turned towards his assailant, and slipping his hand into his pocket drew out a cartridge.

'Ah! would you, you brute!' cried the whipper-in, as with a dexterous flick of the lash on the back of the hand he sent the cartridge flying into the bushes, and made Fulleylove howl again for the pain of it.

'How now! What's all this? What's all this?' exclaimed an old gentleman, who had just ridden up to them. 'For shame, George, for shame! What has the man done?'

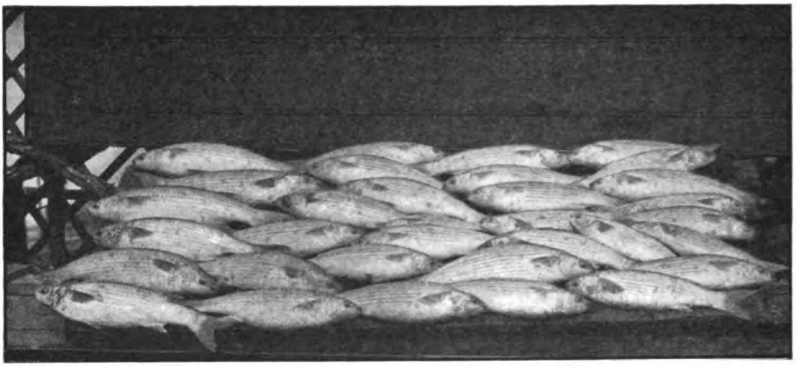
'Shot the fox, my lord,' replied the hunt-servant, 'right in front of the hounds. I saw him do it myself, so there's no use his saying he didn't.'

'Ad I'll do it agaid!' screamed Fulleylove. 'What busidess 'ave you 'ere after beid ward off. I obey by orders—ad I'll shoot every dabbed 'oud! I told 'eb last tibe they cub I'd do it——'

'The last time they came?' said his lordship. 'But my hounds have never been here before. You must be mistaking mine for some other pack of hounds. I am Lord Exminster.'

'Then for 'ebbed's sake, by lord,' cried the wretched Fulleylove, now trembling from head to foot, 'take your 'ouds out of this place as fast as you cad!'

And this was Fulleylove's revenge! It would be difficult to imagine a much more pitiable object than that humbled individual searching the woods day after day, well nigh distracted in his endeavours to complete the tally of his poisoned balls.



THIRTY-THREE GREY MULLET, WEIGHT 2 TO 4 LBS., TAKEN AT MARGATE BY MESSRS. GOMM AND DANNON
(*Photograph by Goodman and Schmidt*)

FIRESIDE FISHING

BY VERNON HENDERSON

NOT the least of the pleasures of the angler is the mental review in which he can indulge at times when either from inexorable engagements or the weather sport is out of the question. If anticipation be, as has been said, the better half of all earthly pleasures, surely retrospection may claim a considerable fraction of what remains.

So I think at any rate, and despite the leaden sky and the howling nor'-easter, my mind is cheered as I look round on some of the 'dear departed' which grace the walls of my den, and recall the circumstances under which I made their closer acquaintance after the formal ceremony of 'dropping them a line.' Mentally I catch them all over again, my imagination being quite equal to filling up the 'accessories' of the scenes. Indeed he is a poor angler who is deficient in that sense. Does not half the joy of casting your line consist of conjuring up all sorts of possibilities in the way of rises or bites? Cannot you see that leopard-skinned trout eyeing your fly before he takes the fatal gulp? Or, in the case of bottom-fishing, can you not perceive the finny clans gathering round your pellet of paste and inspecting it curiously, the cautious 'alderman' roach viewing it as would his City namesake a doubtful speculative venture, and the equally canny tench, 'the physician of the

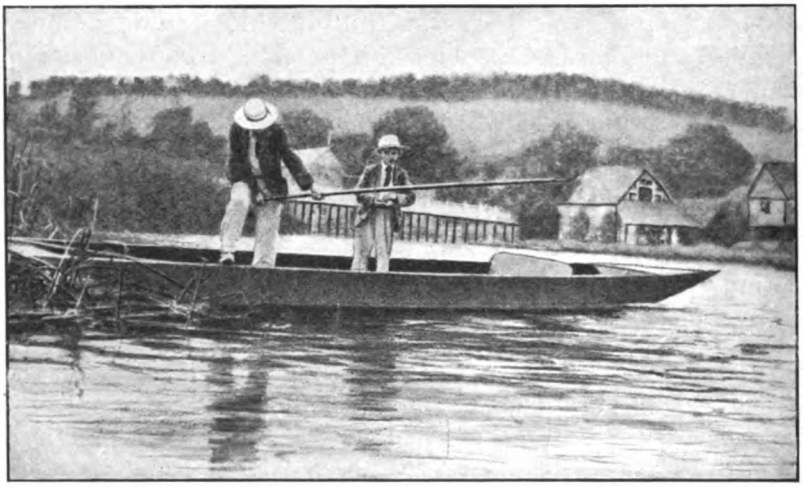
waters,' regarding it as an empirical bolus indeed, and advising his clients to have none of it? Can you not see the big flat-sided bream, like a pair of bronze-covered bellows, sniffing at it critically ere he reports to the rest of his tribe that 'all's correct,' and that they may proceed to sample the 'doughnut'? Or perhaps on the other hand, you are in a more sanguine mood, and vividly picture the whole aquatic crew going for it madly, the prize being collared, much to your satisfaction, by a bullying old barbel of ten pounds or more, who 'elbows' the others aside in the rudest way possible, only to get a painful and 'finishing lesson' in manners. 'After you, sir,' should have been his rule of conduct. Can you not imagine the whole subaqueous picture of forest of bright green weed, mossy boulder and polished pebble, with graceful troops in shining armour of bronze and silver, some of it set off with scarlet facings, the sunlight filtering in subdued rays through the glassy thickness above? Ofttimes in the oppressive summer heat have I wished myself a fish. So delightfully cool it must be, such easy movement, such a delightful existence of day-dream amid fairy scenery! Now gliding down some sparkling rapid, now easing up in a languorous eddy to bask in the sunshine and lazily watch life round about. It must be perfect—no wonder fish live to such an age as they do! Thus have I thought in the summer; on such a day as this, well, it is somewhat different. Ugh! The mere thought of it makes me get up and poke the fire. There's no doubt that it must be a terribly cold life in the winter, don't you think, and in such a damp climate as theirs. Often on a cold night while under the blankets and eiderdown I have thought of our poor finny friends huddling together to keep up what caloric remains in their semi-congealed frames.

The bare idea makes one thankful he is a Christian, even if coals are 35*s.* a ton, and rising with the blizzard. Fish, they say, are cold-blooded, and so I think must coal merchants be; perhaps more so. As for the former it should be noted that, like most animated creatures, they prefer warmth when they can get it. I myself have seen them living—and thriving—in water from which the steam arose—it was in connection with a factory engine, and had not lost much of its heat. A gentleman used the tank for breeding rudd, and he told me that they grew rapidly, their appetite being always wonderful, and increasing with the temperature.

It has often been a source of curiosity to me where certain fish get to during intensely cold winters. The roach

and other constant friends we have always with us ; but take the case of Scotch burn trout, who in many instances have hardly enough water to cover their backs ; there are no deeps for *them* to lie up in ; but with the advent of spring they return, surely as does the sun across the equator, and will be found at home with the regularity of that truant bird the swallow.

Talking about trout, that nice specimen up there over my book-case hails from the River Earn in Perthshire, whither he had come up on a spate for a country trip from the sea. Two days before, I had arrived at Crieff—I remember it was the



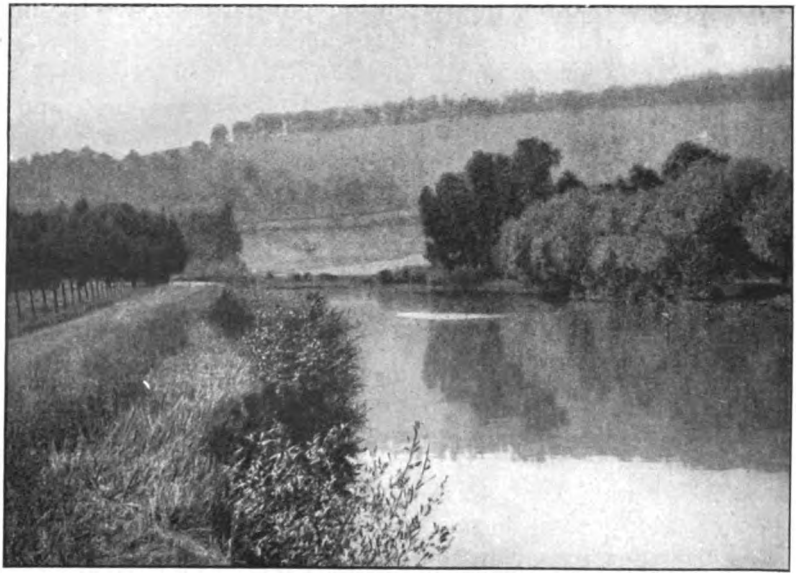
CATCHING BAIT WITH A BOAT-HOOK
(*Photograph by H. E. Evans*)

eve of 'the twelfth,' the hotels being crowded with gunners. The day of St. Grouse set in fearfully, a deluge pouring for something like twenty-four hours, bad for the gunners, but just the thing for the 'water,' especially as it broke up the prolonged drought. All day long I kicked my heels impatiently, and only pacified myself by setting my piscatorial kit in order, and picturing brighter things—and cloudy waters—for the morrow. The rain continued into the next day about noon, when at that critical hour it suddenly ceased, and I at once betook myself to the river. What a change from yesterday! From crystal clear and scanty stream to dingy brown and raging torrent.

Already the effect had been felt, for I had hardly reached the bridge before I met a native with a bonnie yellow trout of

three pounds, into whose confidence he had 'wormed' himself. Soon I got my rod to work, and spinning a blue phantom, it was not long before I had laid the foundation of a good basket. My friend there, whom you see framed and glazed, fell that day—as nice a sea-trout as ever took a journey up country.

I remember too the same day, that, as a certain writer would put it, 'a strange thing happened.' I had been spinning in a well-filled tributary stream, from which I had seen two fine 'brownies' taken by another rod, when suddenly I struck into



BELOW GORING
(*Photograph by H. E. Evans*)

something very lively and very strong. Down the wild current he went with an awful rush, 'whirr' went my reel, and fortunately the line ran free. Could it be a grilse, or better still, a full-grown specimen of *Salmo salar?* I was full of expectation. At last I got him to the surface. Dismay and disgust; it was nothing else but a big eel which I had foul-hooked near the tail! An eel, a serpentine beast whose very motions are Satanic! No wonder he was strong, and able to tear away to the danger of my frail tackle. Wishing to save my phantom minnow, I carefully got him out. He was an active three-pound specimen of the species *Anguilla.* I could tell another tale about an eel which was once caught by a dog of mine;

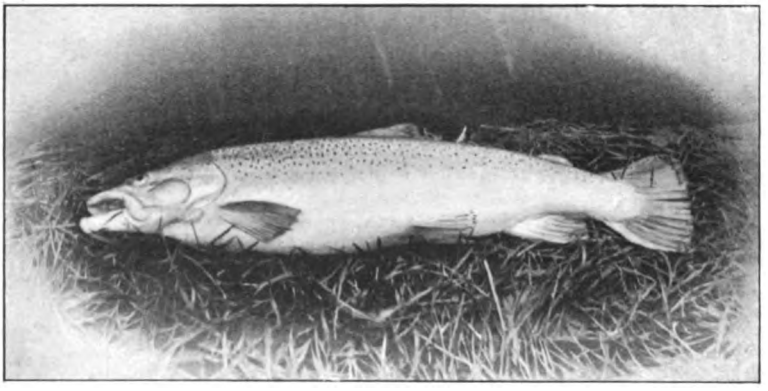
but fear very much that a combination of dog and fish story would prove a bit too strong. Still, now that I have gone so far, why not tell it? So here it is, let scoffers and cynics deride as they may. Briefly it is this. One day I was doing a bit of pond-fishing—slow work at the best of times—slower on this occasion, as for a couple of hours I got nothing like a response to my efforts. The float stood steady as any 'painted ship upon a painted ocean.' Pulling up to see how the bait was getting on, I found that the hook apparently had caught on the bottom. Budge it would not. After some gentle coaxing I tried a more vigorous tug, when the gut parted above the float, leaving the latter still on the surface. Wishing to recover it, by throwing a pebble in its direction I enticed my clever fox terrier Rip to go for the flotsam. It was not the first time he had saved such things for me, and he was now quite up to the game. In he went, and gently retrieving the 'quarry' he made for the bank. To my surprise I noticed that the gut length had not slipped through, there it was safe enough, and with an eel safely hooked.

To the disrespectful laughter I can hear I reply with the well-worn tag about the relative strangeness of truth and fiction. That it is true I solemnly aver, if not, may I never fish again—a truly fearful oath! No doubt that when hooked the eel had coiled himself round some weeds, or gone to his lair, but after a little lapse of time relaxed his hold. I could tell some other tales about this same terrier, but perhaps one fish-cum-dog story is enough for the present.

Look at those five raggedy-looking roach, so cruelly maltreated by a country taxidermist. They are fine specimens for size, or I should not have kept them. Well, confidentially, they were poached! In this wise. I had been fishing up the Thames with a friend. The river was low and bright. No stream and a hot drought. There was a mill with a nice flow of water, where surely the fish would be this time of the year—July. What is more, we heard that they *were* there, but also that the miller would not permit fishing to anybody. This was tantalising, so I determined on bluffing it. I would go there in pure 'ignorance,' and fish till the miller or his man came. He couldn't hang me, or else drown me in one of his flour sacks *à la Turque*. So in well-assumed innocence I climbed the railing, and selecting—quite by accident you know—the most hidden spot between the trees, I began to coax the roach. And to some purpose, as I very quickly

grassed those five specimens you see, together with some humbler samples. This was all right so far, much better than fishing in the stagnant main stream, and I was just beginning to feel comfortable when I heard a rustling in the bushes and a voice asking me with cold severity, if I 'was not aware I was trespassing?' Of course 'I was not aware' I told him—that is, 'officially aware.' I had heard, I admitted, that no fishing was allowed there, but took it for ill-informed rumour only.

Apparently he was waiting for me to go, as there was an awkward silence after my 'explanation,' but seeing that I had a good 'bite' I was emboldened to say, 'Well, sir, I am very sorry for coming on your grounds, but surely you won't mind



THAMES TROUT, WEIGHT 10 LBS., TAKEN AT STAINES BY T. W. GOMM

(*Photograph by J. Buck*)

it just for to-day, now that I am here?' After some demur, in the course of which he expressed the common objection that 'every one would be wanting to fish there,' he submitted; and, moreover, after we had conversed a little, he went so far as to say that he didn't mind my coming again on the morrow. Next day, of course, I was there, but for some reason or other, one of those fishing mysteries which ever assert themselves, I did not get a fish on that occasion.

What a 'jolly Jack' sort of fish the pike is I always think. Is there not something like a grin, sardonic perhaps, on his low comedy mouth? Verily it is a mouth for laughter if not for kisses; see how his chin suggests a good guffaw as he takes in another victim! I do believe half of it is for fun—he is a born practical joker. No mere vulgar hunger is it, but a keen

sense of a jest which makes him pounce on the nearest silly roach that comes fooling round in an aimless sort of way.

That specimen on my wall comes from the famous Hampshire Avon, the home of so many fine fish of all kinds. I got him on what I think a typical 'pikeing' day, a hunting one, *i.e.*, with a 'southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' as the old song has it. There is none better, in my experience at least, and it is certainly more agreeable than one of the blizzardy kind so popular with some 'pikemen.' It was about a mile or so below Salisbury, at a place which was only fishable when the hatches were down, as at other times there was barely two feet of water, and a fast stream at that. On this day I was lucky to find the water shut in, and weren't the pike on! No sooner did my bait go in than down went the float with that series of 'duck and drake' bobs the 'pikeist' well knows. As luck would have it, I had left the handle of my gaff at home—I had thought it was in my rod case—so I had cautiously to beach every fish on the grassy slope. Not without losing a few, for Mr. Lucius is an adept at shaking the hooks out; he says 'A broken mouth doesn't signify to me,' and escapes, a wiser if a sorer fish. My gentleman you see there gave me no end of trouble, but I was determined not to lose him. There he lay wallowing in the shallows; I made an effort to seize him, and got bitten to the finger-bone for my trouble; whether it was intentional or not I cannot say, but it hurt just the same. I then spanned him with both hands, and felt as if I was struggling with a huge living icicle.

Was he going to escape? Perish the thought. Getting on the river side of him I fairly booted him on to the bank, the impact feeling much like that with a sodden football, only more so. The water had got to my feet, but what of that? had I not secured my prize? I always think he is grinning at those stupid-looking sea-bream opposite, with their great goggle eyes and stolid aspect. I don't know if it has ever struck the reader that this fish, as it lies on the slab of your provider, looks like some carved wooden monstrosity, its exaggerated eyes heightening its resemblance to some North American Indian 'totem.' Those big-eyed beauties that you see over there were caught off the Sovereign Rocks at Eastbourne, and, stupid as they look, these fish are not to be captured every day, nor with any kind of tackle.

I rather pride myself on those grey mullet, for it is not every day you see specimens of the genus *Mullus* in a collection. One

of the best to angle for, certainly the best that I know amongst sea fish. Cunning and shy, he is the veritable carp of the sea. That big one of six pounds in the case there scarcely gave any indication of his presence ; there was just a slight quivering of the float, which might have been attributed to wave motion ; but detecting a faint move contrary to the current, I struck on the off-chance that the fish was travelling with the bait.

He was there right enough, and for the next ten minutes he

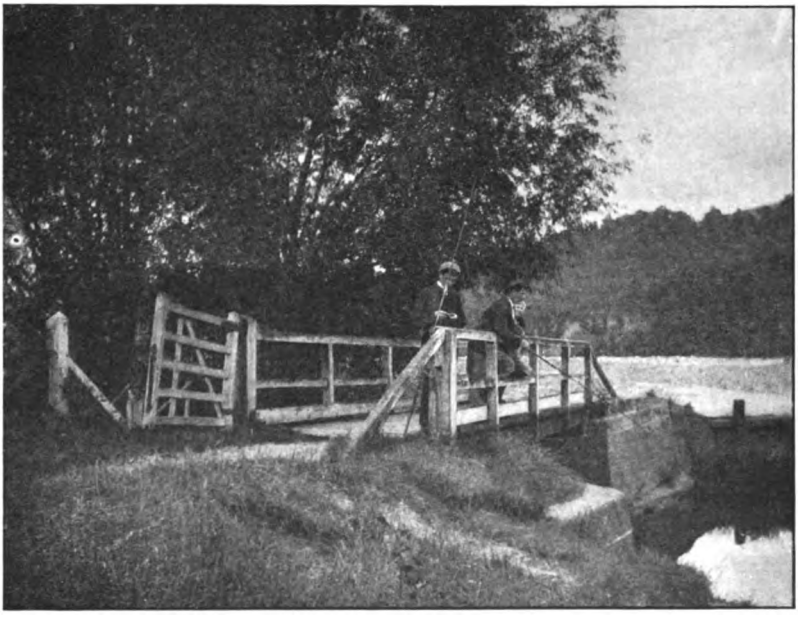
A THAMES BACKWATER

(Photograph by H. E. Evans)

led me a pretty dance before I got him into the boat, rushing and boring as he did with all the lustiness of the torpedo-shaped fish he is. It is fine sport, and quite puts most of the ordinary pulley-hauley work of sea-fishing to shame. But the sportsman is nothing if not catholic in his tastes, and there are times, I must confess, when disheartened by the coyness of other fish, I have enjoyed a day amongst the whiting and codling, and have quite appreciated the hearty way in which they have gone for the uncompromising lumps of bait on a heavy sea paternoster. With a two-pound lead on, and with a heavy tide

running, does not even a moderate codling give you a run for your money? Then is the time that you appreciate a rubber button on the butt of your rod; without it you will be sure to be sore above the hips by the time you are done.

Although you would hardly credit it, those Avon roach were taken in about two feet of perfectly clear water and within sight of me! It was a blazing day in July, the sun striking on my back as if it meant to scarify me, and fishing seemed out of the question. I was alongside a tributary stream, there



CASUAL WALTONIANS
(*Photograph by H. E. Evans*)

being, as I have said, not more than two feet of depth. A goodly shoal of big roach were passing up and down. It seemed next to useless to try for them; but I rigged up some of my very finest tackle, and *very* quietly dropped it in, paste being the bait.

The shoal, scared for a moment, soon returned, but when they came to the suspended pellet immediately turned and fled as if it were some evil thing. In vain I waited and waited, the same thing occurred over and over again. They were 'not taking any.' Here was an object lesson in roach fishing in clear water. This indeed explained much of non-success on

a bright hot day. Stay, I would try them with a 'ledger,' just for the experiment. Putting one on—not particularly fine either—I cast it in, as quietly as possible you may depend.

As before, the fish scurried off, soon to return however, and much to my surprise a big fellow stooped down and took the bait. Still more to my surprise he was hooked, so well had he taken it. I soon had him out, a fish of a pound and a half at least, the rest of the shoal, of course, beating a hasty retreat. But by the time I was ready for another, they had returned, and a similar process was repeated. Roach number two was on the bank. How often this could have been repeated I know not, as the heat becoming quite too terrific, I retired content with five others all as large as the first. I don't think that it is given to many to catch roach of this size under such conditions, actually to see them take the bait, and that within three or four yards, and with little or no cover. The obvious moral is that fish are shy of suspended tackle, in clear water at any rate, but are comparatively indifferent when it lies on the bottom, and this should be remembered by any one who has been vainly trying to capture them in mid-water. With this hint, based on more than one day's experience, I metaphorically 'pack-up' and finish my 'Fireside Fishing.'

THE SHOT-GUN

L. H. DE VISME SHAW

THE shot-gun, viewed simply as an instrument of projection used for sporting purposes, claims direct descent from the bow, a weapon probably dating almost from the birth of reason in our race. After the bow—and very late, comparatively, in time—came the cross-bow. Good Queen Bess used one when taking her sport among the deer. The cross-bow wrought the principle of the bow—the propulsion of a projectile by the release of force stored by the muscles of the user—into practically the form of our modern shoulder-gun. Thus when gunpowder came to be well known there was no further question for the first gunmaker, detail apart, than that of substituting the one propulsive agent for the other.

When, where or how gunpowder was discovered, no one can say. There seems little doubt that both India and China knew of it before our era dawned. It is said to have been used at the Siege of Mecca in 690, at Thessalonica in 904, at the Siege of Belgrade in 1073, while the Greeks are declared to have carried cannon on their war vessels when fighting the Pisanians in 1098. The Arabs, we are also told, employed ordnance against the Iberians in 1147. In the Chateau de Coucy is a cannon bearing the date 1258. This brings us up to the time of Roger Bacon. Bacon (*ob.* 1292) left a MS.—it has been supposed that he cribbed from a document in the Escurial—dealing with the subject of explosives. Then Berthold Schwartz, another clerical gentleman, came across—*circa* 1320—a copy of the friar's treatise, and forthwith set to work to make experiments—and gunpowder. So did the knowledge of 'villainous saltpetre' reach Central Europe.

The earliest form of shoulder-gun—or hand-gun perhaps one might more properly call it—was simply a miniature cannon mounted on a wooden stock and fired by applying a slow match to the touch-hole. For purposes of war, these

crude weapons were in general use—though only as supplementary to the long bow and the cross-bow—by the close of the fifteenth century.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the idea of the match-lock entered the head of some inventive being. The match-lock was a true descendant of the cross-bow—the release of force being effected by means of a lever, or trigger—and the first real 'gun.' A rough and ready contrivance was the match-lock. A piece of metal, in shape like a roughly-formed **S**, turned upon a pivot placed rather more rearward than the pivot of the hammer of a modern gun. This piece of metal was known as the serpentin, from its shape. The upper extremity of the serpentin held the match which ignited the charge; the lower part, projecting downwards from the stock, served as a lever, or trigger. On the top of the barrel was a further contrivance to hold a slow match. When wishing to discharge his weapon, the gunner, holding the lower end with his right hand, depressed the upper part of the serpentin till the match it held came into contact with the slow match, burning in its holder on the barrel; on the match in the serpentin becoming lighted, a side movement of the lever guided it to the priming in the flash-pan and so fired the gun. The word gun, by the bye, is almost certainly derived from the sound. Only by chance is a gun—originally gonne—called a gun instead of a bang or a bomb, or a bun or something of similar ring. The match lock went through various grades of improvement. Eventually the match-holder on the barrel was dispensed with altogether, a match being kept burning in the head of the serpentin or hammer. The hammer could now be cocked. When the lever or trigger was pressed it released the hammer, the head of which fell upon the priming and fired the charge.

Next, early in the sixteenth century, came the invention of the wheel-lock. The mechanism of this consisted of a serrated steel wheel, the spring of which was wound up with a key or lever and held in check by a bolt connected with the trigger. The head of the hammer held a pyrite. The gun being charged and the spring wound up, the hammer was depressed till the pyrite rested in contact with the notched wheel. All was then ready for a shot; a pull of the trigger withdrew the intercepting bolt, and the wheel, rapidly revolving against the pyrite, caused a shower of sparks to fall upon the priming.

After the wheel-lock, the flint-lock. In the perfected form of the flint-lock, which passed through various stages of

development, we see a flint gripped by the hammer ; the fall of the hammer strikes open the cover-plate, its blow, at the same time, creating sparks which fall into the flash-pan below. The flint-lock was invented early in the seventeenth century. It may sound strange to some readers that flint-locks were in use in the English Army as late as 1840. Even now, in far-off lands, a large number of these out-of-date weapons must be regularly used, for the manufacture (at Brandon, in Suffolk) and export of gun-flints is still an existing trade.

Following the flint-lock came the percussion system, discovered by a Scotch clergyman in 1807. Several different applications of the principle were invented, all being more or less unsatisfactory. Then, in 1814, a Mr. Shaw, of Philadelphia, conceived the idea of the percussion cap. The immense advantages possessed by the cap and nipple over all preceding methods of ignition rapidly brought the new gun into general use.

Then the breech-loader—or, more correctly, the breech-loading gun firing a cartridge in which is fixed a percussion cap, for the breech-loading system was applied to hand firearms as early as the sixteenth century. Lepage, a Parisian, invented the first cartridge carrying a detonating cap. The cap projected exteriorly from the base of the case. Some years later—in 1847—Houiller, another Parisian, improved upon Lepage's system, and gave the pinfire cartridge to the world. Lefaucheux, yet another Parisian, immediately set to work to build a gun adapted to the use of the pinfire case. Very shortly afterwards this—the pinfire—breech-loader, known as the Lefaucheux gun, came into general use. I see that Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, in the Badminton Library, says it was introduced to British shooters by Lang, of Cockspur Street, about 1853. This being so, it seems as though the central fire may have been actually used in England before the pinfire, for the first central fire proper—one cannot apply this term to the inventions of Dreyse and Needham—was placed upon the market by the late Mr. Lancaster in the previous year, 1852. The Lancaster gun not catching on, however, the pinfire reigned supreme till the appearance, in 1861, of a central-fire case, to all general intents and purposes the same case that we use to-day. Some fifteen years later the one system had completely superseded the other.

Such are the main heads in the evolution of the shot-gun. Even to mention all the minor details contributing to this

evolution would run away with whole pages. Just the more important ones only may be named.

In 1862 the first snap-action gun was built, by Westley Richards; the snap action assumed various forms before public opinion decreed that the top lever should remain fixed as the standard system. Choke boring, it is said, was known in France as early as the end of the eighteenth century, and was practised in America by 1827, but it seems improbable that whatever may have been the method of boring employed it did not embrace the true principles of the choke. In 1866 Mr. Pape, of Newcastle, patented a choked barrel, which gave results distinctly in advance of those yielded by the cylinder. It remained, however, for Mr. W. W. Greener—perhaps the most scientific gunmaker of our own or any other day—to carry out the idea to its highest development. During 1874 every sportsman was talking about this latest wonder—the choke; and shortly afterwards the craze—it has died a natural death since then—for close-shooting game guns was in full swing. Putting aside the Dreyse (1838) and the Needham (1850) hammerless guns, one may say that the first hammerless breech-loader was introduced by Messrs. Murcott in 1871. Not long after this a Bristol firm of gunmakers, Messrs. Gibbs and Pitt, improved upon the Murcott principle, while yet a little later Mr. Westley Richards went one better by combining the best features of the two systems. This was in 1876. Just about the same time Messrs. Anson and Deeley invented the well-known system bearing their name. Thenceforward the 'hammerless' —strange misnomer—made rapid strides in the favour of the shooting public, and soon, save in the case of inferior grade weapons, its supersession of the hammer gun became complete. The subsequent addition of the ejecting principle brought the shot-gun up to its present state of perfection.

Thus we see how very modern a thing our shot-gun really is. Only about a quarter of a century ago the hammerless gun and the choke-bored barrel were matters of novelty and wonderment; only about forty years ago the central-fire cartridge was unknown among sportsmen; only about fifty years ago is it that the Lefaucheux pinfire opened the age of breech-loading guns, and began to oust the muzzle-loader from universal use; only about eighty years ago did the invention of the percussion cap bring the reign of the flint-lock to a close.

It must be deemed highly improbable that the very early hand firearm was applied to sporting ends. It is possible,

however, that now and again some mediæval sportsman may have felt disposed to test the weapon in the way of sport. He would have stalked his quarry till within close range before applying the burning match to the touch-hole. Even when the match-lock came into being, the gunner would have had endless trouble when on sport intent, for the lighted match would have needed his unremitting attention. One must assume, therefore, that man was about the only thing shot at in such primitive times—and very much more often shot at than hit, for the accuracy of those old-world arms left much to be desired. Various trials are recorded in which the bow left the gun a very bad second. As late as 1792 a match of the kind took place at Pacton Green. Cumberland. The conditions were twenty shots each at a 100-yd. range. The bow scored sixteen hits; the gun put only twelve bullets into the target.

The invention of the wheel-lock gave the sportsman a moderately efficient gun. There was no burning match to be seen by the game or extinguished by a shower, or to burn itself out before a satisfactory shot could be obtained. The gun loaded, the spring wound up, and the pyrite in the head of the hammer placed in contact with the wheel, the gunner occupied a position of independence which could scarcely have been dreamed of by users of the match-lock. His only anxiety was that of keeping the powder in the flash-pan dry. One can imagine the bearer of a match-lock walking up birds and killing them, though it is very doubtful whether he ever expended a charge so rashly. It is also a matter of doubt whether he used shot at all; if he did, the pellets would have been moulded—and probably home-made. Not till some decades after the invention of the flint-lock—early in the seventeenth century—did the gun begin to find favour as a weapon of sport. The manufacture of guns expressly for sporting purposes only began towards the close of the same century. Thus the shot-gun proper is not so very much more than a hundred years old.

And what an infinity of difference there is between the gun of a hundred years ago and the gun of to-day! A hundred years ago the flint lock, in nearly every case having but a single barrel, served the sportsman's needs; to-day we have in our hammerless ejector a gun which seems about as near perfection as a gun can be. Yet almost certainly the shot-gun has many further developments before it. As likely as not old Joe Manton and his shooting contemporaries thought the very summit of principle and utility had been attained in their own

day. If they did think so they were most substantially mistaken, for the advance in both these matters has been great indeed. At the present time the gun certainly appears to be resting for a fair spell after its past few decades of rapid evolution, but it is difficult to believe that the rest can endure for long in such a brain-active age.

Just the briefest of glances at the benefits bestowed upon us by up-to-date gunmaking.

One's gun is built to fit one exactly; or where this is not the case the gunner has only himself to blame for using a weapon which will not enable him to shoot up to his highest attainable form; its balance is perfect, as are also its finish and the adjustment and working of its mechanism; it may, if wished, be of mere feather-weight gravity; its safety with standard charges is absolute; its barrels can be regulated to throw any pattern from the 120 or so of the true cylinder up to the 240 or so of an extreme choke; its ammunition yields little recoil, and practically no smoke, and gives the highest penetration and regularity of shooting, while it also renders the user independent of any kind of weather. It is almost automatic, cocking the hammers and ejecting the fired cases as the breech is opened, and locking itself with its snap action when the breech is again closed.

I will finish this section by the comparison of three whats.

What the user of the muzzle-loader had to do was, to put the powder into each barrel and then a wad into each barrel, and then take his ramrod from its place and ram each powder charge home, and then put the shot into each barrel and another wad into each barrel and ram each shot-wad home, and then put the ramrod back into its clips again, and then cock each hammer, and then take the caps off the two nipples and put fresh caps in their places—and then at last he found himself ready for another right and left.

What the user of the earlier type of breech-loader had to do was, to cock or half-cock each hammer, to open the breech by moving the springless lever, to extract each empty case by hand and put fresh cartridges into the chambers, and then to close the breech and push back the lever till the action was properly locked.

What the user of the hammerless ejector has to do is, to open the breech, put in fresh cartridges, and then close the breech. The gun itself does all the rest.

So far the past and present of the shot-gun. Now let us speculate as to the future.

The future, then, will push aside the gun of to-day just as all through the gun's history one type has pushed aside its foregoer and eliminated the prejudices which always hang on, to a greater or less degree, when any change of form or principle is effected in a thing we are accustomed to see or use —more especially to see. It is odd how the eye becomes wedded to form. What a shapeless, creeping, ugly, cart-before-the-horse thing the safety bicycle looked to us at its first appearance, and what a thing of graceful beauty the ordinary! And when now chance gives us the rare sight of an ordinary on the road, what a gawky, ungraceful and unbusiness-like looking thing it appears! So in the case of the coming—we speculate only, of course—change of form of the shot-gun. When it first begins to make its way in the world, people will call it a monstrosity, and will say they would never be seen carrying such a thing, and will swear by the double hammerless against all blooming innovations whatsoever—just as a heap of others, my own humble self included, were once foolish enough to swear by their ordinaries against any safety the world could produce. A few years later the merits of the new type of gun will have brought it into general use; those who clung for a while to the double-barrelled gun will at length come to regard it in the same light as that in which they now view the muzzle-loader.

The new gun, the shot-gun which is to supersede our shot-gun of to-day, will be a repeater. Fully loaded with its six or eight or ten cartridges, it will weigh appreciably less than the gun we now use; its barrel will be very short, not more than eighteen inches. One of the chief cries against the gun will be that it is unsportsmanlike to carry such a weapon, its temporary critics drawing wide distinctions between the present-day practices of shooting with a brace of guns and the coming practice of adopting a repeater instead. Many a gunner of the past generation no doubt clung to the dear old slow and dirty muzzle-loader throughout his life, simply because he thought the use of the quick and simple breech-loader unsportsmanlike. The repeater will be purely automatic; that is, the force of the recoil and its re-action will eject the fired cartridge, place the succeeding cartridge in the chamber, close the breech, and cock the hammer. Intercepting mechanism will ensure that the cartridge in the chamber cannot possibly be fired till the action has completed its work by securing the breech. This automatic ejecting, re-loading the chamber, re-cocking the

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POINTERS.

hammer and re-closing the breech, will be practically instantaneous, so rapid that however quickly the shooter wishes to put in a second shot—or a third, or a fourth, and so on up to the cartridge-holding capacity of his weapon—he will invariably find the gun ready for him when he pulls the trigger.

Before the repeating shot-gun reaches its full development, there must come about the perfecting of a powder in every way suited to it. Of this powder, but the smallest bulk—say a dozen grains—will impart sufficient velocity to the shot. It will be very much quicker than any powder now in use; while doing all its work in eighteen inches or so of barrel, it will at the same time yield pattern and penetration as good as, perhaps a great deal better than, anything we can show to-day. Its pressure may be high, but this the build of the coming gun will obviate. The cartridges will be only about an inch and a half in length.

There will be no change in the balance of the gun as shot follows shot. In the Winchester there is the objection of the alteration in balance; in the coming repeater there will be counterpoising mechanism which will keep the gun's balance constant from the firing of the first cartridge to the firing of the last.

There will also be mechanism enabling the shooter, by pressure with the left hand, instantaneously to convert his barrel from a cylinder to a modified or full choke, and by release of the pressure to revert it to a cylinder. How this may be effected I do not pretend even to hint, but it will be one of the chief features of the gun used in a generation or two, if not in our own. It is distinctly within the range of gunmaking possibilities.

The barrel of the coming gun being no longer than about eighteen inches, its stock, to equalise the poise, will be of much less weight than our present-day stock. Wood will have no part in its manufacture; it will be merely a band of blued steel, shaped to the correct outline, and flattened at the heel. Also it will fold back after the manner of the folding .410 of to-day, thus enabling the sportsman to carry the gun—length about twenty-two inches; weight, unloaded, about four and a half pounds—in a breast pocket of his shooting tunic. Light though the gun, excessive though, comparatively, the pressures of the powder used, recoil will be a thing unfelt even during the longest and busiest day, it being practically entirely absorbed by the spring work of the automatic action.

To conclude I take the liberty of copying the subjoined letter from a number of the *Field*, published in March 1950:

'SIR,—Like many others, I have followed with the keenest interest the discussion in your columns as to whether or no the 12-bore is to become entirely a thing of the past. Personally, and this is common with the very large majority of those whose letters you have published, I have not the slightest doubt that within a few years at most the manufacture of and demand for 12-bores will cease altogether. Every trial has proved that with our modern boring the 20-bore will put an ounce of shot on the target (and no one in these days ever thinks of using more than an ounce of shot) with evenness and penetration which no 12-bore can be made to excel, and with precisely the same killing circle as that given by the 12. Since Messrs. Eley first began to manufacture concentrator cartridges for the smaller gun, the last possible argument in favour of the 12-bore has been annihilated. The 20-bore is *in every way* equal to the 12-bore—a fact amply demonstrated—while it weighs appreciably less. The whole question is simply this: The performance of the 20-bore is exactly the same as that of the 12-bore; the 12-bore is larger and heavier than the 20-bore; therefore the 20-bore is the most desirable gun.

'All through the past season, both for game shooting and wildfowling, I have been using a ten-shot 20-bore, built for me by Holland—15 in. barrel, weight 3 lbs. 10 oz. It is fitted with the differential choke, enabling one to choose patterns of 130, 180, or 240, and a weapon more perfect in mechanism or more effective in practice it would be difficult indeed to imagine. It is wonderful how soon one gets into the way of using the differential choke instinctively—as instinctively as one pulls the trigger at the psychological moment. I used the gun a good deal on duck during the fortnight's spell of sharp weather just before Christmas. Prior to this, I had made a careful trial of the concentrator cartridges—how absolutely reliable and accurate they are!—and found the results fully equal to anything a 12-bore has ever accomplished. Thinking it may interest your readers, I give the record of this trial. The figures are the averages of six shots at each range; 40-in. circle, trajectory same as 12-bore.

80 yards	.	.	(No. 5 shot)	=	Pattern 172
100 ,,	.	.	(No. 4 ,,)		,, 145
120 ,,	.	.	(No. 3 ,,)		,, 121
150 ,,	.	.	(No. 2 ,,)		,, 101
200 ,,	.	.	(No. 1 ,,)		,, 86
250 ,,	.	.	(B.B. ,,)		,, 62

'The penetration in all cases was enormous; in fact, I cannot help thinking that smaller shot might well be used at every one of the ranges, and also that the manufacture of a concentrator cartridge effective at 400 yards is neither an impossibility nor an improbability. The shot does not leave the concentrator till within thirty-five yards of the range stated on the top wadding (the killing range), and the penetrative power of the massed charge—that is, before the shot leaves the concentrator—cannot be so very many per cent. less than that of a spherical bullet of the same weight. One rather gratifying experience fell to my lot during the sharp weather of December—an experience with grey geese. I heard them in the distance, a gaggle of seven, and had just time to slip into shelter, where you may be quite sure I was not very long in loading up with 250-yd. cartridges. The skein passed me at just about that range, and ten shots yielded me five birds out of the seven. Not a bad performance for a 20-bore weighing 3 lbs. 10 ozs.

'Indeed, we sportsmen of to-day—more especially those of us who indulge in wildfowling as well as game shooting—have much to be thankful for. When starting for the day, instead of tucking a long, heavy, and unsightly double-barrelled gun under our arm, we fold up a light, compact little repeater, and put it into its pocket or sling; instead of having only two charges at our disposal, we have ten; instead of having two barrels throwing fixed patterns, we have a single barrel fitted with the differential choke, by means of which we can at instant choice put a cylinder, a modified choke, or a full choke charge on our bird according to the distance it may be away. Instead of paddling, when possible, up to within sixty or eighty yards of a company of widgeon with a huge punt gun in the bow as one had to do not so many years ago, we are—at least I am—quite satisfied with a 250-yd. range; at that distance a tiny 20-bore will put an ounce of "B.B." into the thickest part of the company, and nine ounces more among them when they are on the wing, and if a "B.B." touches a bird at that range, it is your bird. I wonder what developments the shot-gun has yet before me? Many no doubt.

'Yours faithfully,

'A LIFELONG SPORTSMAN.'

LUGERS RESTING ON THE WAY UP TO CAUX

HINTS ON TOBOGGANNING IN ENGLAND

BY MARY C. FAIR

THE average man, woman or child who toboggans in England seldom seems to make the most of the snow when it *does* come. As a general rule people confine their operations to a slope or straight run down hill, making little or no attempt at steering, nor would they think of trying to 'negotiate' awkward corners. The toboggans used, too, are unwieldly and clumsy compared to the little vehicles used by the Swiss, which can be steered to an inch, or got round very sharp turns running at a very high rate of speed. One of the most generally approved of these toboggans—or 'luges' as they are termed locally in Switzerland —is that known as the 'Château d'Œx' which could be made by any intelligent village carpenter and smith. For running or racing on ice-tracks there is another type called the 'Hummer,' but it is hardly suitable for ladies and does not go very well in English snow. A 'Château d'Œx' toboggan is very light to carry; one can either take one's luge on the back, or tow it behind, when it is useful for attaching coats, sandwich-cases, &c.

My toboggan, a Swiss 'Château d'Œx,' is built as follows:

It is made of *well-seasoned* ash, perfectly true in grain and free from knots: the runners, which are $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. across, are shod with iron. These runners are 2 ft. 11 in. long: they are

straight for 1 ft. 10 in.; for the rest they are curved up in front to meet the the top framework. The four uprights are 5 in. in height, slanting slightly inwards from bottom to top: the two cross-pieces from side to side of the top framework measure 16 in.; the side pieces which run parallel (allowing for the inward slope above mentioned) are 2 ft. 6 in., and are 1 in. wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep; in front they are fixed to the up-curved ends of the runners. Inserted into the top framework thus formed are three little lathes 1 ft. 8 in. in length, $1\frac{3}{4}$ in.

YOU CAN CARRY YOUR TOBOGGAN UNDER YOUR ARM

across, and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep. These form the seat of the vehicle. One of the great points for an accurate-steering toboggan lies in the runners, which must be placed absolutely true with each other. The joints must be neat and secured with screws.

Now there are several ways of steering these little vehicles. One is by means of two little iron-pointed sticks about a foot long held rather behind one; the feet are placed straight in front of one. This is the most graceful way.

Another way is by means of the heels of one's boots, which are allowed to touch the ground at the side of the toboggan—a faint touch will affect the course of your sled; you will soon find that it is possible to get round very evil-looking corners,

going at a great rate, almost entirely by balance. In travelling fast round sharp corners remember to keep on the *inside* of the curve or you will find that you will skid and capsize. If you are 'luging' on a private road not used for sleighs or ordinary traffic, jumps—made of barricades of frozen snow—may be erected. Sit square and firm, keep the toboggan headed perfectly straight as you arrive at the jump and you will land all right after a most exhilarating rush through the keen air. Do not put jumps near corners, or where the road is excessively

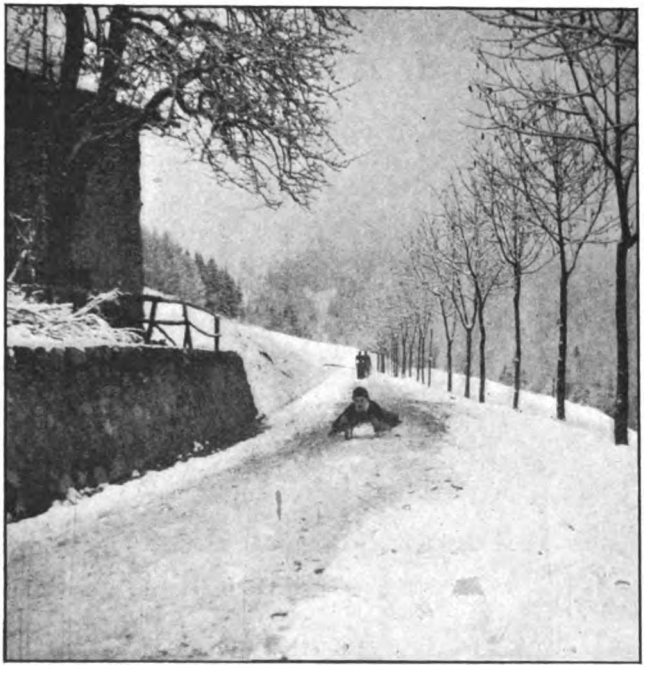
ONE CAN TOW THE LUGE BEHIND

steep, and you will avoid bad spills. Also do not coast (or go head foremost) down a track with high jumps or very sharp turns. Coasting is what makes tobogganning dangerous. Toboggan races (by time) are exceedingly good fun and are very easily arranged.

As regards tobogganning get-up, old clothes are advisable. For men, knickerbocker suits of Harris tweed and field boots are about the most suitable, while for ladies a coat and leather-bound skirt of the same material will be found comfortable and warm. No hat-pins or adornments likely to hurt in case of a spill should be worn, and the heels of all boots should be edged with climbing nails, especially if you meditate steering with them. If the hands get very cold, gloves of an infantile design with a

thumb, and the other fingers all together in a kind of bag, will be found far warmer than having every finger separately housed.

The toboggan described above is a 'single luge.' Double luges to hold two may be made after the same design, or a 'bob' or 'traineau' of two or more people on separate luges may be formed as follows: the 'luger' in front takes hold of the ankles of the one behind him and so on to the end. The front man is responsible for the greater part of the steering,



COASTING

but the others must aid by balancing round curves, and sometimes the rear-guard is provided with steering sticks, he (or she) being the only individual in a 'bob' with free hands.

It is sometimes necessary to pull up very suddenly; if you have time, put on the brake with heels or steering sticks, but if it is a case of 'do or die,' grasp the top stays near the runner-heads and pull up the luge under you. This will bring the sharp back end of the runners into contact with the track, and will stop your headlong course very abruptly. It strains the toboggan, so is not advisable as a general means of stopping oneself, but is very useful in emergencies.

All over England are capital roads (except, of course, in the very flat districts) where, given the snow, tobogganning would be possible, but especially is this the case in the Lake Country, and Northumberland and Durham. The Kirkstone Pass, for instance, or the hill from the highest house into Ambleside are ideal for the sport, as are many districts in Scotland and Wales. With a longish hill and the right quality of snow, there is no reason why tobogganning should not be just as delightful in Old England as it is in Switzerland. The more the snow is beaten down, and hardened with runners, the better and faster will the track get, and the more exciting the

WAITING TO GO DOWN

tobogganning. As long as the snow is dry and crisp Château d'Œx toboggans will run—not very fast of course—in deepish snow, but a track that has thawed on the surface and then frozen hard will be found the most exciting, albeit a trifle more dangerous on account of the speed that can be got up.

If one possess a long slope or hilly garden paths, it is quite worth while to make a practice track with jumps and obstacles by beating down the snow with spades. I have seen a track thus made, a quarter of a mile in length, which was excellent sport, its drawback being, of course, its shortness.

There is a wonderful fascination about tobogganning. I don't think any one who has overcome the first nervousness and qualms ever gets over their affection for it; it certainly is not a sport that palls!

POINT-TO-POINT RACES

BY THE EARL OF CAVAN

WITH very few exceptions a Hunt Point-to-Point is a terrible misnomer. Fences are cut and trimmed, all awkward places are carefully flagged, and the boy at home for his Easter Holidays, getting up to ride his first race, has just as good a chance of winning his Hunt Point-to-Point as the oldest hand at crossing a natural country who gets up alongside him. It is impossible for either to lose his way, and it is the selling-plater that wins and not the good hunter. Of course the old hand who knows something of race-riding as an art will have that advantage over the school boy who knows nothing, but this is his only pull. The quick eye, the instant determination of the best place into *and out of* the next field, learnt in many a quick thing through many a season, count for next to nothing. The lie of the course is quite unmistakable, so the budding Nightingall on his long-tailed 'un can canter along at his ease, while the old subscriber whose knowledge of country and quickness of eye are exceptional, finds little or no opportunity for the exercise of his skill.

The reason constantly given for the circular course all flagged is that it affords a good view to the many spectators who want a day out. This is a charitable view, but surely antagonistic to the best interests of the sport.

To my mind the Point-to-Point should be a good straight

line across any bit of country—five-and-twenty minutes of the best. The sole guarantee to starters should be that there is no wire within a mile on either side of the direct line drawn from start to finish ; and further there should be no shadow of doubt as to the exact point to be reached, be it steeple or a conspicuous covert or gorse-clad hill.

About ten years ago the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards had an inter-regimental race near Swindon. I have no local knowledge of that delightful district of the V.W.H., so am unable to give names of places, but I remember that we started in a field about a mile south of the Great Western Railway, and about four and a half miles east of Swindon Church, which was clearly visible all the way. Our starter called the roll and all he then said was : 'You all see Swindon Church ?' a chorus of 'Yes.' 'Then get there !' and away we went. Never did a dozen officers have a better or merrier ride. The chief joy lay in the fact that before we had gone a mile we were spread over the country like scouting cavalry, each riding the line that he thought was the shortest way. Three such good men to hounds as Billy Lambton, Henry Heywood-Lonsdale, and Raymond Marker jumped into the last field from three absolutely different directions ! The Coldstream supplied the first two, but the Grenadiers filled the next six places, so the latter won on points ; but all agreed that that was indeed a Point-to-Point worthy the name and worth the riding.

While on the subject of Inter-Regimental races let me say a word in praise of them. Every man is on his mettle, or should be, until he has passed the post. No matter if you take a toss, keep hold of your horse, and come along ; every point tells and the very last man to finish may just give his side the victory.

The closest finish of this sort that I should think ever took place was in a race between the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards and the 16th Lancers, held in the Meath county in 1887. If I remember right, Lord Londonderry, who was then Lord-Lieutenant, acted as judge, and a nice time he had of it ! Colonel, now Major-General, Babington won it by a short head from a Grenadier, who was a neck in front of the late Major Orr-Ewing. Then at an interval of two lengths came two more Grenadiers and two Lancers all in a cluster, followed very closely by a string of both representatives finishing for dear life. Last of all, but *within one minute of the winner*, a desperate struggle was going on between Sir Augustus Webster and, I

believe, Captain Guy Wyndham, and on this depended the result, for the Lancers just squeezed home by a head, and the addition of the marks gave them the victory by one point.

Before the next Point-to-Point season begins let me advocate Inter-Hunt contests, such as the above—between neighbouring countries. Make them annual fixtures and run them in the different hunts in alternate years. It would not be easy to find suitable courses if one was confined to the march of two neighbouring hunts, as being the only neutral ground, though many a good line could no doubt be found near Burrough Hill, where the Quorn and Cottesmore approach one another in a perfect Shire Paradise. But all countries are not so fortunate. I can see nothing but good in such friendly rivalry between two or more hunts.[1] The Master should have the sole responsibility of selecting the team to ride for the Hunt, a burden for which I dare say he will not thank me, in addition to his yearly increasing labours. There is no little art in riding such races *as a team*. How often have I heard a warning word from Podge Mildmay, a master of the art, 'Grenadiers this way'! or an encouraging shout of 'Now then'! from Henry Lonsdale, ever in front in a Point-to-Point. It is no bad policy in these races to order two or three of the less-experienced members of your team to stick like wax, not only to their saddles, but to a pilot of undisputed supremacy, until the last few fences only remain between them and the two large flags, now quite obvious, that mark the winning-post. Then, each for himself; get there at all costs, first if you can, but if not, as near the winner as possible, for every place has its award of honour and not only the first three.

I have often heard it urged that a good Point-to-Point course is quite unobtainable in such and such a country; it is too intricate or too much wooded, and therefore it must be better to mark out a good obvious twice-round-and-in sort of course where anybody can get a good view. At the risk of being rude I must reply, nonsense! A country that is not too intricate for riding to hounds is not too intricate for a Point-to-Point. If there be no good landmark visible from four miles off in the whole country, make one, as Lord Lonsdale did for the Brigade of Guards in their Point-to-Point near Melton about eight years ago. A big scaffolding and two large sheets sewn together. The outlay cannot be greater than, if as great, as

[1] We believe some of the Midland hunts have already set an excellent example in this respect.—Ed.

that required for trimming and cutting fences and flagging that abomination the modern Point-to-Point course.

But the real difficulty lies, not with the farmers, bless them, who are ever ready to help us, but with the owners of long-tailed 'uns, who insist on an 'all grass' course, and say it is not safe to race over natural country. No, of course it is not safe for the ex-selling plater, but that is just the sort of horse you do not want to win your Hunt's blue riband.

Start with your backs to any well-known covert, and let the first whip holloa you away. You have your instructions that some other well-known covert, visible three or four miles off, has two large white flags in the field just on this side of it, and they constitute the winning-post. There is no wire anywhere within a mile or more of the course, and then, bar accidents, the best man wins, and your hunt Point-to-Point is what it should be, a really good twenty-five minutes across country, and as much like a good run as is possible without hounds. If you have the farmers' leave—and, of course, no hunt would make its arrangements without it—what matter whether the country be grass or plough? What matter that you cannot take every fence in your stride? Now comes the time for your quick eye to country and your instant judgment, and the Point-to-Point is worthy of its name.

I have often stood on the hill at Mymms Wood in Hertfordshire and thought of the ideal Point-to-Point that could be run in almost any direction, either from or to my position. But no, we race annually round and round the same fields, farmed and cheerfully lent by the best of good sporting yeomen. And why? to please the crowd! No, no, come all and stand with me on the winning hill and watch your chosen representatives of the two or three neighbouring hunts dotted all over the country. You will know them by their red coats, or black coats, or white belts, for, of course, each hunt must have its uniform. Then, when you have seen everybody finish for all he is worth, come and drink their healths in the big marquee pitched and filled by subscription from that country whose privilege it may be to entertain its neighbours for the year.

If you are fortunate enough to have been one of the select half-dozen who represent your hunt, you will not only have had a good ride, but will have had all the excitement of riding a finish with the fifth, sixth, or perhaps even the twelfth man; just as important, remember, as the second or third.

A challenge cup really worth having could be purchased by

hunts thus united, which the actual winner should keep for the year and be responsible for, and the names of the winning team should be engraved on shields round the pedestal. In a very few years such records become interesting as showing the best men, or at any rate the selected men of particular hunts in certain years ; and surely the honour of having one's name on such a roll is as great as—to my mind it is greater than—the receipt of the cup for being first over the flagged course.

I feel convinced that the broader the line marked between steeplechases and Point-to-Point races the better. Are we not in some cases getting perilously near to a horrible combination of the two ? What hunting man has not seen the long-tailed thoroughbred ridden by a groom, who accompanies the hunt to the first draw and then goes home ? Such a dodge repeated a few times qualifies the thoroughbred as a 'horse that has been regularly hunted,' and this renders that horse eligible to run for his Hunt Point-to-Point. I hope I may not have been misunderstood to condemn the thoroughbred hunter. Far from it ; I would ride nothing else if I could, but at any rate he would have to carry me in his turn all day !

Enclosures, professional bookmakers in the exercise of their calling, and other paraphernalia of the racing army, these should have no place in the genuine Point-to-Point. Let the crowd come in their gigs and carts and carriages, and see how their friends acquit themselves, and if that is not enough excitement for a day's outing let them go to Sandown or Kempton and have their bit on every race, but my last word is, keep the steeplechase and the Point-to-Point distinct.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

THE LEAGUE SYSTEM AT THE UNIVERSITY

BY ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN

THERE is in the blood of every Englishman an inborn love of competition, and the prospect of a match in connection with any game for a reward, whether of honour or of something tangible, is generally more attractive to him than the game played merely for the sake of exercise. But the honour of winning a competition that is not a widely known one is usually so ephemeral that the originators of such competitions have generally thought it advantageous to offer some visible reward which, so far from detracting from the aforesaid honour, is merely an evidence of the same. And this, I think, shows that, while a competition in connection with a game acts as a stimulus to the playing of that game, so also the inducement of a cup adds a stimulus to the competition without causing those who take part in it to incur the opprobrious name of 'pot-hunters.' There are, I am aware, some English pastimes at which a player —while still an amateur—can make a handsome addition to his income in kind, but football is not one of these, which is something to be thankful for. The intrinsic value of the English Cup is still, I think, £30, and what club would not give £300 to

win it? My object in thus holding forth on cups and competitions is to make it clear to certain sceptics that football, which requires what may at first appear like artificial aid to encourage it, is not by any means wanting in sportsmanlike spirit, and also that even so professional-sounding a word as 'league' is not necessarily connected with professionalism in any shape.

It has been noticeable for several years that University Association football is not of the class that it ought to be, and that the teams which do duty for their respective 'Varsities at Queen's Club in February do not compare favourably with their representative combinations in other branches of sport. Finding that things were going from bad to worse, the C.U.A.F.C. made a determined effort to arrest decay, and in '98 instituted a League in which the Colleges were to compete instead of playing a number of 'friendlies' against each other, games which were of no value to themselves from the point of view of football, and of little interest to any one else. It is curiously characteristic of the slackness which then at any rate prevailed in University football that, though the idea was unanimously approved of at the end of the season '97, a strenuous opposition was offered to it at the beginning of the season '98 on the grounds of the mass of work it would entail! It was, however, at length made law in spite of all dissentients, a result mainly due to the efforts of one man—and he not a blue—who took upon himself all the arduous duties of organisation.

Now the way in which the League was managed for the first season was satisfactory enough, considering that the system was altogether a new one; but to-day the arrangements are not so satisfactory as they should be after three years' experience. The introduction of a third division, in addition to the original two, is not a good one, as the college teams are liable to vary considerably from season to season, and in the future we may see a college, although it has the best team of the year, unable to win the competition because it has in the past sunk into the third division. However, the playing of home and home matches between colleges, instead of, as formerly, a single match on a neutral ground, is a change for the better, for football is not without that element of luck which would make it possible for the worst side to win or draw on a single occasion; but it is not so much a game of chance that two clubs could well meet twice and yet not furnish proof of which is really the better side. But unfortunately the old, old story of the Lent term being a football one in name alone is just as true as it was

formerly. This is an impossible state of affairs, and one that does not make for the improvement of the game at the University. As matters now stand, the League is practically done with in the October term, and so the football man—unless he is also interested in rowing or athletics—has nothing to occupy his time or afford him exercise except that most comic of all farces, University Old Boy matches. I could not count on the fingers of one hand the number of schools I have represented in these matches, and after all I was only educated at one of them. Granting that such matches were properly organised, that the teams were really representative of their professed schools, and that a new league started simply for them in the Lent term, the idea would not be a bad one; but this seems to be absolutely unnecessary while we have the present college league system.

Evidently the football powers that be have as great a fear of the 'stinking violets' as *Punch's* huntsman, which prevents them from recognising the season after the 'Varsity match. The obvious way to strengthen the interest in college football, and to prevent the season from waning prematurely, is to play the League matches right up to the very end of Lent term. I saw it stated in a contemporary the other day that the League was to practically end in the October term as usual, thus leaving the Lent term free for the final details in the preparation of the Cambridge team for the inter-University match. I forget the exact words, but the comment is visibly before my eyes now—'This is as it should be.' What arrant nonsense!

There are, I suppose, some five hundred men who play Association football at Cambridge. Any serious attempt, then, to arrange football for them is to be abandoned in the interests of the representative team of eleven players. Now allowing—which I personally will not for an instant—that two League matches a week in the Lent term would, in view of the approaching match at Queen's Club, be harmful to the Blues, would it be anything but advantageous to University football as a whole to fill up their vacancies with men who would not otherwise get an opportunity of representing their colleges? When the country is calling for recruits for amateur football, the 'Varsity refuses to train them! To this plan the objection might be raised that the college with the greatest number of Blues, and therefore possibly the strongest, would suffer most. In the first place individuals only very rarely make a team, and the Blues are, as a rule, about evenly disposed among the colleges;

and secondly, the inter-Collegiate Cup ties might be restored in the October term, and thus give any colleges that suffered a chance of showing their superiority.

The following arrangement of a college fixture-card for this season, which lies before me as I write, is worthy of notice; it contains twelve League matches, eleven of which are to be played in the October term, and twenty-four 'friendlies,' fifteen of which are also to be decided in the October term. Now the introduction of the League has proved that 'friendly' matches between colleges at Cambridge are unsatisfactory to players and spectators; why not then reduce their number? No dissentient voice was ever raised against the Cup ties, why not, therefore, call them back to life? They would detract nothing from the interest taken in the League; England did not abolish the Cup because of the formation of a League, there is no necessity for Cambridge to do so either. But, if Cambridge is to receive a suspicion of blame for not having moved quite far enough in the direction of improvement, what censure is severe enough for Oxford who have refused to move at all? It has often been said that a University is the only institution that can afford to turn its back on innovations and pursue its course of sluggish conservatism; but Oxford owes it not to herself only but to the football world in general to rouse herself, and take some steps towards setting our great winter game on a sounder basis than is at present evident within her precincts.

Cambridge has seen the folly of her old system of college friendlies, and has instituted a League. It is useless to pretend that what has signally failed at one University is flourishing like the proverbial green bay-tree at the other. And yet Oxford refuses to follow her sister's lead, and consoles herself with the thought that what was good enough twenty years ago is good enough to-day. Her chief objection to the League system is that she is unwilling to sacrifice her Cup ties which are the centre of much enthusiasm and interest; but why, as we have said above, is it necessary to do so? It would be perfectly practicable to run the League during both the winter terms, and also the Cup ties, without finding the season's programme too unwieldy. The advantages of every match between colleges being either a Cup tie or a League match are both numerous and obvious. It would be a case of hard fought struggles from start to finish, and the occasional errand-boy, who now so conspicuously offers his patronage as an onlooker, would be but a unit in a crowd of enthusiastic spectators. The

Oxonian may with a certain amount of justice argue that Oxford has been victorious in two out of three inter-University matches following on the introduction of the League system at Cambridge. True; but one does not look for the fruits of an innovation in so short a space of time, nor is it possible by one stroke to annihilate the evil of slackness which has been growing for years; and also we must not forget that Cambridge has not made her reform as perfect as she might. The question of college football is a difficult one, and upon it hangs the problem of University football and also of the amateur football of the country. If college football is slack, the effect will be seen in the University elevens, and if they do not attain a high standard, where are the players to come from to represent the unpaid talent in our national pastime? Cambridge has seen the necessity for radical change, and has moved in the right direction even if she has not gone quite far enough. Oxford has, as yet, refused to follow suit, but it is to be hoped that she will soon see the folly of her optimism. As matters stand at present, both Universities could learn a great deal from our Public Schools, at any rate in the direction of keenness and enthusiasm. That this should be so is discreditable; the schools do their duty by turning out players who are both well trained and energetic, the 'Varsities, instead of putting on the finishing touches, neglect their *protegé* at the most important time in his athletic career, and the result is seen in the present decline of amateur football throughout the country.

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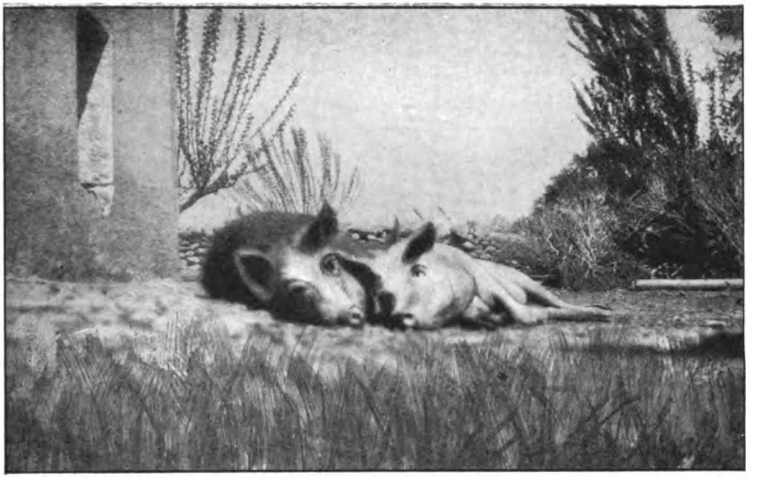

A DAY AFTER PIG IN CORSICA

BY W. K. ROBERTSON

THE stars were still shining when we made our first move, most unwillingly, from comfortable beds on to a cold stone floor; but it was no use grumbling ; it was 3 A.M., and we had five miles to drive and three to walk to our rendezvous. The sky was clear, and there was every promise of a glorious morning, just a nip of frost in the air with the certainty of hot sun to follow. We had made all our own preparations overnight, and, with the wisdom bought by experience, had 'helped' our host in making his also. For the Corsican, like many another born under a warm sun, prefers to put off till to-morrow the things that should be done to-day ; with him time has no value, and so he wastes it lavishly. We were to have been called at 3 o'clock sharp ; so that when we descended, after a hasty toilet, we were quite prepared to rouse the rest of the household—our expectations were not disappointed ; *we* had to do the calling. However, in another half-hour breakfast was in full swing, with excellent coffee, the toughest of bread, a dish of trout (the result of yesterday's fishing) fried in oil, and the inevitable and inimitable omelette. By four o'clock we were off in a mule-cart, which deserves a paragraph to itself. It had seats for four, but no springs at all, and no bottom boards beyond the thin ribs of

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the frame-work; so that the unsophisticated passenger, moving carelessly in his seat, would be liable to fall to mother earth. One mule was between the shafts, and another harnessed alongside like the δεξιόσειρος of the ancient Greek. The harness, too, looked as if it might have survived from classical times, modern string filling up the deficiencies of ancient leather. The driver also was remarkable. He seemed to consider his breath to be as necessary to our progress as steam to the express train; and judging from his tones and the torrent of his invectives he had no intention of neglecting his duty.

Guns and ammunition were safely stowed away, and a large lunch-basket securely lashed to the back-bone of the cart. With a volley of whip-cracks and a cataclysm of profanity from the driver, we were fairly started. Our destination was the col between two hills that overlooked the valley in which we were living. The road at first was excellent, being under Government survey, but after two miles we left the highway and branched off into a track that led to a neighbouring village. This was passable for wheel traffic, but required a skilful pilot, as in places solid rock showed itself above the level of the road; while for some distance there was a fall of sixty or seventy feet on the off-side to the river below, with a wall of rock on the near-side.

We progressed with some rapidity, thanks to the untiring energy of our driver; and the occupants of the back seat spent their spare time in trying to accommodate their bones to the various projections against which every jolt of the springless vehicle hurled them. However, we reached the end of our drive without serious injury, and there met the rest of our party, a picturesque group of natives of various degrees of respectability. Amongst them were two exceedingly handsome men, cousins of our host Bernardini, with clear-cut features, olive skins, and eyes as keen and bright as a hawk's, admirably suited to their rough and rugged surroundings. Their weapons were those of sportsmen, double-barrelled 16-bores of French make, adapted for carrying ball, well kept, and evidently valued possessions; but some of the other shooters were armed with single-barrelled muzzle-loaders well rusted and wrapped with twine; and we made mental resolves to avoid the immediate vicinity of one of their owners.

After much discussion, in which we could take no part—the local patois being incomprehensible except for a word here and there—the positions were settled, and we were put under

the charge of the elder of the two cousins, Pascale Paoli, while Bernardini and the younger cousin marshalled the other three guns behind us.

Our way led up a side valley along a mere cattle track which wound in and out between the projecting spurs of the hills on either side, with here and there an open space of more level ground covered with rocks and maquis. We passed a picturesque herd of goats under the charge of a boy and girl who inspected us foreigners with a stolid determination to

THE START

master every detail of our appearance. Above us on the west towered Monte Pertuso, weather-worn and grim with a mantle of snow most refreshing to see now that the sun had reached us over the rounded hills on our left. By this time the chill of the morning had vanished, and the weight of a gun, cartridges, and wine-flask was becoming a little oppressive as the sun's rays grew stronger. The other guns were now posted in likely places along the route, where an opening in the valley gave a broader view, or where some rock commanded a small ravine coming from the thickets of the left-hand line of hills.

We continued onward and upward till we reached the summit of the col and could see down the valley beyond. The view here was superb; from our high position we could see

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down the length of the valley we had just traversed to the Asco marked by a break in the hills, while beyond, the white houses of the village of Moltifao showed up among the trees. In the other direction we looked down a similar valley, but here there were patches of cultivation, and higher up on the western slopes of Pertuso there were more villages. For the Corsican peasant, to avoid the summer malaria, has two houses, one built high in the mountains for the hot weather, and the other in the valley for the winter. So that the villages are in duplicate, and the country, to the casual observer, would appear to be more densely populated than is actually the case.

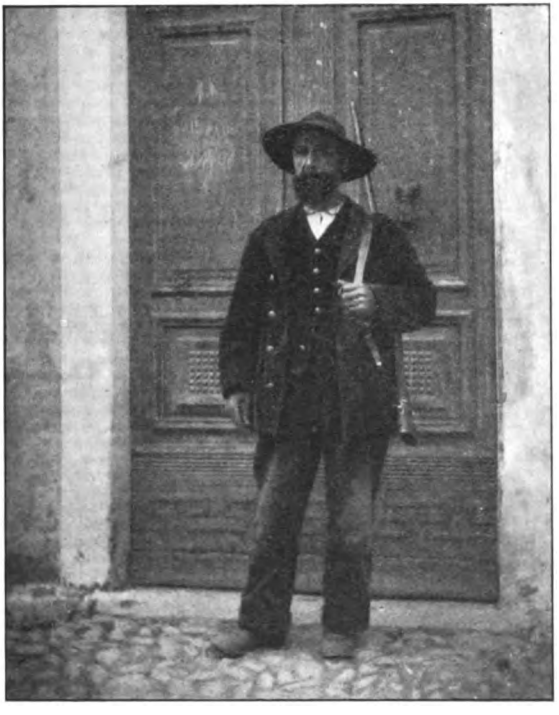
But to return to our chasse : we were placed within easy shot of one another, with many injunctions to watch the thickets in front of us and to be especially on the alert if we heard the dog give tongue.

The method of the chase seemed to us most surprising, for the line of hills in front of us, including the slopes on the further side, was to be driven towards us by only two men and a couple of dogs.

These piqueurs were of the shepherd class ; one of the two dogs was a noted boar-hound—though the title is far too dignified for an animal that was of no particular breed—the other dog was little more than a puppy, though its owner was very proud of it. The piqueurs, who had been warned overnight and had been on the watch from some hill-top to see us in position, then cheered the dogs into the thick undergrowth, and, following them, made their way to some post of vantage from which to watch the dogs as far as possible and direct them with shrill cries. It was surprising to see the rapidity with which these men changed their positions from one projecting peak to another, making their way with incredible speed through the dense maquis by goat-paths and tracks known only to themselves.

A pigmy figure would appear on some high rock, barely to be distinguished against the dark background, though the shrill shouts had been audible for some time ; then the figure would vanish and reappear some distance away. After waiting patiently for some time, perhaps an hour, we heard the dog give tongue in the distance, at first doubtfully but soon with confidence. Our guide, trembling with excitement, hurried up to explain that the dog had come on the tracks of a pig, and that he would follow it all day if necessary, and that the pig would be certain to cross the valley, though he warned us that

the barking of the dog was no indication as to the whereabouts of the game, as the pig would probably have a long start. We waited anxiously, hearing the cries of the piqueurs and the dogs gradually working to our left-front and in the direction of the other guns. Presently we heard a shot, followed after a brief interval by two more. Our guide, mad with excitement, dashed off along the rocky track, leaving us without a word. We followed at a more sober pace and soon came upon an excited



OUR HOST, M. BERNARDINI

knot of men round the body of a fine young pig, which had been wounded by one gun and despatched by the joint efforts of the two on either side of him. Close by was one of the dogs panting on the ground, a sturdy animal about the size of a retriever, with a coat of long smooth tawny hair. The piqueur —who, by the bye, carried a naked axe down the back of his coat, with the head projecting over his shoulder—was not long in coming up, and the babel of sound that followed was positively deafening; the fortunate sportsmen explaining how they never missed their mark, and the piqueur how the dog

never failed to run down every pig he came across. After congratulating the infallible marksmen we inspected the pig, which was nearly full grown and remarkably fat, though the natives assured us that in the autumn, during the chestnut season, the wild pigs are twice as well fed as in the early summer. Our friends then expressed their unhappiness at our want of luck in the drive, and, after much consultation, arranged with the piqueurs to drive the opposite side of the valley from the lower slopes of Monte Pertuso towards our previous

THE PIQUEUR AND HIS DOG

ambuscade. We very much admired the energy of these huntsmen-shepherds; they had already been on foot since dawn and it was now past ten, yet they were cheerfully prepared to go through another hour or two's scrambling over the rough sides of a very steep mountain for the inadequate payment of a couple of francs. We guns returned to our positions, though we were posted this time rather closer together towards the upper end of the valley and nearer the hill.

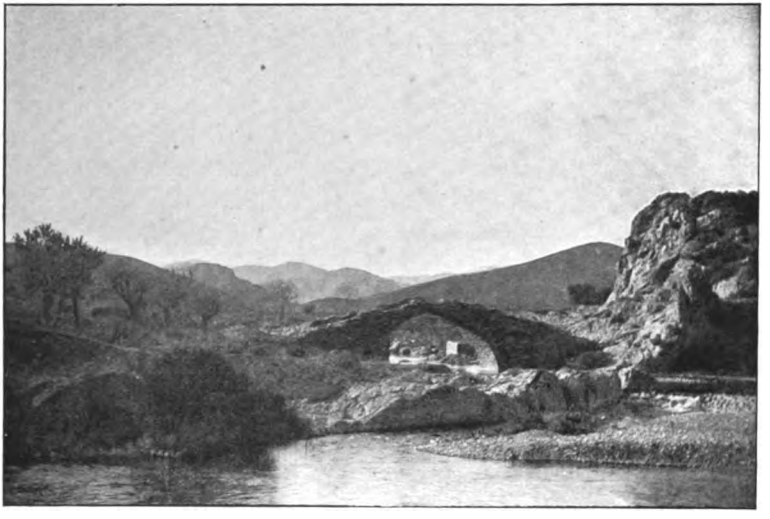
The piqueurs made a considerable *détour* in order to get behind any wild boars that might have come down from the heights of Pertuso to feed on the cultivated lands below. After a long wait, broken by a pipe and a pull at the flask of excellent

rough wine, we again heard the dog open on the scent of a boar, and this time, to judge from the sound, the game had been roused nearly opposite us, some way up the mountain side. We were at once upon the alert, with guns cocked and eyes anxiously scanning the edge of the maquis in front of us. Here a small ravine came down from the slopes above, marked by a denser line of bushes at its mouth ; this we had been told was a very likely exit for any wild pigs who had to cross the narrow valley to the thickets on the further side. Presently a crashing sound in the maquis warned us that some animal was coming in our direction, and a pig appeared within easy shot of us. There was a volley from the three nearest guns—for our guide was also within range—and the pig fell over with a shrill squeal. It was not the *gros solitaire* which our host had hoped we should kill, but still it was a well-grown youngster and had no doubt done much damage in his time to the crops of the neighbouring peasants. The rejoicings of the other guns were most effusive and we were congratulated by all in turn, from our host Bernardini to the son of the piqueur who owned the puppy, every one apparently being delighted that we strangers had been so fortunate. It was, indeed, a piece of luck to secure the second pig, as it is not often that they can be driven in the direction of a recent gun-shot, though probably the fact that the firing in the first drive had been at the lower end of the valley induced our victim to break back across the col at the upper end. Apparently in the summer the boars are at times located on the topmost slopes of the hills, and are then more easily shot, as there are fewer lines of escape to be watched. We were also told that it was very rarely that the boars became dangerous, unless wounded and in difficulties, though the two Paoli brothers carried revolvers in case the pig came to close quarters. Of course, in this mountainous country, where the slopes are covered with dense undergrowth, and even the tracks are bristling with rocks, riding to pig is out of the question ; no animal but a mule could go faster than a walk over much of the ground we covered during our walk.

As it was now past mid-day, we unanimously adjourned for lunch ; and most of us were quite ready for it after eight hours in the keen mountain air, with some stiff walking as well. We found a fairly level place near the lower end of the valley and sat down, being joined by several natives who had apparently been watching us from the hill-tops. Among them was a most remarkable shepherd in a tattered uniform jacket,

with trousers of very rough homespun. It turned out that he had served four years in Algeria in the Zouaves. The Corsican shepherd should make an excellent recruit if a willing soldier, as he is accustomed to walk long distances over the roughest country, and to live on the roughest fare, and not much of that. On the other hand, the Corsican, like a true mountaineer, is intolerant of restraint and discipline ; and from what we could gather, the army was not very popular in the island.

Our lunch was soon ready and all our visitors were invited to assist, so that we were a merry party. The provisions con-



THE OLD BRIDGE

sisted of hard-boiled eggs, sardines, tunny, home-made cakes, cheese fresh and anything but fresh, with fruit and wine for every one, and a bottle of vermouth brought in case we were lucky enough to kill a pig. Soon tongues began to wag freely, and even the taciturn head piqueur essayed a short conversation in French ; in the native patois Italian predominates, though most of the islanders can talk French if they like.

After drinking to the chase, the guns, the hunters and the dogs, cigars and tobacco were produced. The Corsican home-grown tobacco is a coarse variety, rather resembling Boer tobacco, with a peculiarly pungent flavour, but our English tobacco was much appreciated. When lunch was over, shooting at a mark was proposed, a piece of paper was at once fastened to a convenient rock, and we then took up our positions at a

distance of about fifty yards. The muzzle-loading guns were squibbed off in the most alarming fashion by their owners without the least regard as to the direction in which the muzzles were pointing, and were reloaded with great care and deliberation. But, perhaps owing to the number of toasts during lunch, the shooting was not so accurate as we expected. Our own weapons had been bought in Bastia, with 100 ball-cartridges thrown in, for twenty-five francs! and considering their price, they were remarkably accurate. They were military rifles with the rifling bored out, and gun-sights adjusted instead of the rifle sights ; and with a rest it was quite possible to hit a three-inch bull's-eye at fifty yards with more than ordinary certainty. After expending a considerable amount of lead on the surrounding landscape, our party broke up with many protestations of good-will and esteem ; and we entered on not the least dangerous portion of our day's amusement. We drove back in the skeleton mule-cart, and as the road was chiefly down-hill, and our driver was much exhilarated with wine and good-fellowship, our progress was rapid and exciting, especially where the road was cut out of the side of the hill. However, luck was with us to the end, and we drove past the ruined Genoese bridge in safety to receive a warm welcome and hearty congratulations from our old landlady. And so ended a very pleasant day after pig in Corsica.

THE RETURN

HORSES AND THE WAR

BY CAPTAIN T. T. PITMAN, 11TH HUSSARS

As it may safely be assumed that readers of the *Badminton Magazine* are lovers of horses and interested in them, it will not be out of place in these pages to discuss a subject of such primary importance as that of 'Horses and the War.' In no previous campaign has the demand for horses been so great; and, contrary to general opinion, it will be seen that our fault in meeting the difficulty of supply has been undue haste rather than dilatoriness. There are probably very few people except those who have taken part in the war who have realised what a very big question the mounting of the troops has been, and for the benefit of those who have not previously grasped the situation, I will give a few statistics from the records of the Remount Department in South Africa.

The total number of horses that have been purchased and issued to troops since the beginning of the war [1] is, roughly, three hundred thousand, at a cost of twelve million seven hundred thousand pounds.

The figures are arrived at as follows:

[1] It will be understood that this article was written some months since and that the figures are now very much larger.—ED.

FROM THE OPENING OF THE WAR TO THE END OF JUNE 1901.

(i) *Issued from the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony:*

Artillery horses	12,700 at average price	£50	£635,000
Cavalry horses	52,000 ,,	34	1,768,000
Cobs and ponies	140,000 ,,	17	2,380,000
(ii) *Issued in Natal:*			
Cavalry, artillery, and cobs	64,200 ,,	33	2,118,600
Total	268,900 horses.	Total cost	6,901,600

FROM JULY 1, 1901, TO OCTOBER 31, 1901.

Imported horses at 8000 per month	32,000 at average of	£33	1,056,000
Grand total	300,900 horses.	Total cost	7,957,600
Freight averaging £16 per horse			4,814,400
	Grand total cost		£12,772,000

To some these numbers may seem incredible, and yet they are absolutely authentic. Let us therefore examine some of the causes of these vast requirements. Perhaps the most tangible is the fact that with the exception of the men employed to hold the lines of communication, 95 per cent. of the active army now employed in South Africa are mounted troops. We have now got, roughly, about 50,000 mounted men in the field. At the start of the campaign we had between 10,000 and 15,000. If we strike an average and say 30,000 throughout, this gives us an average of five horses per man per year; but even had the entire army been a mounted force from the first, the number of horses used would still have been abnormally large. The fact is that the war has been rushed from start to finish. It has always been the same story, and we all believed it at first, 'The war will be over in another month; not a day must be wasted in waiting for horses to get fit.' And the result is that never yet has a single really fit horse been issued to the troops from the Remount Department, for the very good reason that the supply has never yet caught up the demand.

Even now, when the war has been running for two years, horses may be seen starting on trek when the ship's marks are hardly off their quarters. The Remount Department have worked like slaves from start to finish. At the beginning of the second year, when the proverbial month had actually been extended to three months, the Department was able to take a

pull. Every attempt was made in well-organised remount depôts to get animals fit, and in February last it really looked as if a little headway was going to be made. Depôts were actually issuing horses that had had a fortnight's rest and steady exercise after landing, and there was no reason why that fortnight should not have been extended to a month, when a bombshell landed in the head remount office which upset the entire calculations. Seven thousand new Yeomanry were on their way out from home, and were to be mounted by April 1, in addition to the daily increasing requirements of mobile columns.

April 1 arrived, the order had been carried out, and the Department deserved the greatest credit for being able to comply with it; but what was the result? The demand had again got its nose in front, and the supply was beginning to drag behind.

Just let us consider a moment the trouble that hunting men take to prepare their horses for the arduous task of turning out three days a fortnight for five months; think of the amount of care and attention bestowed on the ponies that are to take part in a polo tournament, or the months of steady work given to a racehorse before he has his first racing gallop; and what is the work of these contests compared to that which is expected of a horse in a campaign? Day after day the same animal is called upon to carry the same heavy man from morning till night, on ten pounds of oats and what grass he can pick up, and he is exceedingly lucky if he gets his full ten pounds; added to which he will probably be called upon one night a week to do a little forty-mile raid in addition to his march of the previous day. No horse alive can last more than a few months under these conditions, and if he is unfit to start with, it is generally a question of weeks and sometimes of days.

So much for the issue of unfit horses. There is, however, another and a greater reason for the enormous wastage, and that is the quality of the imported animal. Never before have such a collection of inferior horses been gathered together in any portion of the globe. I don't mean to say that there has not been a percentage of good horses, nor do I wish to imply that those who have been performing the arduous duties of purchasers in foreign countries have not, in most cases, done their best. But the fact remains that seventy-five per cent. of the animals landed in this country have been bad and some of them very bad.

Our remount system which provides for the requisite number of horses in peace time is excellent, and good men are at the head of affairs; but, until the outbreak of the present war, little seems to have been thought of the possibility of the establishment having to be increased to a hundred or five hundred times its normal strength. When the strain came there were some good men who came forward and volunteered their services as purchasers of remounts, and these are no doubt responsible for the few good horses that found their way out to the front, but, on the other hand, the authorities had to go into the highways and byways to make up their numbers.

As a rule the best man to buy horses is the man who has lived most of his life amongst horses and is probably a sportsman into the bargain; and this is the very class of man who, when the war broke out, was dying to get to the front at once, more especially if he were already in the service. In many cases officers were sent out to buy horses, and promised, as a reward, that as soon as they bought a shipload of horses they would be at liberty to accompany them to the front, with the very natural result that the officer thought more about making up his number quickly than about the class of animal purchased. It was at this stage that the authorities might have turned to the civilian, to the sort of man who has made horse-buying his profession, and offered him sums of money, no matter how great, to make it worth his while to go to the ends of the world to buy animals in the interest of the Government. It appears that there was a tendency to expect soldiers to do the work, probably on the plea of economy, as they required little extra remuneration beyond their pay. The result of this system, owing to the large number of purchasers required, was that some of the officers who were sent had little or no previous experience, either of horses or of foreign lands. This was indeed a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy, as the remount bill at the end of the war will no doubt show. A question was asked in the Hungarian parliament as to whether they were not making a mistake in allowing so many horses to go out of the country, and the reply was that on the contrary it was the best stroke of business the country had done for a long time, as they were now rid of almost all their bad animals. A report is now being called for from all commanding officers in South Africa on the Hungarian horses that have been issued during the war, and judging by the opinions universally expressed in South Africa, the result of this inquiry will be that Hungarian

horses will be stamped as quite unfit for remount purposes. The same will no doubt be said about Argentines ; and yet those who know will tell you, and tell you truly, that both the Argentines and Hungary are really good horse-breeding countries. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and judging by the thousands and thousands of carcases one comes across out on the veldt, the world must have been rid of a vast number of bad horses.

At the commencement of this year there were a great number of bad horses being landed from North America, good enough in their way, but quite the wrong stamp for the work required of them : horses that no doubt would have been jumped at by the owner of a tramway stable, but which when called upon to do hard work on the veldt fell to pieces at once. The following story may help to throw a little light on the purchasing of horses in that part of the world. A cavalry officer, who had done a great deal of remount work in his time and was a good judge of horses, was sent out a few months ago to North America to buy remounts. Having arrived at his destination he arranged with the local dealer—who assured him he knew the stamp of animal required by the army—to bring 500 selected horses up for inspection. The horses arrived in due course, and the officer seeing that they were useless brutes refused to take a single one of them. The indignation of the dealer was unbounded, and on his seeking to emphasise his expostulation by producing a revolver from his pocket, the gallant officer was compelled to beat a hasty retreat through a neighbouring house and out at the back door. Possibly on former occasions the dealer had selected a more convenient spot for the inspection.

What class of horse has done the best work during the war ? This is the question that has been on every one's lips and has invariably met with the same reply, namely : 'The horse of the country.' A fourteen-one veldt pony with a dash of breeding in it is hard to beat for campaigning on the veldt, but the Boer is not too careful about breeding, and although the opinion on this subject appears to be universal it does not follow that, given the right stamp of animal from any of the foreign markets and given a few months for him to become acclimatised, you would not then have a better animal than the best South Africa pony for the work required. Blood will tell in the long run, and for pluck and staying power there is nothing to touch the well-bred horse ; but few well-bred

animals have found their way into this country, and if they have, they have seldom had a chance of showing their superiority.

One of the few horse-breeding countries whose market has not been tapped is Arabia, which is a pity, as it would have been interesting to see how the Arabs acquitted themselves. The few that have come out as officers' chargers have done very well indeed. The class of Arab which is purchased in Syria for the use of the troops in Egypt would have been particularly well suited for this campaign—a sturdy 14.2 animal, rather heavy built, with plenty of bone, up to any amount of weight, an animal that will go over any sort of country, and apparently thrive on sand when nothing else is forthcoming. This class of animal is landed in Cairo at an average cost of £27 10*s*.—a very moderate price for the quality of animal.

Having enumerated the difficulties that the Remount Department have to contend with in supplying the necessary number of horses, let us consider what is the cause of this unprecedented demand. It is painful to think what must be the feelings of the horse which has the misfortune to be issued out to an 'amateur horse soldier,' for that is the fate of 75 per cent. of the horses that land in South Africa. So much has been said and written at home about the superiority of the volunteer soldier over the regular, that it is with fear and trembling that I dare to hint that the volunteer is in any way inferior.

A man who has never sat on a horse in his life or fired off a rifle, is given a suit of khaki and shipped off to Cape Town. On landing he is given a rifle and told that he is a soldier. He is at once sent by rail to the front, and on joining his corps is given a horse and informed that he is now a 'horse soldier.' A fortnight's agony follows for both man and horse, at the end of which the man has learnt how not to fall off, and the horse has learnt what a sore back means and has probably retired to hospital for three months. In a month's time the recruit having drawn a new horse from the remount depôt, has learnt about as much of soldiering as the average recruit at home learns in six months. So far so good; but there is one thing that he has not learnt, and that is 'horsemastership,' and it is not till he has worn out some half-dozen horses in as many months, and found himself on many occasions a foot soldier trudging through long dusty marches, that he begins to realise the importance of taking care of his horse. The volunteer is a good

fellow and keen to learn his trade, but he is an expensive luxury from a remount point of view.

There are many classes of amateur horse soldiers now serving at the front. There is the new yeoman, who has probably passed a riding test before leaving home, the test consisting in being able to walk round an Aldershot riding-school on some quiet old animal without falling off ; the Australian, who is a good rider but often a hopelessly bad horsemaster ; and finally, the South African colonial, who at this period of the war, having been recruited from one of the seaport towns of the south coast, is the class of man whose nearest approach to equine experience is a donkey-engine on an ocean tramp.

The British nation produces the finest soldiers, but we have had our eyes opened to the fact that we are not a nation of horsemen. Nine out of ten men who enlist have never been on, or had anything to do with, a horse in their lives ; and as any one who calls to mind his first attempts on horseback will realise, a horse is an animal that wants knowing, for good riding can not be acquired in a few weeks. Even the regular cavalry soldier has not proved himself perfection in the art of horsemastership. Many cavalry regiments are noted for their excellent horse management, but this generally means that they have good officers who understand the work, and see that it is carried out. The British trooper is so accustomed in peace time to have an officer standing at his heels to tell him what to do and when to do it, that when left to himself, as he often must be on service, he finds himself as much at sea as the last joined recruit. The British cavalry officer has learnt to take good care of his animals, for the good reason that if anything goes wrong with them they have to be replaced at his own expense, whereas the private soldier is a happy-go-lucky sort of individual who imagines there are plenty more animals where his own came from, and judging by the enormous numbers that are issued to regiments on return from each trek, he is not far wrong ; but at the same time he gives little consideration to the fact that it is all coming out of the pockets of the British taxpayer.

And now I think that any one who has followed me so far will have realised what a very big question the Remount Department have to deal with. Whether we shall ever be called upon again to take part in a war of a similar nature, it is impossible to say. Perhaps it is very unlikely ; but we must at least be prepared for the emergency, and know exactly where to put our

hands on the requisite number of horses, and the right men to select them. We must at all times have one month's supply of remounts ready and fit, and if they have to travel thousands of miles before reaching the theatre of war, they must, on arrival, be given time to recover from the voyage. For this reason the cavalry should be the first troops to sail, and in each of our colonies, which we may suddenly be called upon to protect, we must keep a nucleus of fit horses. Had this been done in the present campaign, and a system started by which no horse took the field until he had been at least one month in the country, our little bill for remounts might have been reduced by about half.

For the last six months I have been serving with a cavalry division in the field, on the staff of a general officer who has spent his whole life amongst horses, and has given the remounts every care and attention. The division is composed of British cavalry, yeomanry, Australians, and South African colonials, and has trekked nearly 2000 miles in six months. Having previously served in the Remount Department, I have watched the careers of remounts under various types of horsemasters and under various conditions, and have arrived at the following conclusions: (1) That the class of horse supplied to our troops is inferior. (2) That an uncorned horse raw off the wilds of Australia or America is of little use for service until it has been at least six months in the country into which it is imported. (3) That on account of the difficulty of carrying food, a small horse has a better chance of keeping in condition than a big one.

Finally I am of opinion that it would have paid the Government to have put the entire horse supply from foreign markets into the hands of big contractors who have a name to keep up to have furnished them with a few animals of the stamp required, and then posted a couple of really knowledgeable officers at the landing stables of Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban, with a few standard animals to judge by, and to have paid the contractor £50 for every horse landed which was passed as up to sample. The contractors would doubtless have employed the best horse-dealers as purchasers. The landing of only good animals would have been insured. The contractors would have made a handsome profit; and the British Government would have been saved a vast sum of money which, under the present conditions, is being thrown away.

WILDFOWL IN MARAJÓ—AMAZON

BY ESMÉ HOWARD

ONÇA shooting was off, undoubtedly off. We had been nearly suffocated one morning cutting our way through a thorny bamboo bush with the thermometer somewhere between 100° and 200°, and we had been nearly drowned the next crossing, a creek or igarapè, where the soft mud was over our knee, and the tide came roaring in like a London and North Western Railway express. Moreover, Pedro, the hunter, with his pack of six skeleton, mangy, flea-bitten, cur-dogs, had come across no traces of onças, and we felt no great confidence in Pedro as a hunter, a want of faith begotten perhaps of the strangeness of his garb. As he slashed his way through the bamboo-bush, Pedro looked more like a funeral mute than anything else. He was in mourning for his father, who had been a great onça hunter in his day, and when Pedro mourned, he mourned with all his might. In the first place he was black himself, so that was so much to the good, but then he also wore a black felt hat, a black flannel shirt, and black cotton trousers. His appearance certainly connected him with the idea of death, but not of death in connection with onças—and that is what

we mainly desired. However, whatever may have been the reason, whether because we funked the bamboo-bush, or had little confidence in Pedro, or because we were told that the onças were not in the bush at all at this season (October), but out on the Campo in the high Piri grass not yet burned, and impossible to find, we all tacitly agreed that onça shooting was off, and we had better turn our attention to less noble game, in the pursuit of which we should at least get a chance of letting off our fowling pieces.

Of the slaughtering of jaccarès—the sleepy cynical wicked-looking alligators—that floated lazily about in the creeks we had had our fill, although this was by no means an unexciting sport at first. Three men cramped in a narrow dug-out canoe, with about a quarter of an inch of free-board, one paddling and the other two shooting whenever they could do so without risk of upsetting the boat, and so falling victims to the vengeance of the friends and relations of such jaccarès as had already fallen. This sort of sport had an element of danger in it that made it exciting enough at first, while the beauty of vegetation along the igarapè banks added an additional charm. But when we had explored it up and down and sent upwards of a hundred jaccarès to their long account, the first novelty wore off, and we decided to try our luck with the wild duck, of which, so we heard, untold numbers dwelt in the marshes of the Campo in the interior of the island of Marajó.

A sail of some hours along the coast, and two or three miles half sailing, half punting up an igarapè brought us to a little 'port,' from which the cattle belonging to the 'Fazenda' or ranch at which we were to stay, were shipped for market at Parà. Landing was no small difficulty. The banks were high and covered with black slime, the tide being low. But whoever goes to Marajó for sport must not fear mud ; so dis-booting and -trousering we plunged in and were lucky to find firm footing where the mud was not more than six inches above the knee. On *terra firma* we found a troop of oxen saddled and bridled waiting to take us to the ranch house. Horses there are plenty in Marajó, but until the marshes are dried up oxen alone are used for all traffic. Marajó is formed like a saucer—high at the edges and hollow in the centre. At the height of the rainy season all the interior is changed into a vast lake with the exception of certain 'ilhas' and 'tesos,' strips of land covered with forest, which rise here and there a few feet above the water. On these tesos the cattle take refuge during the rainy

season, feeding, however, in the flooded campos. The campos or flat lands were still to a large extent impassable for horses at the time of which I write, the end of September and beginning of October, so we had the satisfaction of trying a new sort of mount. On the whole I was well satisfied with mine, for he trotted along quite comfortably. Shortly after leaving the 'Port' we entered a marshy bit of campo, which made the necessity for oxen clear to us. Black mud and water came up over their middles, and thick on either side grew the Piri grass high above the head of the rider. The heat was here intolerable. The rays of the sun beat down vertically, so that even in the narrow path the grass afforded no shade, while it was thick enough and high enough to prevent a breath of the precious air of the south-east trade wind, which makes life in these climes not only possible but agreeable, from reaching you as you rode through. Fortunately after only half an hour or so of this marshland riding we emerged on to a teso, and most of the rest of our way lay on dry land.

Shortly before sunset we arrived at our destination, a single storied house, built on piles over a sandy teso, with two or three rooms and an open verandah at either end. The principal walls were of sun-dried bricks and the roof of red tiles, and from without it had a pleasant, inviting appearance. On entering, however, we found we had to share our quarters with so many uninvited guests who had also been attracted by its appearance, that before we had been a minute in the house we had changed the favourable opinion too hastily arrived at on first sight. The walls were literally one vast bee-hive; not a square inch was there, which was not the habitation of a small yellow-tailed bumble-bee, an innocent creature enough but as tiresome with his incessant buzzing as a German band or a hurdy-gurdy. The tiled roof sheltered whole colonies of bats whose squeaking at night was the least of their offences; and last but not least, everything—walls, roof, floor, tables, chairs—were covered with regiments, no, *corps-d'armées*, of small red ants—the *formica fogo* or fire ant—eternally hunting for whomsoever or whatsoever they could devour. Add to this that the house was inhabited by black cowboys—and whoever has met the Marajó cowboy can say with absolute certainty that he knows the worst that human nature can produce from the point of view of either moral or physical uncleanness—and it will be conceded that our change of opinion in so short a space of time was justified. However, *à la guerre comme à la guerre* and if one goes

a-shooting in the wilds of Marajó he should not expect marble halls or purple and fine linen. So we slung our hammocks to the hooks which are found in every room in every Brazilian house, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the next four or five days.

Shortly after daybreak on the following morning we started to reconnoitre the nearest morasses, a cowboy on an ox acting as guide, and the rest of us on horses. All our oxen of the previous day remained tied up about the house, and had had no bite or sup since they came home. I remarked on this to our host, and he said *ces 'vaqueros' sont un tas de conchons.* They keep the poor brutes tied up sometimes two or three days and never give them food or drink, simply to save themselves the trouble of cutting grass or fetching water. I suggested that he might insist on this being done. 'It would be quite useless,' he said, 'they would stop doing it as soon as my back was turned. Besides if they were required to do any extra work they would simply go away and *laisseraient le patron planté.*' These gentry are quite independent, knowing well enough that if they are dismissed even for the worst offences they can easily find employment at the next ranch. So they live after their own fashion, and the least of their crimes is the ill-treatment of the 'patron's' live-stock, or getting dead drunk as often as they can steal enough of his cachaça—the native rum. We experienced one rather amusing illustration of the drinking capacity of two of these gentlemen. C.'s hammock was slung in the front verandah, where stood a cupboard in which stores were kept. One night we heard C. challenging some intruders and then a scuffling noise, the hasty shutting of the cupboard, and lastly the sound of stealthy retreating steps. Next morning we informed our host of what had happened, and he went to the cupboard, where fortunately some nasty cajù wine was the only thing in the shape of alcohol. This, however, was untouched. 'I am sure they drank something,' insisted C. as de M. was coming away. So the latter went back to look again and presently burst into a merry laugh, *Sapristi! c'est la sauce Anglaise!* and sure enough he held up an empty bottle of Worcester sauce which had been nearly full the previous evening.

But to return to our shoot. After crossing some deep ditches full of a thick-leaved, purple-flowered water weed we reached at last a larger pool or lake surrounded for the most part by bushes some twenty feet high. Peering through a hole in these we saw what seemed to us a wonderful sight. The

bushes opposite were covered with ungainly night-herons, while beyond, along the edge of the pool, stalked in solemn dignity countless numbers of snow-white egrets—the greater and the less in almost equal quantity. Here and there a flock of scarlet ibis added a brilliant spot of colour, which was toned off by the French-grey plumage of the great herons—maguarì—and the darker coats of the small purple herons and glossy ibis. With an appearance of conscious superiority the great black and white wood ibis—jaburù—moved slowly about in this motley throng, or stood sleepily on one leg, with his wise bald head slightly on one side as if drinking in the beauty of the scene in a spirit of philosophic felicity. Amidst all the rather solemn crowd, fussy little gay feathered spur-winged moorhens ran, racing each other over the leaves of the purple weed, or spreading their sunny coloured wings in pursuit of each other with shrill screams ; while as a foil to all the 'nameless grace' of these fowls of the air, in the centre of the pool, lay numbers of great, unwieldy looking jaccarès, their snouts and eyes only above the black water, and the rest of their unshapely, log-like persons barely visible beneath. It was our first introduction to real marshland life under the equator, and it was some time before any of us would disturb the place. However, presently a white egret came sailing unsuspectingly over our heads, a gun was fired, and the whole air was filled immediately with the sound of the rushing of wings. Of such birds as we wanted skins we shot a few specimens ; but our business was with the wily wild duck and not with these guileless wading fowl. So we fired a salute with ball cartridge at the jaccarès, and left one or two lashing the water with their tails or turning up their toes to heaven in protest against this disturbance of their peace, and went on our way to duck land.

The character of the campo now changed. No longer great stretches of high piri, or meadows of low, brilliant green grass, but flats of black, cracked, dry mud, intersected by shallow canals leading occasionally into broads or pools round which sprang high bulrushes, and *aningas* (I believe a kind of arum) growing on a thick, fleshy kind of stalk sometimes twelve or fifteen feet high. Presently along the edge of one of the canals we spied a flock of some two hundred duck. Palpitating with excitement at the spectacle, we dropped off our horses, and attempted a stalk behind a friendly aninga bush. It was not possible to get within decent shooting range. Some of the many sentries had their eyes upon us, and when we were within

perhaps eighty yards the whole flock, with a piercing, whistling cry, rose together. Despite the evident uselessness of it, six barrels out of eight were fired at the retreating multitude—they looked so thick and closely packed that it seemed certain something must fall but nothing did. When, however, the sound of the firing died away, there occurred something to bring the water to the mouth of any lover of duck shooting. From the south, east and west, as far as the eye could see—this is no exaggeration but the plain, bare truth—black clouds seemed to be rising out of the marshes. I have seen clouds of locusts in South Africa, and to them only can I compare these thousands upon thousands of wild duck that swirled whistling over our heads. We got as quickly as we could into the best places we could find, and waited for any that might come within range. Fine sporting, rocketing shots they came, round and round, rising until at last they looked like pin's heads in the sky, but still they filled our ears with the sound of their shrill whistle. One could have blazed away till all was blue without producing much effect, and we were unluckily very short of cartridges, not having expected this sort of thing when we came from England. So we were forced to pick our shots, and even so they were all right high ones. There were four or five different kinds of duck. First of all, king of ducks, *the* 'Pato bravo' (wild duck) *par excellence* of the Brazilians, came the great, heavy, solemn, slow-flapping, pied muscovy, weighing often 12 or 14 lbs., and rich and delicious to eat. Next in importance the 'Pato castilhano' nearly as large, of the same build, and all black. Then the 'Marecca,' a tree duck about the size of a widgeon with longer legs, a pretty bird, brown, white and black, which formed the main body of this army of duck, and made the whistling cry I have spoken of; and finally a small teal, something like our own.

But before we were well settled down, it was time to be moving back. Our host was expecting us home for *almoço—déjeûner à la fourchette*—and reluctantly, with only three or four couple of duck attached to our saddles we made our way back.

That evening two of our party, A. and C., went out to catch the duck flighting to roost. They did not return till an hour after sunset, and just as we who had remained behind were debating the advisability of sending out a search-party, C. dashed in, dressed in a flannel shirt and waders up to his middle, clotted all over with black mud, but triumphantly

hugging an enormous black muscovy of at least 14 lbs. weight, the first that had been shot by any member of our party. He hung over it with conscious pride, as a mother might hang over her first-born. He pointed out its merits, its weight, the sheen of its dark-green feathers, and its wonderfully wrinkled nose. But if the truth were told, although it was exceedingly good to eat when roasted for dinner, it did not make a beautiful corpse. Its plumage had been ruffled in a terrible death struggle with C. It had apparently fallen winged into the middle of one of the pools, and he, regardless of consequences, had dashed in after it. The duck was large and old, both strong and fierce, and in its natural element. In the course of the wrestle for life which ensued, C. lost his footing in the mud, his waders filled with water, and he would infallibly have been drowned with the muscovy clasped to his heart had not A. come to the rescue and dragged out both combatants. This, at least, was A.'s story, but it may have been prompted by jealousy, for he had bagged no muscovy duck. They had brought back together about six couple of different sorts.

The following day we rode off to another ranch or fazenda for our *almoço*, at which meal we were treated to the tail of the *jaccaré tinga*, or small alligator, a native delicacy, but most nauseous to a European stomach. The flesh is dead white, of a soft yet tough consistency, and with a peculiar musty odour and flavour quite indescribable and certainly unforgettable.

After breakfast we crossed some wet and marshy campo, to a great 'hinhal' or nesting-place of wild fowl. A long, narrow, deep pool of black water protected on either side with strips of tall aninga plants some fifty or sixty yards wide. In these aningas and in the thorn bushes which grew on the drier land, were literally thousands of nests, most of them now empty, for many were old nests ; and also some sorts of birds such as the scarlet ibis, which we particularly regretted, were already flown. We found, however, a large number of rosy spoonbill's and jaburù's (the great wood ibis) nests, a few with eggs, but generally with the young already fairly advanced. We took a few young spoonbills, and a jaburù, hoping to bring them back with us to England, and they took to captivity with amazing kindness. The spoonbills were exceedingly attractive birds. In a day or two they were on such good terms that they might have known us for years, and they quickly learnt to feed themselves, diving their broad, soft bills into calabashes filled with water, and feeling about at the bottom for dainty

gobbets of raw meat or slices of fish. The young jaburùs—which were christened 'the judges' on account of the wig-like covering of white down on their heads, their solemn bearing, and their extreme severity to us whom, with some justice, they looked upon as robbers and disturbers of the peace—were more difficult to manage. It required two strong men to feed one of these spirited younsters—one to hold his fluffy wings, and the other to open his long, sharp, powerful beak, and fill up his ample gullet with the raw tit-bits that his soul loved. Even so we seldom got off scot free, the judges generally managed to draw blood in the struggle which invariably took place before or after their meals, and I still bear upon me the marks of the beak of the Lord Chief Justice, the largest, most solemn and most violent of this strange Bench. Alas, poor judges! the cold of an English November has been too much for their delicate chests, and they and their milder companions in misfortune the kindly, gentle-mannered spoonbills have succumbed to the rigours of our climate. R.I.P.

It was at this hinhal that we realised what the bird-life in this equatorial island really was. Flock upon flock, cloud upon cloud, as the stars of heaven or the sand of the sea in number, white and red, black, rosy and pied, they swept backwards and forwards over our heads with hoarse cries. It was undoubtedly the most interesting spot we had met with in the course of our two months wanderings in the Amazon country. It was so wild, so far from human habitations, so given over to these myriads of birds as to leave a deep and vivid impression on the mind. It seemed as though some exotic Circe might arise from out of this dark and silent pool surrounded with emerald vegetation where floated grim, evil-looking jaccarès, and change the shape of mortals who dared to venture within her charmed circle to that of the blood-red or snowy birds that floated majestically over us. It was a fascinating and yet rather uncanny spot. Man could have no right here. It was the kingdom of birds.

We spent three or four more happy days at the Fazenda, one day watching the cowboys rounding up and lassoing cattle, the only work in which they take any interest, and in which, it must be admitted, they show uncommon skill.

The rest of the time we spent after the duck, but though we never failed to find enormous, unbelievable quantities of them, we never—four of us—made a larger bag than thirty. This was due to many things. We had no dogs, and lost

generally half at least of the birds we shot. A dog would be useless, however, in that country, for he would be surely devoured by an alligator the first time he went to retrieve a bird out of the water. Then we were sorely hampered by want of cartridges. We had not time enough to get a sufficient knowledge of these marshes so as to arrange our positions on a really scientific system ; and lastly, the guns might, no doubt, have been held straighter. Could a shoot in those Marajó marshes be properly arranged and organised, I have no doubt that the largest bag ever heard of might be made there. We were, however, quite contented with what we got, which was indeed as much at any one time as we could use.

The time at our disposal soon fled away and with regret we said 'good-bye' to Ribanseira. We rode out once more over the tesos where the palms grew and the parrots and parroqueets flew rapidly by, screaming and chattering in mid-air, and again through the burning hot belt of piri grass to the little port. We floated for the last time down the igarapè, with its chocolate-coloured Amazon water, and beautiful banks arrayed in feathery green of assayì palm and bamboo. We bade farewell to the jaburùs, and guaràs (scarlet ibis) and culhereras (spoonbills). And lastly we tacked carefully out of the narrow entrance into the brown fresh water ocean which extends for hundreds of square miles at the mouth of the mighty river. There sat on a sand spit in solemn concave a flock of some fifty muscovies, the last that we saw, which flopped heavily and lazily away when our cat-boat raised her mainsail and scudded westward to As Dunas in the trail of the south-east trade.

BADMINTON 'NOTÂ BENE'

IT is at this time of year that shooting-men who have been satisfied with their sport will be thinking how best to maintain the good results achieved, and that others who feel that they should have done better—these latter being, doubtless, the majority—will be considering in what way matters may be improved; and to both classes a study of the foods and cures manufactured by Messrs. Chamberlin and Smith may be very warmly recommended. The firm have their headquarters at Post Office Street, Norwich; and when it is said that the King is among their best Norfolk customers, several of their products being invariably used at Sandringham, it will readily be understood that the value of Messrs. Chamberlin and Smith's compositions has been tested and approved by the soundest authorities. A particularly valuable invention is the Kalÿdé, which is declared to be an infallible remedy for gapes, and suitable for turkeys and chickens as well as for pheasants and partridges. The Reviver is an excellent tonic, of notable service to young birds and while they are moulting. Special foods for wild duck, grouse, and other species of birds are also prepared. The firm's dog biscuits are likewise used in the Royal Kennels at Sandringham, and we are genuinely glad to draw attention to the humane traps, for which they are agents.

In connection with the above, as birds and dogs must, in many cases, be housed as well as fed, we would bring to notice various requisites for kennels, poultry-yards, &c., devised by Messrs. Boulton and Paul, also of Norwich. The 'kennels,' indeed, range from a complete Wood Hunting Establishment, erected at an approximate cost of £800, to the box for a terrier to be bought for a few shillings; and the amount of ingenuity expended on the invention of poultry-houses, portable and fixed, seems not only to exhaust possibilities, but will assuredly amaze visitors to the works or students of Messrs. Boulton and Paul's catalogues; for the uninstructed can scarcely believe that, in dealing with an apparently simple matter, such a multitude of different things could have been thought of. It may be added that habitations for birds and dogs are only a part, and a comparatively small part, indeed, of the firm's work, which includes everything from a summer-house to a wooden church, bungalows, stables, coach-houses, cow-houses, and a multiplicity of other structures.

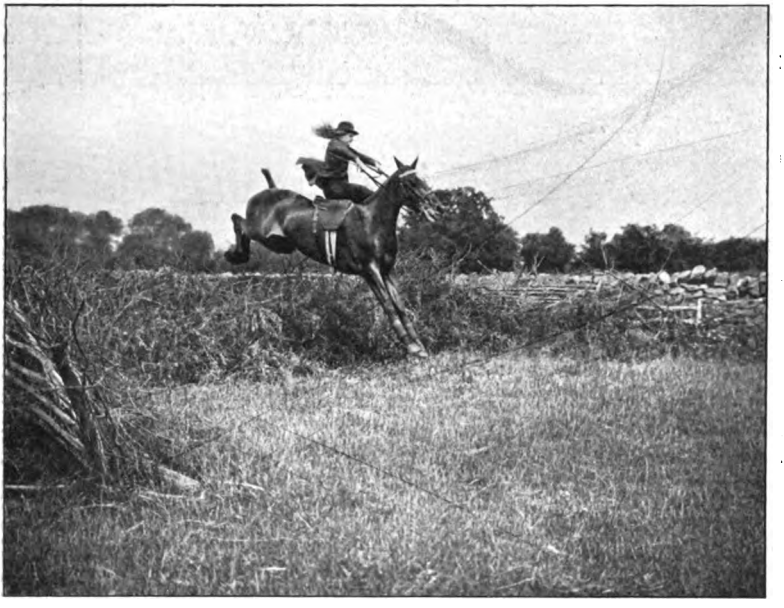
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

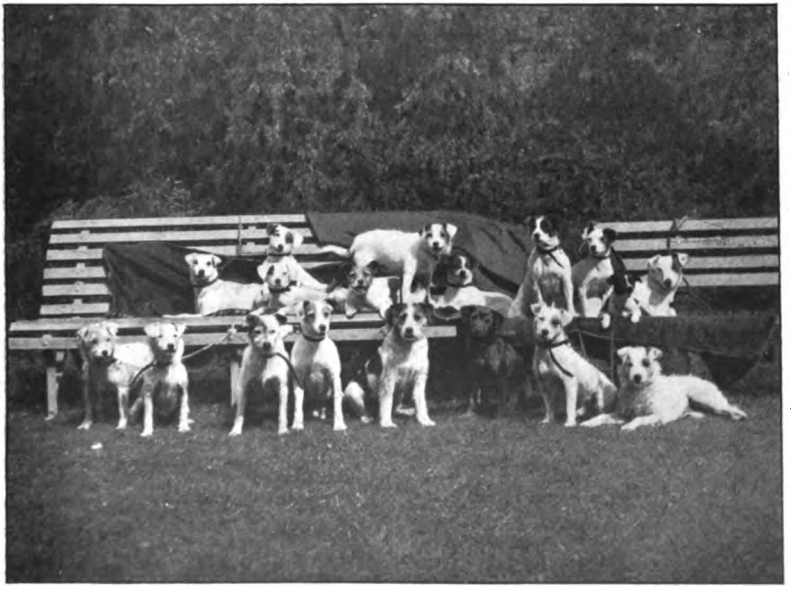
The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE NOVEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the November competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Miss Guest, Inwood, Henstridge; Mr. J. F. Wright, Solihull; Mr. Charles H. Labdon, Twyford; Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford; Commander Francis Travers, H.M.S. *Britannia*, Dartmouth; Mr. P. W. Richards, H.M.S. *Britannia*, Dartmouth; and Miss R. Gibbons, Boddington Manor, Cheltenham. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



A YOUNG MEMBER OF THE BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS
Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



THE INWOOD TERRIER PACK HUNTED BY MISS GUEST
Photograph taken by Miss Guest, Inwood, Henstridge

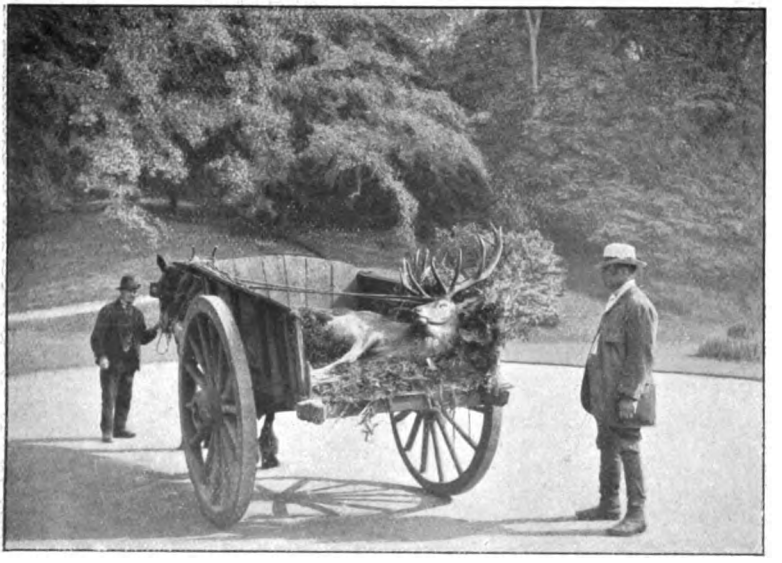
A SHOOTING PARTY AT TOMATIN, INVERNESS-SHIRE

The third from the left is Major-General R. S. S. Baden Powell, and the fifth The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Alverstone

Photograph taken by Mr. J. F. Wright, Hillfield Hall, Solihull

RATS!

Photograph taken by Mr. Charles H. Labdon, Stanlake Park, Twyford

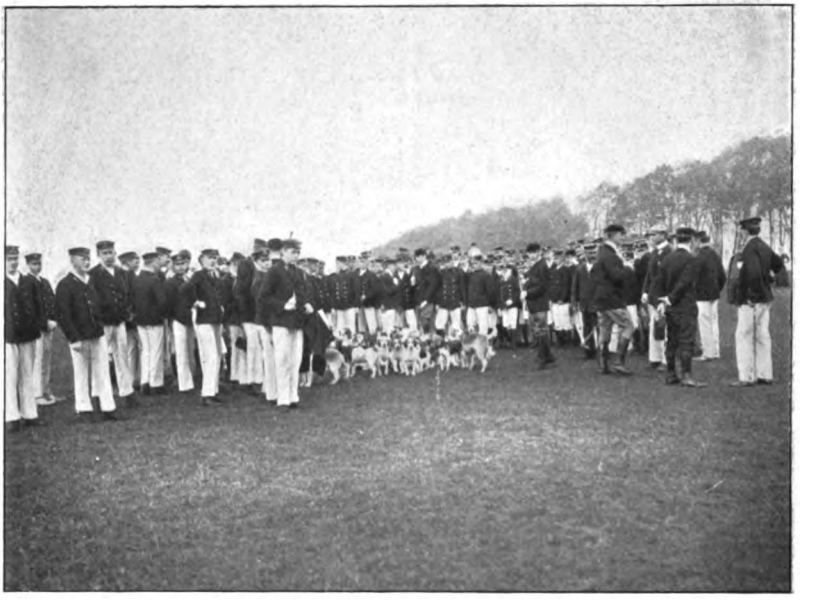


BRINGING HOME THE STAG

Photograph taken by Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford

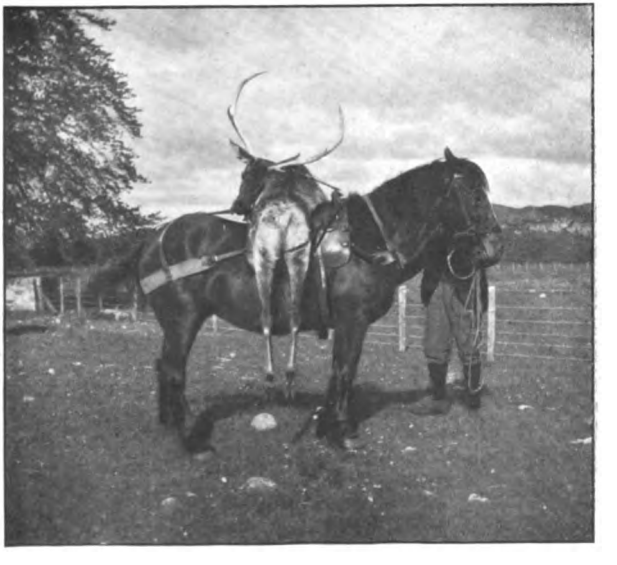
CADETS' REGATTA AT DARTMOUTH, OCTOBER 1901. CADETS GETTING INTO THEIR RACING BOATS FROM H.M.S. 'BRITANNIA'

Photograph taken by Commander Francis Travers, H.M.S. 'Britannia,' Dartmouth



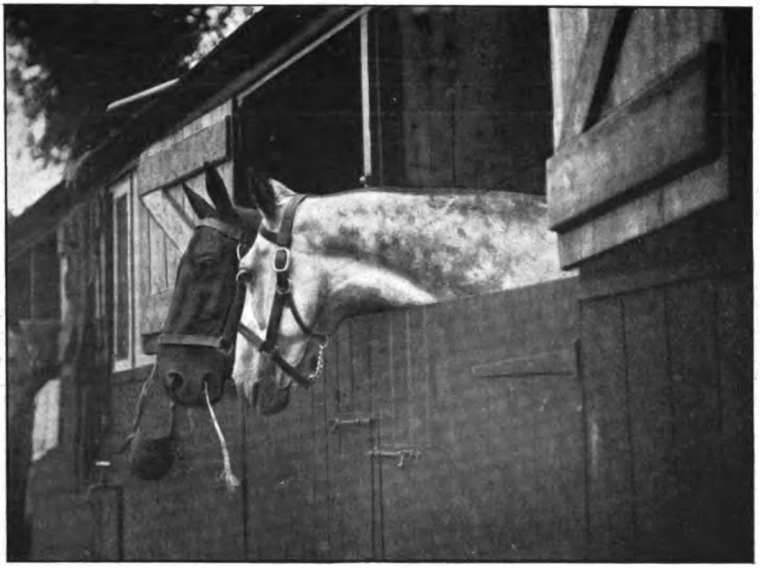
THE OPENING MEET OF THE 'BRITANNIA' BEAGLES, OCTOBER 16, 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. P. W. Richards, H.M.S. 'Britannia,' Dartmouth



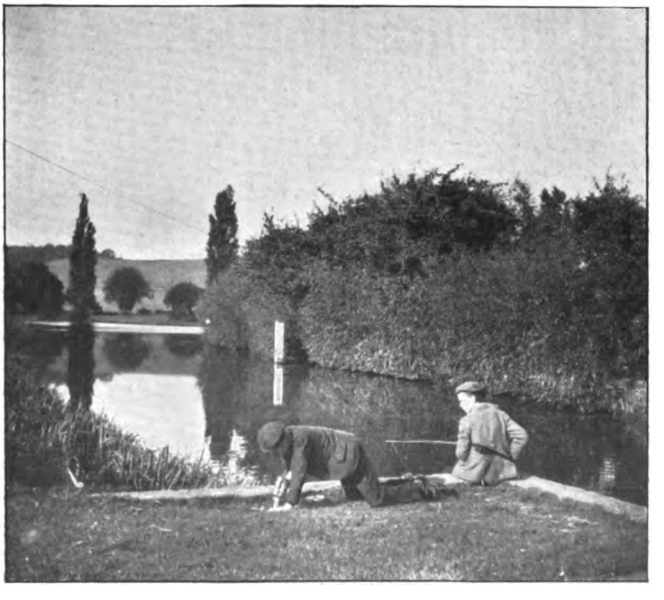
THE WHITE STAG OF GLENDOE

Photograph taken by Miss R. Gibbons, Boddington Manor, Cheltenham



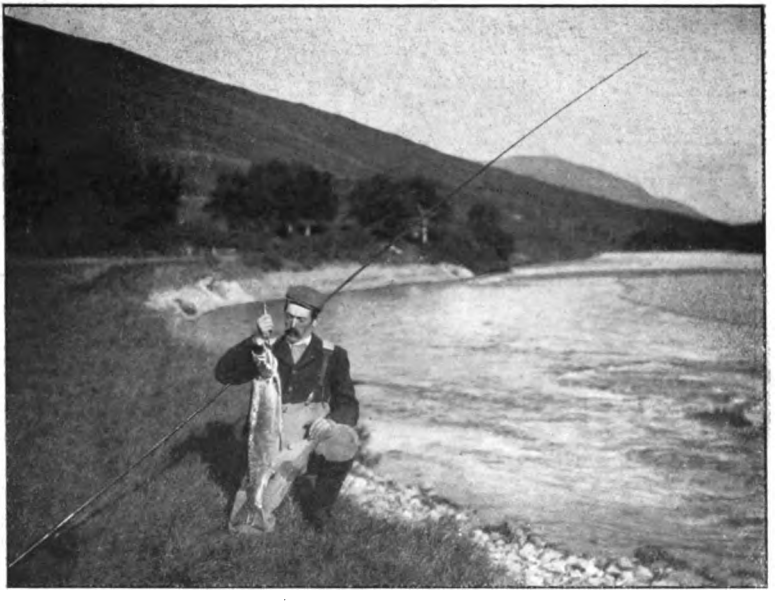
SUNDAY REST AT HURLINGHAM STABLES

Photograph taken by 'Miss' Constance Peel, Ebury Street, S.W.



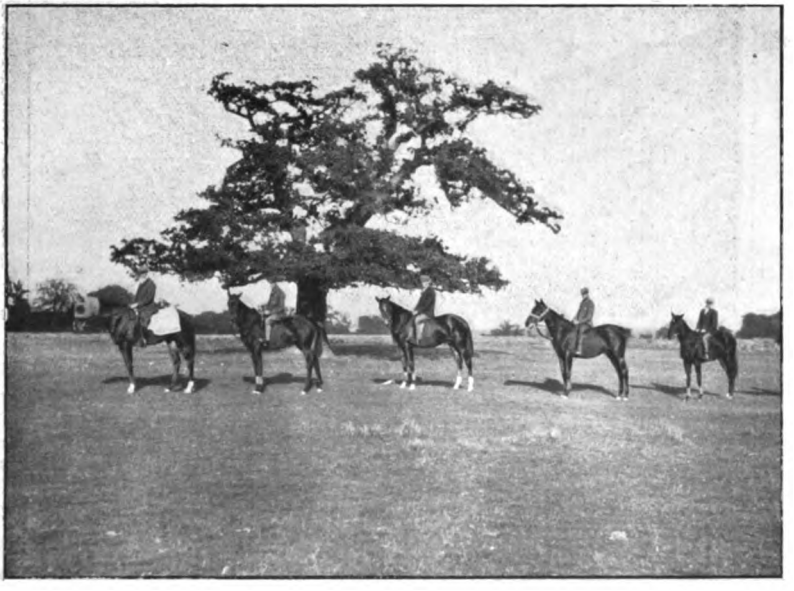
ON THE THAMES AT MAPLEDURHAM

Photograph taken by Mr. J. Bacchus, Burghfield Manor House, Reading



'THIRTEEN POUNDS AND A HALF, SIR!' SALMON CAUGHT ON THE RIVER LOCHY
Photograph taken by Captain William Savile, St. James's Place, S.W.

DR. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS'S GREYHOUNDS
Photograph taken by Mr. C. Le Maire, Teddington



THE EXTON STRING

Photograph taken by Mrs. J. Chichester, St. Cloud, Worcester

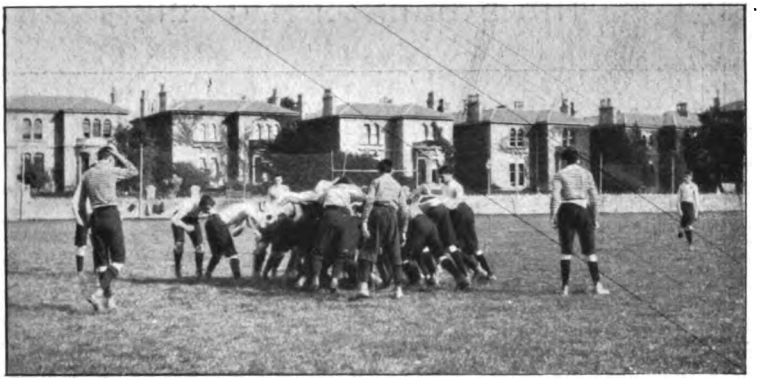
YACHTING IN THE SOLENT

Photograph taken by Miss Florence E. Armstrong, Emperor's Gate, South Kensington

SADDLING PADDOCK, BATH, 1900
Photograph taken by Mr. F. Lacon, Southbroom, Milford-on-Sea

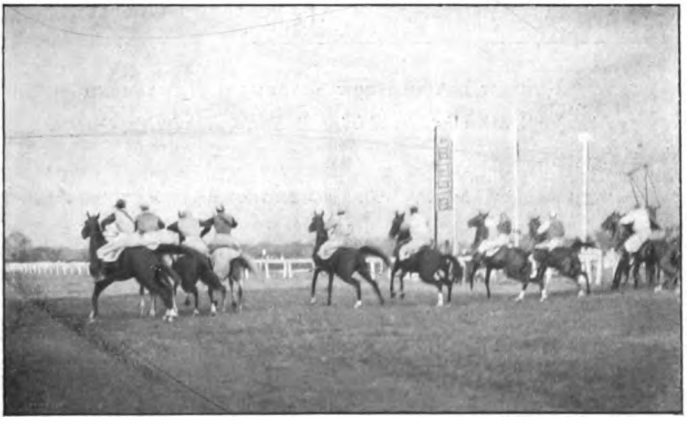
GROUSE SHOOTING IN IRELAND
Photograph taken by Mr. A. F. Brooke, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich

A BLACKSMIT[illegible]
Photograph taken by Miss C. [illegible], *Newbury*



SECOND XV. HOUSE MATCH BETWEEN SCHOOL HOUSE AND NORTH TOWN AT CLIFTON COLLEGE

Photograph taken by Mr. G. Fownes Rigden, Clifton College



THE START FOR THE POONA DERBY, SEPTEMBER 1901

Photograph taken by Captain F. L. Lloyd Jones, 13th B.I., Kamptee, India

LUNCH

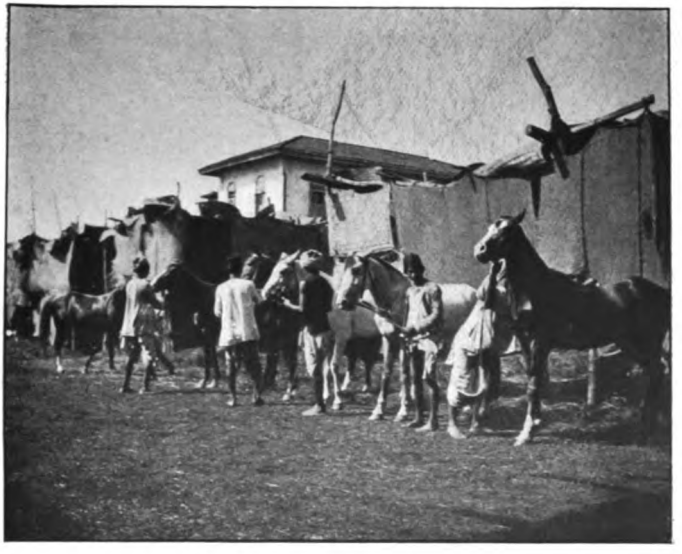
Photograph taken by Mr. W. C. Benton, Carrigaholt Castle, co. Clare

'A THROW IN.' GLASGOW ACADEMY *v.* GLENALMOND

Photograph taken by Mr. Adrien E. Barbé, Kelvinside, Glasgow

THE NEW GOLF LINKS AT HUNTERCOMBE, NEAR HENLEY ON THAMES

Photograph taken by Mr. F. S. Brakspear, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.



OOMER JUMAL'S ARAB STABLES, BOMBAY

Photograph taken by Mrs. W. D. Whatman, Mhow, India

ON UPPER EISMEER, GRINDELWALD

Photograph taken by Mr. E. C. Heath Hosken, Gordon Street, W.C.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE coloured pictures this month include an illustration to Mr. F. M. Lutyens' story, 'The Wrath of Fulleylove,' reproduced from an oil painting by the author. It will be remembered that some pictures of hunting subjects by the elder Mr. Lutyens, father of the present contributor, have already been published in the magazine. 'A Steady Shot' is seen at the corner of a covert of highly promising appearance. It may be assumed that he has been waiting for the cock pheasant to come out over his head, but that it has swung back in a mistaken endeavour to escape, presenting a difficult chance, of which, however, the 'steady shot' has successfully taken advantage, for evidently this is a dead bird. With the thick undergrowth there should be a very pretty little flush at the corner. 'Pointers,' so far as some countries are concerned, are chiefly familiar to sportsmen by means of pictures; that is to say, active employment for them is never found. For a good many years past this has formed a text for conventional critics of a sport they do not understand, and modern methods are deprecated in comparison with old; as if, in the present condition of agriculture, men had a choice of driving or of shooting over dogs. Very many English sportsmen would gladly enjoy the treat of seeing dogs work if only such a thing were possible. 'Bound for London' affords a glimpse into the past, when travellers to the metropolis frequently met with delays, inconveniences and discomforts which do not occur to those who grow eloquent about the pleasures and picturesqueness of good old coaching-days.

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A STEADY SHOT.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

I READ the other day the remark that 'even an indifferent shot may derive much gratification from a day's sport,' and it occurs to me that probably on the whole the average shot really enjoys himself more than any of the limited ranks of the first class? The very bad shot I put aside. Sometimes the birds 'fly into it,' or he knocks over a rabbit or a hare; but he must feel that if the same chance occurred again he would fail to take it in a great majority of cases, that his success, in fact, is very much a fluke, and constantly repeated failures, accustomed to them as he may be, must surely grow exasperating. The superlatively good shot kills his birds almost as a matter of course, and when he is occasionally a little 'off,' I have usually found that he becomes exceedingly annoyed and angry. But it is not so with the average decent shot. When he misses a few birds he is not in any way put out; he knows that a certain number of them *will* get away, and is reconciled to the knowledge; but when he is in his best form, and the birds drop one after another, his jubilation is extreme. I do not, indeed, know a much more delightful sensation than that of feeling one is holding one's own. Really high birds come out and come down, crumpled up high in the air to fall motionless, and an occasional hare is bowled over so that he stops suddenly, turns head over heels several times from the impetus of his speed, and lies without a kick—without that cry which is so distressing and makes a sensitive man exceedingly uncomfortable. You

have just got into it and cannot make out why you do not always shoot like this ; the performance seems equally simple and satisfactory ! The odd thing about shooting is that perhaps next morning you come out again, feeling thoroughly fit and well, with the pleasantest recollections of how things went yesterday, and for some inexplicable reason miss bird after bird, very probably in many cases just the sort of shots which you like best, and which the previous afternoon you had felt that no one but a hopeless duffer could ever fail to hit. The average shot, however, if all is well with him, usually has the satisfaction of feeling that he is improving ; the first-class expert does not feel this, and, on the contrary, when not quite up to the mark, is haunted by a depressing fear that he is losing his form. All things considered I certainly think that the good average man has most of the fun.

At the beginning of last flat-racing season I picked out a dozen horses which it seemed it me it might be judicious to follow during the year. I named, indeed, fifteen, but of these three never appeared on a race-course—one has to make allowances for such contingencies—so that this left precisely the dozen which I recommended to the notice of readers who like an occasional bet. The three whom I incorrectly supposed would continue their successful career were the French colt Eryx, last year's Oaks winner, La Roche, and the speedy Eager. The remaining twelve included Volodyovski, to have followed whom, as it happens, would show a deficit, for he only won a couple of races during the season, and lost four. Assuming that a reader had backed him each time he ran for £10 starting price, there would have been a loss of £4 on the transaction ; about which, however, it may, I think, be fairly remarked that any one who had intended to back the winner of the Derby would not have waited until the day, and would have taken better odds than were then obtainable. My second choice was Veles, and though he must be pronounced a decided disappointment, the £60 that would have been lost by his defeats would have been balanced by a gain of £188. Bay Melton failed on the three occasions when he was seen out, and Royal Rouge was a still more melancholy failure, being hopelessly beaten in all the four races in which he ran. If I remember aright, something like 6000 guineas was refused for this unlucky animal, who now seems to be worth about £160. Doricles was much better business. He lost six races, but those he won would have yielded a profit of £426, and this makes up

for three more bad shots, Disguise II., Irish Ivy, and Clarehaven, all of whom were thrice beaten. I do not know whether I shall carry the confidence of readers in the twelve I pick for next year, as though King's Courier, another of last year's lot, shows a profit of £30, Running Stream would have lost £20 and only won £12, and Spectrum would have only £20 worth of winning to set against £30 of losings. Harrow shows a profit of only £20. On the whole, however, had £10 been invested at starting price on each of my dozen the result would have been a loss of £460 and a gain of £802, which shows £342 on the right side. My dozen for the coming flat-race season I have not yet finally chosen, and will return to the subject in a later issue. Certainly no one could have suspected twelve months since that Bay Melton, Royal Rouge, Disguise II., Irish Ivy, and Clarehaven would all have passed through the season without winning a single race between them, or indeed that Volodyovski, who must be considered the best of the three-year-olds, would have been followed throughout the season with a loss as the result.

I have the greatest respect for the Rev. J. W. Horsley, and cordially agree with him that, as a rule, the financial result of persistently backing horses is more or less disastrous, though I really do not think with him that the 'moral and intellectual effects' are equally sad, and I fear a letter he lately wrote to the *Westminster Gazette* shows so little knowledge of the subject that it is not likely to have much influence. There are naturally some days when favourites do very badly, and other days when they do very well. A few years ago I made a long and elaborate calculation which showed that throughout the year favourites won about two races out of five, and it seems highly probable that this proportion is about maintained. The sporting prophets—I mean, of course, the competent and painstaking members of the fraternity,[1]—very frequently indicate the favourites, and not seldom, indeed, mention animals that beat the favourites ; so that Mr. Horsley's wholesale condemnation of tipsters, based on the return of one singularly unfortunate day at Manchester, does not do them justice. But it is the concluding paragraph of his letter, which, to speak frankly, is ludicrously

[1] Since the above was written I have learnt from a careful compiler, who made the calculation to work out a system, that *The Standard* gave last year 975 losers and 359 winners, about 4 in 11.—Ed.

absurd. 'Either,' he says, 'the so-called prophets know nothing, or, knowing something, they take care to conceal that knowledge, so that the money of those who are as ignorant as covetous may fall into the hands of the bookmakers.' This last suggestion is absolutely preposterous. The 'prophet' has his livelihood to make and his reputation to sustain, and Mr. Horsley is hopelessly wide of the mark in his subtle suggestion that tipsters know winners but refrain from mentioning their names for the benefit of the bookmakers! How are tipsters to derive profit from playing into the hands of the ring? The best of them, I need not say, as a very general rule, have good reasons for their tips, but from a great variety of causes the confident anticipation of those who really know most about the prospects of a race are very frequently upset. But they certainly try!

I suppose that tipsters in France and in England are about equally successful or unsuccessful—there seems no reason to imagine otherwise. Now it happens that for the last few years I have very often been to races round about Paris. I usually risk a few louis and have consistently found that the 'financial effects' have not been more disastrous than I believe the 'moral and intellectual' ones to have been; and I go entirely by the tips in the papers that experience has shown to be the best informed. In all the French sporting journals the tips are tabulated in the fashion that has recently been adopted by a few English publications, and I find the consensus of opinion very frequently correct. *Le Jockey*, *Auteuil-Longchamps*, and *Les Courses* are my usual guides. A little paper called *La Côte des Courses*, though I think not quite so good now as it used to be, has also a very sensible summary of what may be expected from the runners in each race, and the *Figaro* is specially well served in the matter of tips. My simple method is to see what these papers say, to have a look at the horses in the paddock, and to be to some extent guided by the jockeys, with a preference for the mounts of Rigby and E. Watkins on the flat, and a slighter preference for Collier and Albert Johnson in jump races, for many of the cross-country riders are quite good enough to win on the best horse. They are very fond of tables in the French sporting papers, most of them publishing daily the number of tips given by the various prophets in one column and the number of correct tips in another, as also the figures relating to the jockeys' mounts; but I attribute my avoidances

of failure to the fact that I usually back horses for places instead of to win ; and when there are only four runners a horse can be supported one-two.

A great many books have been published about the tables at Monte Carlo, but I have no hesitation in saying that the best I have ever seen is 'Monte Carlo Anecdotes and Systems of Play' by V. B. (London: William Heinemann, 1901). I chance to know who V. B. is—as I suspect is the case with not a few of my readers—but this knowledge is of less importance for the reason that every one that has a slight acquaintance with play at the Monte Carlo tables will at once perceive that the book is written by one who possesses altogether exceptional familiarity with the subject. I scarcely think perhaps that it was necessary to enter again into what V. B. describes as 'the oft-discussed and much-disputed question among *roulette* players, can the spinner control the ball for the advantage of either the bank or the player?' So many stupid people are, however, apt to worry themselves with such queries that possibly V. B. was not wrong to devote a few pages to the matter. I suppose I need scarcely say that his conclusion is in the negative. It is all to the interest of the bank that the methods should be absolutely honest, and though there are croupiers who will profess to be acting on behalf of some individual with whom they strike up acquaintance, a player must be an exceedingly simple creature if he accepts the overtures that are slily and cunningly made to him. Annually we read discussions as to whether croupiers are honest, whether they accept tips, and so forth : they are honest so far as the tables are concerned, if only because, with the supervision that is exercised, they have no opportunity of being otherwise. They not only accept tips, but ask for them—I am not speaking of the men as a body, but on more than one occasion when I have had a little win I have been asked for a contribution—but that croupiers can or do in the slightest degree intentionally influence results I have seen a great deal too much of the tables to believe.

One croupier, a few years ago, to diverge for a moment from V. B.'s book, did endeavour to persuade me that he could advantageously guide my stakes. He murmured to me what numbers to play on, but as I took no notice of his recommendations I cannot say what the results would have been,

though I am sure I know. Next day I met him at the Nice races and he claimed acquaintance. He presumed that I was a member of English clubs, clubs where they played cards? Wondering what was coming next, I told him I was, and he replied that he was a particularly good card-player, and if he came to England, and I would introduce him to some of these establishments, he thought we might make a good deal of money. I have a shrewd notion, therefore, that not all Monte Carlo croupiers are honest, for I do not imagine that if he had come to any of my clubs he meant to play the game with strict integrity. With regard to *Roulette* and *Trente et Quarante*, I am reminded of another interview with another croupier on the terrace at Monte Carlo. This was a good many years ago, the eternal subject of systems was then as now a constant subject of argument, and I innocently asked him which he thought was the best? He smiled rather sadly and replied, 'There are a great many of us croupiers engaged at the rooms. We see the game played day after day, week after week, year after year. Some of us are not fools. Do you not think that if any system was good it would have been found out, and that some of us would have been playing it instead of earning our small salaries by very tedious work?' There is here matter for a good deal of reflection; and before the confident youth dashes into the rooms with an assured conviction that in a short time he will multiply his capital by ten or twenty (if his aspirations are modest, some people anticipate much more than others) he will do well to ponder on my old croupier's words.

V. B., to return to the book, describes in detail some score of systems, and he describes them moreover in a manner which proves that he understands them. He recommends none—that is to say, he holds out no sort of hope that the player will do better than escape with a small loss if he goes on long enough—though on the other hand there are undoubtedly times when with luck he may temporarily be a substantial winner—but he advocates systems on the ground that 'by having a system you can at least *defend* your money, and if at any time you should have a run of luck and accumulate a fair amount of winnings, you will make it a more lengthy and difficult task for the bank to get their money back.' The system he chiefly recommends is, I am inclined to believe, about as good a one as could possibly be found, but it has what would be to many persons the disad-

vantage of being applicable only to the even chances, so that there can be none of those big and rapid hauls which one reads of in romances, and now and then actually witnesses. Most constant players have seen some lucky punter stake *en plein* and on all the *carrés*, have seen this number come up, the punter leave down as much as he may, and repeat his success again and again. I have a distinct recollection of twenty-six thus coming up four times when the player had on as much as the rules of the tables allowed. But with respect to systems, for one thing there is always the practical certainty of their going wrong sooner or later, and for another thing it is very rarely indeed that any one has the patience really to stick to them. A man is patient and persistent for a time, then he gets bored, angry, nervous, thinks he sees something that must inevitably happen, departs from his prescribed plan of procedure, and not seldom finds that if he had only stuck to it all would have been well. As to what is described as 'The Author's System,' and just recommended as (with limitations) the best I have ever come across, V. B. feebly winds up by pointing out that under certain circumstances 'if the runs of two continues all will be well.' But then very likely the runs of two will not continue!

About *Trente et Quarante* V. B. tells a story of an officer in the Rifle Brigade who won a great deal of money under the impression that the top row of cards was dealt for the red side of the table, and that the game was to get the nearest to forty. I can the more easily believe this because I myself played and won for some days under a similar delusion, which surely proves that knowledge is not a requisite to success. *Trente et Quarante* is a better game for the player for the reason that the percentage in favour of the bank is smaller than at *Roulette*, indeed V. B., who has a remarkable head for figures, declares that he never found any one capable of ascertaining what this actual percentage is. I believe it to be a fraction less than ½ per cent. He maintains, however, that *Trente et Quarante* is not so distinctly a game of chance as *Roulette*, and, indeed, that it is even a game of skill. I have not space to follow his arguments, which will be found set forth in the book. One system described in the book and called 'The Pinch of Snuff,' is, however, an absolute certainty, if only you can hit on the man to carry it out with you; and yet it must be distinctly understood V. B. does not for a

moment recommend it. You find some one who has been having a very bad time, and appears desperately bent on 'getting home,' strike up an acquaintance with him, and tell him that you have a secret understanding with the dealer at the *Trente et Quarante* table. Your man is to go there with you, to observe you carefully ; if you take a pinch of snuff it means put a maximum on red, if you take two pinches of snuff it means put a maximum on black. You guess which it will be, and take one pinch or two pinches accordingly. You may be right; if so, it is understood that you are to receive half the winnings. You may be wrong, in which case you endeavour to persuade your victim to try again on the ground that there was a mistake, that the dealer did not understand, or that the *Chef du Partie* was looking at the dealer suspiciously, and he dared not carry out his arrangements. This is one of the little traps into which a foolish rogue is beguiled by an astuter rascal.

From the Rest Camp, Bloemfontein, Captain T. W. Sheppard, author of an article I lately published on 'Otter Hunting,' writes : 'Dear Rapier,—I agree fully with Mr. Collier's view that old terms should be kept up, and am a little sad over his criticism of the word "Drag," as it was only through being a good deal chaffed by old and very experienced otter-hunters that I abandoned the word "Trail." I therefore concluded that the word had lapsed, in the same manner as the hare's "Walk." I venture to think that the latter is a term rarely used by modern hare-hunters. There are many terms, however, in the old otter-hunter's vocabulary which are now rarely heard : "bubble-a-vent," for example. Nor must it be forgotten that the North-country men use several words which are not common in Devonshire, *e.g.*, "coke," in lieu of "spraint." They, the North-country folk, stoutly maintain that the otter has been hunted by hounds in their countries as long as, if not longer than, in Devonshire, and it was there that I was reprimanded for using the word "Trail." I confess I prefer the word "drag," but probably because I was a fox-hunter long before I was an otter-hunter. I do not, however, think that my enormity is equal to that of speaking of "couples" of partridges. Would Mr. Collier, I wonder, rank a man who "*viewed*" instead of "*gazed*" an otter with a Philistine who spoke of a *flock* of duck? If I write again of otter-hunting, I will, however, say "Trail" and not "drag" ; perhaps that may draw some one else!'

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

II.—SECONDARY EDUCATION IN GOLF

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

THE man who sets out to-day on the perilous adventure of trying to teach the world to play golf, has quite a different task before him from him who wrote at the time of the publication of the Badminton Golf volume and the like truly valuable works. At that time it so happened that there were in the world an immense number of golfing infants, infants incapable of understanding the first step alone. They had to be taught to walk *ab initio*. Now, a good many years later, those who were in arms then have learned to toddle. They have toddled, with many a disastrous fall in hazardous places, over a good portion of the vale of tears of which the golfer's path in life is composed, and the teacher in the school of secondary education at which we now have arrived has to expound doctrines more advanced than those which were suited to the infant school. There is another point. When the 'Badminton' and so on were written there were hardly any professional players in England. All those, I think, that endeavoured the hard task of conveying some information to the tiro golfer by the deceitful medium of written words, confessed with one accord that the game was far better learnt by a pious imitation of the best examples,

always provided there were such examples to be found. But at the moment of that writing, these examples were very far to seek south of the Tweed, and primarily it was to the many that had not this great advantage that the scribblings of all the scribes addressed themselves. They said frankly that the personal teaching was better than all the written instruction in the world. But the personal teaching was not to be had. Now we have changed all that, and professional instructors and examplars are almost as many in England as in Scotland —perhaps many more. No golfer, to speak in a rough and ready way, is at a loss to find good examples. Moreover, those who were in the first phase of golfing infancy then have a formed style now. It is to those whose style is formed that the writer of to-day has to address himself, though it is a style that has been evilly formed enough, it may be, by the lessons of the writers of yesterday—let that pass. It is too late to remodel a style, and the best that can be hoped of to-day's lessons is to improve a style already formed and to put some polishing touches to the style and the execution by the suggestion of a few hints that do not come within the curriculum of the primary education.

The average golfer is a man of remarkably little guile, and chiefly it is by giving him certain hints in the direction of greater wiliness and guilefulness that written words can hope to help him. One of the greatest torments to the golfer of the less skilful classes, and relatively a far more severe trouble to him than to the golfer who is a master of his craft, is an adverse or a cross breeze of wind, and the reason that the golfer of the more skilled kind finds this enemy of his peace so much less troublesome, is far more than he is cleverer, wilier in circumventing the wind, than that he has any particular tricks of muscle at command to obviate its ill effects. That there are tricks of muscle and swing is not to be denied, but they are not very difficult of acquirement when the need of acquiring them is pointed out. But also there are other tricks of a simplicity so obvious that they scarcely deserve that none too honourable name. It does not require a deal of golfing knowledge or art to realise that if the ball be teed high it will fly high, and if teed low it will fly low—that is presuming it is hit somewhat similarly. Also it is obvious that a high ball will go far down wind and that a low ball is best adapted for travel against a wind blowing in its, or in its driver's, teeth. These are observations so obvious that the pen almost blushes as it writes them,

but they are points which the indifferent golfer often honours by neglecting.

Then again, it is not so much a matter of golf as of common sense that if the wind be blowing across the line of play from the right your ball will find less direct opposition from the wind if you tee it on the right corner of the tee than on the left, and 'contrariwise' if the wind be blowing from the left. It does not need to be a champion golfer nor a champion navigator to realise the value of getting a point or two to windward. But its value often is forgotten at golf. These are the simplest methods in which a golfer dodges, or obtains help from, the wind. There are others that are less apparent perhaps, yet which ought to be apparent, and which only require to be made apparent to be put in practice. When the wind blows across from the right of the line in which it is wished to drive the ball, then the longest possible ball is driven with a slight curve from right to left, that is to say, with a slight pull. There is a detail with regard to this driving down and against the wind that seldom is considered by the golfer who is guileless, and that is that not only does the down-wind ball carry a great deal farther than the against-wind ball, but also that it runs a great deal farther after pitching; and this very much longer run is not merely the result of the wind pushing it along from behind. The wind has its effect, of course, in this way, but it has another and a greater effect in another way. When a ball driven against the wind, at a medium trajectory, has done about all that it is able to do, in virtue of the initial velocity given it, to fight its way onward through the opposing air, then, with its force spent, it falls almost vertically. If the wind be very high, the ball will come backwards many yards towards the point whence it was driven before it touches the ground, but we are supposing (at least I will ask you to suppose) the case of medium trajectory of drive and of medium force of wind. Well, it is obvious and generally understood that if an object falls vertically it does not have much inclination to go forward on the rebound. On the other hand, the ball that is driven down wind is carried on and on, after the initial energy is well-nigh spent, the wind pushing it forward, but yielding gradually to the persistent force of gravity, with the result that the ball comes to the ground at last with a very slanting direction, which gives it the tendency to bound on, after touching ground, in the direction which is indicated by the axiom that the angle of reflection is equal to

the angle of incidence. We soon shall be in bunkers if we begin to use these long words, but the point that I want to impress is that the ball played against the wind will fall vertically and therefore dead (using the word in a comparative sense), whereas the ball played down wind is desperately inclined to run. I want to make this point strongly now, because I want to make a strong use of it by-and-by. But for the present I only want to say this about it, that with the wind blowing across the direction line from the right you will get your longest ball with a pull—from the left, with a slice. It has been said already. No matter. Slicing is so easy that it hardly seems worth while telling a man how to do it. It comes naturally to him, like sin. But supposing him to have any inhumanly unnatural bias to virtue, and to straight-driving, it may be as well to tell him that he must hit the ball with a little indrawing of the arms across the body, so as to make the head of the club come across the ball at the moment of impact, precisely in the same fashion as the face of a racquet or tennis bat is brought across the racquet or tennis ball to put on spin. It is not good to exaggerate the slice. You want just a little of it on, so as to let the ball come round kindly and gently with the wind helping it along at the end of its flight. It is well worth while to get a command of this stroke for another reason. I cannot tell you why it is so (although I think I know why, I should get into fatal trouble if I went off the course to try to explain it), but I know of a certainty the fact, that if you cut or slice a ball in this way it will rise much quicker off the club than if hit in the straightforward way, with the club following right on through the ball; and the practical value of that fact to the golfer is that the stroke may be used with very good effect from behind a hill. You will often see a finished player take his brassey and cut the ball up over a hill with it where the hill was so close in front that the less skilled man would have taken an iron in order to get the requisite loft; and again there is more in it than this. With the cut-stroke, the ball, when it gets well into the air, will begin to curve from left to right. Therefore, in order that the ball may finish in the proper line, you may—indeed you must—start it rather to the left of the proper line, and this permission, or compulsion, to start its flight a little to the left, means that you get a little more distance between your club-head at the moment of impact, and the top of the hill, in which the ball has so much the more time to rise. It may seem that the difference in distance between the ball

and the crest of the hill straight in front, and the ball and the crest of the hill, six feet, say, to the left, is very little, but it is enough to make a big difference to the ease in getting the ball to rise. It is a difference that is not to be reckoned absolutely, but in proportion to the distance between the ball and the hill's crest, and it will be found that six feet bears a very large proportion to the distance of a fairly good lying ball from any hill-top which it is difficult to get the ball to rise. Of course, if a ball so situated do not lie well, *finesse* is of no value. You are driven, perforce, to strong measures, strong words and iron clubs, and if you 'cannot dig' your case is parlous. The cut on the ball, by which it gets the curve in its flight, is applied ultimately by bringing the face of the club across the ball, as said, and no doubt there are various ways in which this may be done, but it is possible to indicate one that seems the easiest. If you advance the right foot more than in your ordinary stance, stand more facing towards the line in which you mean to drive, and do most of the work of the swing with the left hand—I mean grip a good deal tighter during the swing with the left hand than with the right—these arrangements of the mechanism will help you, I think, to get the kind of stroke you want, that is to say, to bring the club-face across the ball. The arms should be thrown well out from the body as the swing begins to come down, then drawn rather inwards across it, as the club-head comes to the ball.

What horridly inadequate things are words to express meanings! This is a reflection common alike in a bunker, and when one wants to explain to the uninitiated one of the subtleties. It has been bad enough trying to say something intelligible about the cut stroke. The difficulty is much greater when one comes to attempt any description of the pull. The pull is the reverse of the slice. You should, therefore, to accomplish it, do most things differently from the methods for the slice. For the pull you will have your right foot behind, rather than before, its normal position for the ordinary drive. You will grip tighter with the right hand than with the left, and you will face just slightly less towards your direction line than in the straightforward stroke. No doubt for the pull you require to have the club-head travelling, at the moment of impact, across the ball, just as in the sliced stroke, only in the opposite direction, but it is a subtler business altogether, both to do and explain. You want to have your arms well out away from you at the moment of striking, not coming in

towards the body, as in the slice stroke. It is a flatter stroke, too, with the club coming more away from behind the back and not so much down from above the shoulder as in the other stroke. The club head wants to come to the ball rather with the circular motion of a scythe when a man is mowing. Then, at the moment that the club head meets the ball, there is a little turn over of the club face given by a slight turn over of the right hand, so as to bring the back of the hand uppermost. All this, I know sounds fearfully difficult and complicated, and of course it is not easy. But the stroke comes to one with practice and a little attention. You begin at length to *feel* that you are getting the idea of it—of the flat circular sweep and the turn over of the right hand just at the psychological moment. When you do get the feeling, then you will say it was worth all the pains. There is a delight and a sense of mastery. The value of the stroke is great. You can use it not only for getting the pull which helps to get the distance when the wind is from the right, but also if you have acquired this stroke you have virtually acquired the indispensable art of keeping the ball low against the wind. For just as it was a feature of the slicing stroke that it sent the ball up quickly into the air, so, conversely, it is a great feature of this pull stroke that it sends the ball away skimming low. When the wind is hard and dead against you you may keep the ball yet lower by standing a little more in front of it, and turning the face of the club over a little more, but virtually you have done all the difficult part of learning how to keep the ball down by learning that little turn over of the right hand. That is the hard knack to catch.

We said, a little while back, that the reason that the ball travelled so far after touching ground when the wind was behind, and comparatively so little way when the wind was ahead, was not only that the wind was pushing it along all the time in the one case, and fighting against it all the time in the other, but also that the direction of the wind affected so strongly the angle at which the ball touched the ground and, consequently, its disposition or indisposition to go on travelling in its present direction of motion. Hitherto we have been discussing only the cases in which we wished to get as much distance as possible, and this is done, both in case of the pull and of the slice, under the circumstances considered, by getting the wind to help the ball along towards the end of its flight. But there are also a great many strokes in which the

wind behind the ball is a hindrance rather than a help, because the stroke becomes very much easier in proportion as the ball can be relied on to pitch fairly dead. Such are all cases of approach strokes. We all know how much easier it is to lay our approaches near the hole when the green is very sodden, and again how much easier when we are playing against wind than when down it, the chief reason being that the ball falls rather vertically when the wind is against it and relatively at so low a trajectory when the wind is behind. When we can rely on the ball falling nearly dead, we play with much more confidence and much more success. We cannot, as we play up to the hole, determine the condition of the ground, and make it more sodden than it is, but what we can do is to make the wind virtually against the ball, although it may not be blowing straight from the hole to the ball. This again we may contrive by the slice and the pull, only they will be used conversely to the method of their use when the object was to get the ball to travel far after pitching. In these cases, where the object is to get the ball to fall as dead as possible, with the wind from the right, you will play for the slice, so as to bring the ball curving round into the wind, and analogously, when the wind is from the left, you will play for a pull, so as to put the ball, as before, up into the wind.

Perhaps these are very obvious counsels, but we find many golfers taking no notice of the strokes that they suggest. It would seem almost as if the possibility of such strokes was not revealed to the intelligence of the average golfer. These strokes will be played with mashie or approaching iron, but they are not played very differently from the strokes with the longer clubs that are played to the like effect. There is the same alteration in the stance in each case, the same bringing the club face across the ball, in the one way for the slice and in the other way for the pull. With the iron or mashie approaching you can do more in aiding the curve to right or left by hitting the ball on the heel or toe of the club than you can in the longer strokes where it is an object to gain distance. In the latter you lose more distance than you can afford to lose by hitting on the heel or on the toe, at least if it be more than the smallest fraction to the one side or other of the true point of impact. But with the approach strokes a few yards thus lost are not a matter of importance because you can make them up by a little harder hitting. To a man who has acquired this pull or slice, or both, in his approaching there are many shots up to the hole that

become quite simple, whereas to the man who has not them at command they are full of almost insurmountable difficulty. Imagine the case of a keen green, a bunker to loft before you came to it, and another bunker on its left. Across the left bunker, and so across the green, a furious wind is blowing. What, I would ask, is a poor man who has not the pull approach at his command to do? The answer is that he has nothing to do, he is at an *impasse*. He may allow for the wind, indeed, so nicely that his ball will fall only just a foot to the right of that bunker to the left of the green. But what will happen to the ball then? Unless the forces of nature are arrested miraculously in its favour it will be carried, by the strong wind, right across the green, passing close, it may be, by the hole, but not stopping until it is far away to leeward of it. The man who has not the hooked approach at his command is in a parlous state indeed when he is brought to face a situation of this nature; but by use of the hooked approach the problem becomes much less formidable. As the ball comes round, with its hook, it brings up in the teeth of the wind, hanging there, and falling nearly vertically, so that there hardly is any run on it at all. It is not necessary to go into the details of the converse case, when the wind is from the right, and, in order to get the dead falling approach, it is good to use the slice stroke. The conditions under which it will be most valuable are just analogous, *mutatis mutandis*, with those in which the pulled approach is useful. And I will not merely argue in favour of these graces of golfing execution from the base utilitarian standpoint only. They are very valuable indeed from this standpoint, as the above remarks indicate very clearly, but their value is greater than this in the increased pleasure that you have in the game when you feel yourself becoming master of more mysteries. Billiards may have been a very good and pleasant game in the days before people put chalk on the cue tip and played with side, but it cannot have had as much variety or capacity for giving delight. And as for the learning of these subtle strokes at golf, I think they are not so difficult as they sound when they are described in indifferent English. The best gift that the written word on these matters can give to the ignorant is the intimation that there are such strokes, and that they are of such value. If the learner can realise what it is that he has to try for, he soon will acquire it. The trouble is that a great many hammer away, not without much pleasure to themselves, throughout a long golfing life and never realise that such strokes exist. And if they

do realise them, as done by the professors, they are apt to regard them as quite beyond the scope of their own performance —a cowardly conception and an unreasonable, for the subtle strokes are acquired not to make the game more difficult, but, as I have tried to show in the imagined cases above, in order to make some of its difficulties vanish. Be it said, by way of caution, that at the first the learner of the hooked approach is apt to find the ball flying rather further than his expectation and so to over-run the hole. The hooked ball is always a better goer than the sliced ball, except where the slice is gaining the favour of the wind ; but this is an error that is easily corrected. If all golf were as simple it would be a less annoying game.

There is, in these later days, a tendency on the part of the golfer of moderate ability to return to the old fashion of play with many spoons, in the stead of cleeks and irons, and even to adopt the 'baffy' spoon, preferably to the mashie, for short approach shots. It has been said that the use of the baffy is a confession of incapacity to use the iron ; but it is far better to make such a confession as that than to go on in the abuse of the iron. In fact, the best club is the club you can play best with, and there is a straightforward simplicity about the approach stroke with the spoons which makes them much better instruments for golf in the hands of the unskilful than the irons and mashies, which require rather a special handling. Lately an impetus has been given to the tendency of using the spoons in preference to the irons by the inventions of Mr. Mills, with his aluminium spoons, which have the durable qualities of the iron-headed clubs, combined with the shape of the wooden heads. They are capital clubs. They will not drive the gutta-percha ball quite as far as the same shaped and same weighted heads in wood, but for the shorter approach strokes that does not matter ; and though the drivers of aluminium will not get as long a shot with the gutta-percha as the wooden drivers, yet they seem to me to drive the American Haskell balls just as far as the wooden-headed drivers will send them.

There may seem to be some kind of contradiction in suggesting to the golfer, on the one hand that he should set himself to the task of learning certain subtleties, such as the slice and hook, both for long shots and for approaches, and then telling him, in almost the same breath, that he may improve his game by cultivating the greater simplicity and ease that is to be found in using spoons in place of irons. I am a firm believer in simplifying the game so far as possible, yet at

the same time I think it is good to have the subtle strokes at command, on occasions. The indifferent but showy amateur billiard player will commonly play with a good deal more side and screw than John Roberts, but that is not to say that when the occasion comes for a stroke requiring a deal of screw John Roberts will not be far better capable of playing such a stroke than the amateur. That is part of my answer to my captious critic. A second part is that I hardly should be disposed to commend the use of the spoon, in preference to the mashie, for approaching, to the man whose youth and general adaptability to games warranted him in an ambition to rise to anything like the top branches of the tree. But there are many who have no such warrant, and some who even are able to realise that they have none. It is to such as these especially that I would commend the spoons. The spoon, with its wide flat sole, slides on when it strikes the ground. The iron club, with its narrow lower edge, sticks in the ground and stays there, and this sticking is the cause of the fearful 'foozles' that the indifferent player sometimes makes, and sometimes falls into a habit of making, in his iron approaches. His way in life will be made much easier for him if he can but possess himself of the necessary humility to use the spoons instead of the iron clubs for this purpose. The school in which I learned, or tried to learn, to play my approaches, was an iron club approaching school, and therefore it may be that I have a prejudice in the favour of the irons, but it does not seem to me as if quite the same clever things can be done with the 'baffy' spoons as with the irons and mashies, or, at least, it seems more difficult to me to do them ; but for that very reason the spoons are easier to play with. The stroke is a straightforward one, there is no cut across the ball. They can be used to take the ball quite clean, without any lifting of the turf, although, again, it is quite possible (and it is thus that Mr. Hilton plays with the aluminium spoons) to jerk with them and so to take quite as much turf as with an iron club. There is one stroke for which I think that the mashie or lofting iron has a special advantage, and that is for cutting the ball out of a cup from which it is wanted to make the ball fall dead. For an approach shot of this kind it appears to me that you should have a club-head with a narrow lower edge to clip in between the back lip of the cup and the ball, and it is pretty obvious that this clipping in can be better done if you play to slice the ball, that is to say, bring the club-head down across the ball, rather than straightforward.

The attention of golfers who are learning the game is not always concentrated on the right points, and this observation applies to some who have been learning it for a good long while. They attend to hitting the tee shot, but it is not, in point of fact, the correct hitting of the tee shot that is the most essential thing in the game. I will make an exception—at Sandwich, exceptionally, the drive from the tee is of more importance than any other part of the game, but that is of the exceptions that prove the rule, and generally the fact is held to be rather to the discredit of the fine Sandwich green as a test and a school of golf. Golfers will also practise the short approach stroke and the putting, and they are right in practising such important details. But there remains one stroke which perhaps is more important than any of them, and yet which is less practised than any, and this is the long approach stroke up to the hole—I mean the full bang with driver, brassey, driving-mashie, cleek or driving-iron, that is intended to send the ball up to the green. I do not think there is any doubt that in nine cases out of ten in which a first class and a second class player are brought together, the detail of the game in which the former shows his superiority is in putting these long approaches close up to the hole. In all the other parts of the game there is a tolerable equality all down the list of the first two or three classes in golf, but when you hear it said of a man 'he puts his second shots very near the hole,' you may be sure that the speaker is a critic who knows what points he ought to criticise and that he is giving the highest praise that is to be given. So many golfers do the rest of the game well enough, so few, comparatively, are good at this. There is a temptation, when practising, to put the ball up on a tee and hit it hard with the driver for the fun of seeing how far it will go. This is fun, but not business. Of course, practice, perpetual practice, is the only royal secret that shows you how to play this 'second shot,' as in general terms it is called, with brassey, cleek, or whatever it may be. But this, I think, is a useful hint, that it always is difficult to 'spare a full shot,' as it is called, somewhat paradoxically. To take a half-shot with any club, even with a long club, is far easier. By half-shot I would be understood to mean a half-swing. And often, especially against the wind, it is the better part to take a half-swing with a longer club, preferably to a full swing with a shorter, for the reason that most players find it more easy to keep a ball low off a half-shot than off a full shot. But in other cases, as for

instance where the shot seems to you just a little too short for a full brassey stroke, you generally will do better to take the cleek, say, or driving mashie, than to attempt any easing of the full swing with the club that is likely to take you just a little too far. The result of using the too powerful club in this way almost invariably is that you check the swing, pull in the arms, or commit some crime that is punished by deviation of the ball into undesirable places. The swing in which you are not afraid to let your arms follow freely through, after the ball is struck, is the swing that is far more likely to send the ball with the correctness that is so peculiarly valuable in the case (that of approaching the hole from long range) which we are considering. If a man is fairly to be designated as one who 'puts his second shots very near the hole' he is not a very bad golfer, no matter what all the rest of his game may be.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

From a Water Colour Sketch by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

UNIV. OF MICH.

SLEIGHING IN THE COUNTRY

A WINTER IN SWEDEN

ITS SPORTS AND PASTIMES

BY BEATRIX NICKALLS

HAVING heard much of the sports and pastimes of a winter in Sweden, I could no longer resist the temptation, and resolved to try a few months of its cold and snow. My main object was to learn snow-shoeing, see what really cold weather was like, and stay the winter out. The first two weeks were spent in Jämtland, one of the northern provinces of Sweden, at a place 1800 feet above sea-level on the Norwegian borders, and amidst the grandest scenery in the country. Neither here nor yet during my visit to a small town in another part of the province did I have any luck as far as snow-shoeing was concerned. The winter was late in commencing, and there was no snow worth mentioning until the last day in November. Still my visit was not devoid of interest.

I was afforded the opportunity of inspecting the cavalry barracks, and of seeing the fire alarm given for practice. At

the barracks everything looked very comfortable and scrupulously clean, and our visit was quite unexpected. The kitchen with its enormous coffee-boiler was very interesting ; the mess-room is provided with a small table and two chairs, where two officers sit and sample the food at meal-times. The stables are lofty and well ventilated. The horses are not provided with straw as it is much too dear, but they stand on rough tiles. One winter they clipped some of the horses, but found it would not answer ; the climate is too severe, especially when one considers that they go out on manœuvres and camp out in midwinter.

The riding-school is a fine building, and as drill was going

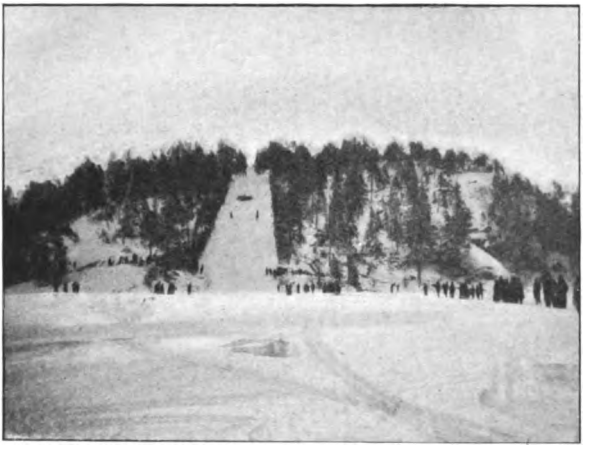
ICE-YACHT SAILING

on, it was most amusing to watch the gymnastics on the bare-backed horses. The fire-brigade was very smart, arriving in three minutes from the time of call. Then the cavalry brigade dashed up ; then three cannon shots were fired to call out the volunteers. These all drive up in whatever conveyance they may own, each with an enormous tub of water.

But I must now turn to my stay in Stockholm, where I arrived at the beginning of December. Here I pined for enough snow to try my snow-shoes. I had secured a pair of the best make possible for distance running, called 'Sahlin's patent' ; they differ in dimensions from those used for the jumping, being longer and narrower. Those I had measured 9 ft. long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. broad, and weighed 4 lb. 6 oz. But when the

snow came another difficulty arose—to find time. Lawn tennis, for which there are two fine buildings each containing two courts, is in full swing all the winter. Then there is tobogganing and skating, and, for those who are good at the latter, sailing on skates. Ice-yacht sailing looked delightful; it is quite the coldest sport there is, and I am assured they sail at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. I was sorry not to be acquainted with an owner of one to try a spin.

It was arranged to have a week, or rather ten days, of Northern sport. All sports possible in Scandinavia were to be represented, and open to all competitors. The prizes were numerous and handsome, a number being presented by private



SNOW-SHOEING HILL

persons, showing the keen interest taken by all in the encouragement of these pastimes.

The meeting opened on Saturday with competitions on skates, distance, fancy and figure skating; these continued Sunday after church hours. Monday was the distance-riding competition. After the accounts given of those that take place in Germany I should like to state that one condition of this race was that all horses be inspected at Tattersall's (Stockholm's large livery stables) two days after the race, and if any show ill effects from the ride, the owner to be disqualified. It speaks well for the riders to say that none were ruled out. The winner covered forty-two English miles in 2 hours 48 minutes 45 seconds, the second taking 2 hours 54 minutes. The rider of the winner stood in his stirrups all the way, and says

his experience shows that a man on a good horse should be able to keep a pace of from fourteen to fifteen miles an hour for three hours.

Hunting in the snow sounds curiously to our ears when we think of the snow balling in the horses' hoofs, but out there the snow is too dry to ball, and it is like galloping through sugar a foot and a half deep. This makes the going very heavy, but the drag seldom covers a course over an hour long, and the fences are not frequent. A plunge in a snow-filled ditch is not unknown, and adds to the excitement.

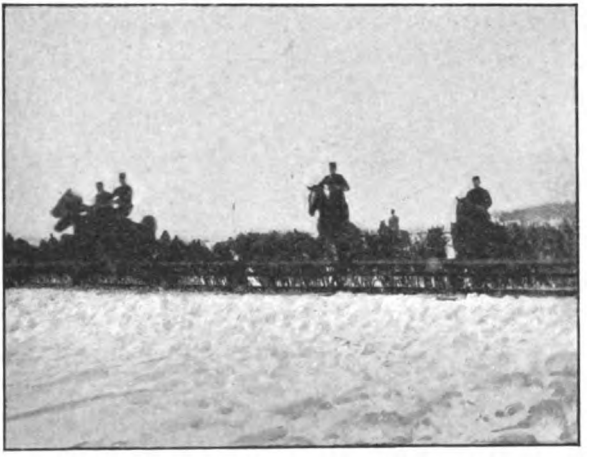
SNOW-SHOEING BEHIND A HORSE

One of the most interesting items on the programme was snow-shoeing after a horse. I send a kodak to illustrate it. The horse has a surcingle and breast collar, to which the traces of webbing are fastened. The man wears a girth belt with two steel rings fastened to it in front, and a pin to slip through them enclosing the traces. This is the only method I am aware of that they have for fastening themselves to the traces; the idea being that, should a man fall, he has only to remove the pin and is freed from the horse. This is quite a fallacy, as the strain on the traces effectually prevents all possibility of withdrawing the pin. The means of progress is rapid and very exciting, the distance for this race being forty-one miles, covered by the winner in 2 hours 30 minutes. He had five falls on the

way. One of the prize winners, I believe, covered the distance without a fall, but was afraid to urge his horse as its nose bled soon after the start, no doubt owing to the intense cold.

There was also an exhibition of something in the same mode of procedure for use in the army : cavalry bringing infantry to the front, each cavalryman having a rope with two infantrymen holding the ends, and they are taken along at the gallop.

Then there was steeple-chasing in the snow and trotting races on the ice, some driving on wheels, some on runners. 2650 metres (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles) in 4 minutes 21 seconds was, I believe, the best performance.



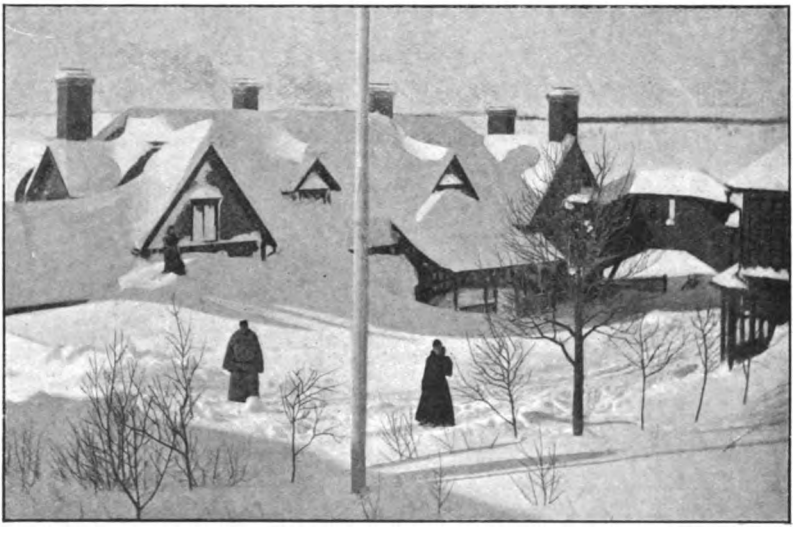
STEEPLE CHASING

Various races on snow-shoes came next. Some people seem to think the jumping on ski and the distance-running are the same sort of thing, but the two differ widely—about as much as jumping and running do in ordinary sports. It does not follow that because a man is good at distance-running he can jump, or *vice versâ*. The distance-race of 36 miles was covered in 4 hours 43 minutes 13 seconds, a pace of a fraction less than 8 miles an hour ; 18 miles in 2 hours 9 minutes 13 seconds. There was also a competition for three men bearing a despatch, the distance being 168 miles, each man taking a third of the way. The time occupied was 19 hours 38 minutes 32 seconds.

Jumping at Holmenkollen in Norway has already been much described in the Magazine. The jumps I saw in Stockholm

were between 60 and 70 feet. The prize is not given for the greatest distance unless combined with good carriage and full command over the snow-shoes, which score more points than the length of the jump. Other entertainments during these ten days were illuminations at the different skating and tobogganing places with music, two exhibitions at the Opera House of fencing, dancing, and historical tableaux, a banquet at the opening of the sports, and another at the close, when the prizes were distributed.

I am afraid the English look upon it as an extraordinary



SKALSTUGAN

thing to go to Sweden in the winter. If they only knew that is the best time to go, and it was a thousand pities the sports were not better advertised in England, for many would have enjoyed it thoroughly. Still another opportunity will be afforded them, for in two or three years' time they have decided to organise a repetition of these sports.

Having thoroughly enjoyed my winter in Stockholm with the opening of Parliament, balls and supper parties, &c., I returned to the solitude of our shooting-box Skalstugan determined not to leave until I had been for some proper tour on my snow-shoes.

My experience is not great neither are my abilities, but accompanied by two men I made a three days' journey

across the mountains, the distance about sixty miles in all. It is a grand sensation going down hill *when* you can keep your balance. It can scarcely be said one has enjoyed the real sport and pleasure of snow-shoeing if one has not been among the mountains of Norrland. When leaving I snow-shoed to the station in the blazing sun, the thermometer at 4° below zero. On the way I visited the Niagara of Sweden 'Tännforsen' in his winter clothing. Only two small streams of water were flowing, the rest a solid mass of ice.

The greatest cold I experienced was out sleighing one day with the thermometer at 29° below zero. That cold needed no aid from the wind to make itself felt.

SPORT FOR A PRINCE

BY THE HON. J. N. KIRCHHOFFER

IN October last, during his tour in Canada, I had the honour of entertaining his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at my shooting lodge on Lake Manitoba, where we had excellent sport amongst the ducks. The royal shooting-party comprised fifteen guns, and seeing that my own place would only accommodate eight, I arranged that as their special trains sped eastward on the Canadian Pacific Railway, some of the sportsmen should be dropped off at other points, where friends of mine would attend to their wants. Thus, two were to step off and shoot geese at Moosejaw, two were to shoot ducks at Qu'Appelle lakes, and three to go snipe-shooting on marshes near Winnipeg, while the Prince of Wales and the remainder of the party were under my own personal care at York Lodge. Unfortunately there accompanied them on the train an inspector of the North-West Mounted Police, who assured them that in such fine weather as then prevailed they would not get a shot at geese at all. Naturally impressed by such a statement, the two gentlemen who had been told off for that sport preferred to come on and join their comrades who were to slay the ducks at Qu'Appelle, where they had most excellent sport and made a large bag. But I did not hear of their alteration in my programme until we met the rest of the party at the station. Then I learned it with sincere regret, as all the indications had pointed to a most successful wild goose chase. An old English gamekeeper had been out for a week locating the flights, the farms where they were feeding had been protected from shooters, and pits had been dug in all the most favourable spots, so there would have been nothing to do but drive on to the stubble, and

put out the decoys. Duck-shooting, as I explained to our friends, they could get all over the world, but such a flight of geese as is to be seen on these plains of Assiniboia is, as far as my experience goes, unique, and they had missed a new and thrilling experience. 'However,' I said, 'the preparations shall not go entirely for naught, for I will run up myself in a day or two, and take advantage of them.' 'If you do,' said his Royal Highness, 'be sure and telegraph me the result.' Unfortunately, however, more than a week elapsed before I could get away, and in the meantime several parties from the United States and Canada had shot over the protected farms, and many hundreds of geese had been slain.

There may possibly be other places in the habitable world where as good goose-shooting can be obtained as on these wild woolly plains of the Canadian North-West, but if so I have not seen, heard, or read of them. There may be sport amongst small game more thrilling and exciting than goose-shooting, but I have never participated in it. There may be other points in Assiniboia where as good shooting can be found, but even as in the brave days of Rome,

> Best of all pools the fowler loved
> The great Volscinian mere,

even so do I pin my faith to the district round Moosejaw.

When from the inaccessible breeding-grounds in the northern wilds the great autumn migration commences, vast multitudes of wild fowl—swan, geese, ducks and waders innumerable—find a favourite resting-place in Buffalo Lake. This is an irregular sheet of water about twenty miles long, and from one to two miles in width, having high broken banks rising abruptly for half a mile from the water's edge. To the south and west stretches a vast plain of magnificent farming land, forming an almost continuous wheat-field. It is not long before these unsophisticated water-fowl discover that No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat is the one thing needful for their delectation, and they soon swarm on to the stubbles. At daylight they fly out to feed, returning to the lake before noon. They go out again between three and four o'clock, but don't get back till after sundown. However, where so many birds are about, there is more or less shooting all day, if one only has patience enough to stay in one's blind.

The first point is to locate the fields where some large body of birds have made a feeding-ground. When this is ascertained do not disturb them, but allow them to leave of their own

accord. Then get your pits dug, put out your decoys, and be ready for them at daybreak. With eager eyes you watch for the first streak of dawn. Long before you see them you hear the metallic but not unmusical 'honk, honk' that tells the birds are on the wing. Then a thin line appears on the horizon, wavering, changing, rising and falling. It is followed by a second, and still another, until the whole sky is full of them. Now is the thrilling moment. Are they coming in your direction? Sometimes a change of wind, or having been shot at on that line the previous evening, will cause them to alter their flight, and you may have the mortification of seeing them stream past a mile or two to the east or west of your location; but generally, when proper care has been observed, some flocks will come your way. They see your decoys and head straight for them, lowering towards the earth as they come. There is a momentary hesitation, as something arouses their suspicions, but an answering note or two from your goose-call steadies their nerves, and they hover and prepare to alight. Steady! Keep down! Surely they are near enough now? No; let them come in till they drop their legs. Now! and as you raise your head, with one mighty sweep of their wings the huge birds spring upward. It is too late. Their breasts are bared to the shot, and two heavy thuds tell that the 10-bore has done its work. Still keep down, for another flock is hard at their heels. Wary as he is, when once he has made up his mind as to the point he desires to reach, it takes a good deal to cause your grey goose to deflect from his course; and so the fun goes on for the better part of an hour, sometimes fast and furious, at others slackening and almost ceasing, till the flight is over. Then you gather your slain, the man drives out with the waggon to bring them in, and you to breakfast.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when I landed at Moosejaw. Unfortunately the gentleman who was to accompany me had been taken ill, and I had to go alone. Then the heavy but late harvest had absorbed all the idle men. 'Can't find a soul who knows the country to drive you out,' explained the proprietor of the livery stable whose team I had hired. 'Oh, I know the country myself,' I replied. 'Find me a man who can dig a hole in the ground.' Well, he guessed he could do that; and accordingly at ten I was under way, with advice to call at Joe Aselford's, where the geese were said to be feeding. We learned, however, that they were not there, but at Logan's, a couple of miles further on. We found Logan digging potatoes,

with his gun in the furrow behind him. Yes, there had been a flight here for the past two or three days, and he had got this gun to kill some. It was then two o'clock, and they would be coming out in an hour or two. I had just directed my man where to dig the pit, when two or three flocks of geese appeared in sight, and I saw in a moment that even now the flight was upon me. Telling the man to run back to the house, I lay down in some scattered weeds, wishing I was small enough to be concealed in a gopher hole. On came the geese, and I was promising myself a good shot, when bang went a gun a couple of hundred yards ahead of me. . . . One goose dropped, and the rest elevated their flight considerably. This happened many times. The farmer only killed that one bird, but he turned many which would have been easy shots for me into sky-scrapers. Even then my Tolley 10-bore would keep pulling them down now and again, and when the flight ceased I gathered a dozen birds.

I killed eighteen from a pit in that field next morning, but soon saw that they had been overmuch shot at there, so in the afternoon I drove west in the line of flight, and made up my mind that they were heading for Speers' farm, a place where Captain Wilberforce, A.D.C., and myself had made a record bag of seventy-one geese in a morning, some five or six years ago. It was too far to get there before the afternoon flight, so I settled myself on another farm this side of it, and though the birds flew over high, I succeeded in bagging ten. I satisfied myself, however, that I was on the right track, and as soon as the flight had passed I drove towards the setting sun. It was eight o'clock, and properly dark when I reached Speers' and was warmly welcomed. But they said, 'It's too bad, there are no geese. There were lots of them out here earlier in the season, but after being shot at for a few days they left. They've been feeding down to King's, where our boys are helping threshing to-day.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll take my chances, I watched them till they passed King's this afternoon.' Presently the old man and two of the boys came in from King's. Yes, they had been feeding down there, but a party of Minneapolis sportsmen came to-day and fired at everything in sight, and drove them on west. He guessed I'd find them out this way in the morning, and the holes which I had dug three years ago on the edge of the slough had never been filled up, if I could manage to find them.

Before daylight my man and myself were searching for those holes, but after fifteen minutes of precious time fruitlessly wasted

I gave it up, and set my decoys in a corner where the ground had been cleaned of grain, building a hide of oat sheaves. While I was doing this several flocks passed that would have decoyed, but as soon as I was hidden they began to arrive, and for an hour there were always geese in sight. How I did wish for one of our friends of the royal party, for there was ample shooting for two, and with a good man in a blind close to me the total would easily have been doubled. As it was I killed thirty-one that morning and twenty-one more in the afternoon, which as these country folks say, was 'not too bad.' During the afternoon I noticed large flocks streaming out a couple of miles to the north, behind a low range of hills, and thither I drove as soon as the flight was over. As I expected, we found a large stubble covered with geese. As soon as they departed my man quickly dug a pit, and I set up the decoys so that there should be no delay in the morning. It was my last chance, as I had to be back in town to catch the afternoon train. I was at the pit before day, and the driver soon disappeared in the gloom. I was managing things comfortably in the hide, when a frightened squawk close overhead nearly scared me out of my wits. Three huge ganders had come noiselessly out, and were about to pitch when they saw me. My gun was empty and they escaped. But others followed, and I soon had half a dozen other birds down. Then suddenly my gun refused to close. I knew that some gravel or dirt from the sides of the pit had got into the action. Madly I broke the gun open and took it apart, picked it clear as I thought, and put it together again, only to find the same devilish obstruction. For fifteen minutes I toiled and struggled, and during that time it seemed as though all the geese in the lake had determined to come in to my decoys.

Finally I gave it up, and sat with the gun on my lap, shaking and turning it over, and cursing the fate which had robbed me of the best of flights. Suddenly a little pebble dropped out; I shoved in some shells and rose just in time to catch a pair of honkers that were almost over my head. Fortunately the flight had not all passed, and ere it ceased I had completed over a score, but I doubt if I shall ever again see so many geese so close to me as in that terrible quarter of an hour.

My total was 118 geese. I telegraphed it to the Prince at Halifax, and received the following gracious reply:

'So glad to hear you had such good sport. I wish I could have been with you.—GEORGE.'

TROUTING IN NORTH DEVON

BY WILFRID KLICKMANN

FRESH-WATER fishermen in the West had few opportunities of boasting during the past season. They have fished and caught —moderately: just enough to make them keenly resent that visitor whose appearance is welcome to so many, a good old-fashioned hot summer. Devon waters are as fishful as ever, but when the streams are as clear as noonday and abnormally low, and food plentiful, what inducement is there for even a brown trout of average intelligence to court disaster? Still, baskets have been brought home, despite unfavourable conditions.

There is as pretty fishing to be had in Brendon waters as in any of the much advertised streams north of the Tweed. Of course you would not select the month of August from choice. That may be the popular month for holiday-making, but nowadays, when higher education seems to have extended even to the fishes, the latter know well how to keep out of harm's way during the tripping season.

North Devon trout are too well known to need recommendation. Casually turning over a 'Visitors' Book' recently at Lynton, I read: 'June 17. 130 trout in three days,' but no weights were specified. I turned back to the same period in the previous year and found the expected handwriting: 'June 3. We have just taken 62 trout in four hours: off to London; alas! Stick to Farley Water.' At this rate even the best preserves would become depleted. London did well to order imperatively the return of this voracious angler.

Farley Water is a tributary of the far famed Lyn. In the same locality is Hoaroak Water, while within walkable distance of the East Lyn main stream there are Badgeworthy Water,

Chalk Water, Weir Water, and West Lyn. The last-named, however, is not so successfully fished as its sister stream. Near Woody Bay is Heddon River, while further westward we have the Taw and the Torridge, beyond which one might easily go and fare worse. These are the chief fishing streams of North Devon, and, with the upper reaches of the Barle at Simonsbath, will keep a fisherman busy. Indeed, properly fished, there is more than enough choice here to last the gentle craftsman a lifetime.

LOW WATER ON THE LYN

The East Lyn.

Lynmouth offers the best advantages for headquarters. There are several good hotels, and lodgings can usually be had. But for the irrepressible amateur photographer and the honey-mooners from Ilfracombe, Lynmouth would be the angler's paradise. From source to mouth the Lyn tumbles a noisy course over huge boulders, foaming, gurgling and swishing around the rocks in a very ecstasy of delight at escaping from its sombre prison on Exmoor's treeless heights. It is essentially a salmon river : witness the salmon weir at the mouth, kept up by two of the hotels at an expensive figure to supply the insatiable appetites of tourists. Seldom a tide ebbs without

leaving in the weir a 20-pounder. Of course this is diametrically opposed to sport, but salmon must be had, and there is abundance.

Fishing tickets are obtained at the post office. For trout: 2*s.* 6*d.* per day, 7*s.* 6*d.* per week, £1 per month, or two guineas for the season. The River Lyn Fishing Association preserves the waters from Lyndale Bridge to Badgeworthy. That is to

THE OLD BRIDGE, OARE WATER

say, both banks may be fished up to Malmsmead, the entrance to Badgeworthy Valley, and thenceforward from the right bank only. No wading is allowed, but then there is no need.

Water bailiffs are employed to look after the stream. We could wish that stricter rules were enforced against that most reprehensible habit on the part of certain cottagers at Lynmouth of throwing rubbish and house refuse, empty tins, &c., into the river.

A salmon licence costs £1 4*s.* for the season, and the same

for peel: a somewhat expensive fee if only one day's sport is possible.

Grey mullet can be taken in fair quantities in the picturesque little harbour below Lyndale bridge. I have seen half a dozen rods out and three dozen mullet killed in an hour. There are several wiseheads at Lynmouth who can tell you when not to fish, but cheery Andrew Richards of Woodbine, who has

ROCKFORD VILLAGE

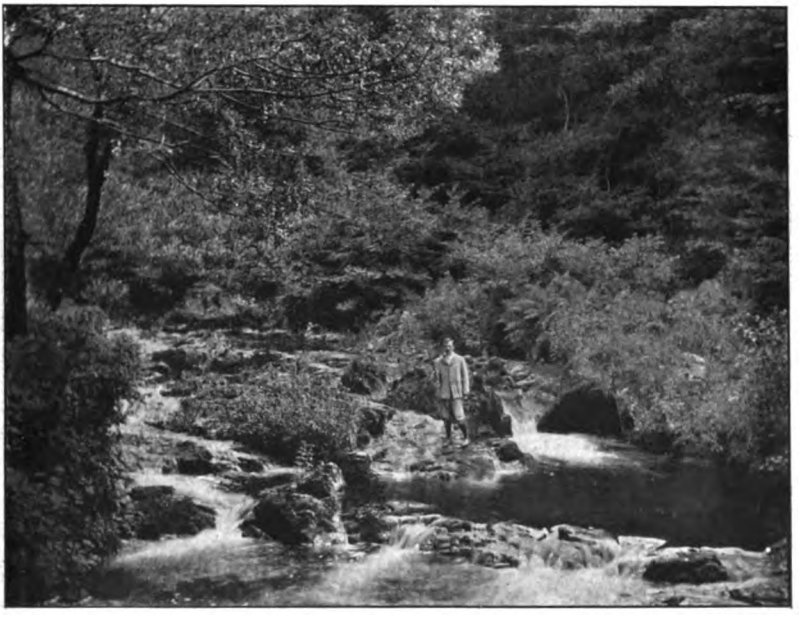
whipped these waters for sixty years, 'man and boy,' has the knowledge without the imagination of an expert.

ROCKFORD.

This is a capital centre, if not the best, and on the spot too. A cosy inn in no way detracts from the lovely prospect. As Dr. Johnson says, the best scenery in the world is improved with a good hotel in the foreground. The two-mile stretch down stream to Watersmeet is, in the opinion of many, the most delicious piece of sylvan scenery in North Devon. Rockford is four miles from Lynmouth, and is easily reached on foot, trap or cycle.

Farley Water

Has a great reputation, and well deserved. Part of the stream is also known as Hoaroak Water, and joins the Lyn at Watersmeet. Headquarters must be made either at Lynmouth, say three miles away over a good road; at Barbrook Mill (village) two miles distant over an incredibly steep hill up and down, or at Rockford. The chief obstacle over the Farley course is the



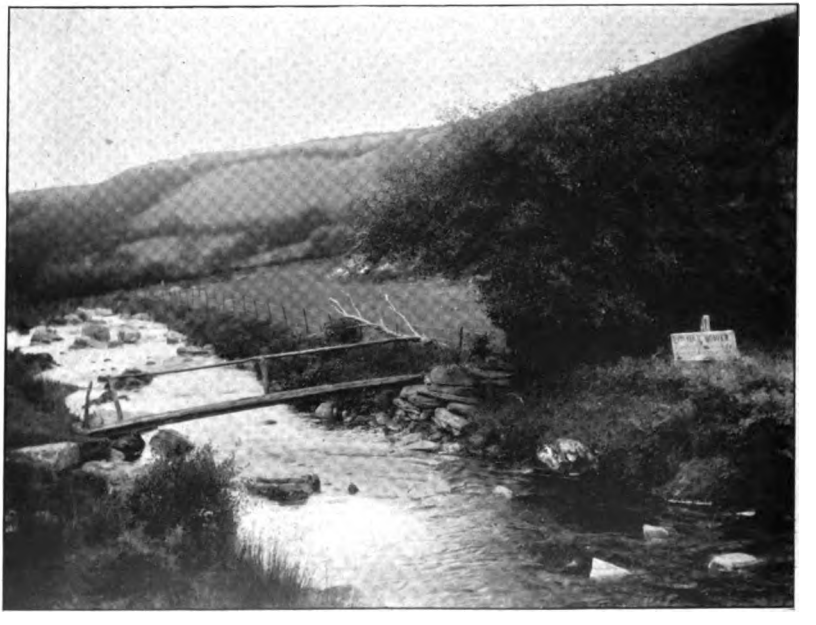
FARLEY WATER. ENTRANCE TO EAST LYN AT WATERSMEET

narrowness of the glen and the thickly overhanging trees, making a long cast an impossibility. But all the same, the fish are there.

Badgeworthy Water.

Here John Ridd went a-loaching, and he was not a novice with the rod. It is only natural, considering the immense popularity of Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone,' that more visitors come to Badgeworthy as hero-worshippers than to fish. The stream is much more open than the Lyn, and affords good sport. There is accommodation at Malmsmead, the 'gate' to Badgeworthy and Doone Valleys, and lodgings can be had at most of the farms around. The stream at Malmsmead joins

the lesser known Oare Water. It was through a window in Oare Church, as every reader of Blackmore is aware, that the murderous Carver Doone fired at Lorna as she stood at the altar beside John Ridd. There is no inn at Oare, but those who know Parsonage Farm and its possibilities, find an inn quite dispensable. The upper reaches of Oare Water are well regarded. The scene is particularly quiet, and in comparison Lynton is a seething metropolis. One or two farms here also farm boarders as well as crops. Weir Water and Chalk Water,



BADGEWORTHY WATER

which unite at Oareford (no inn—merely a tiny hamlet), are the nurseries of the lower reaches. A dry summer leaves much to be desired at Oareford, but the inevitable spates in October restore the balance of nature, and bring quite a number of rods upstream.

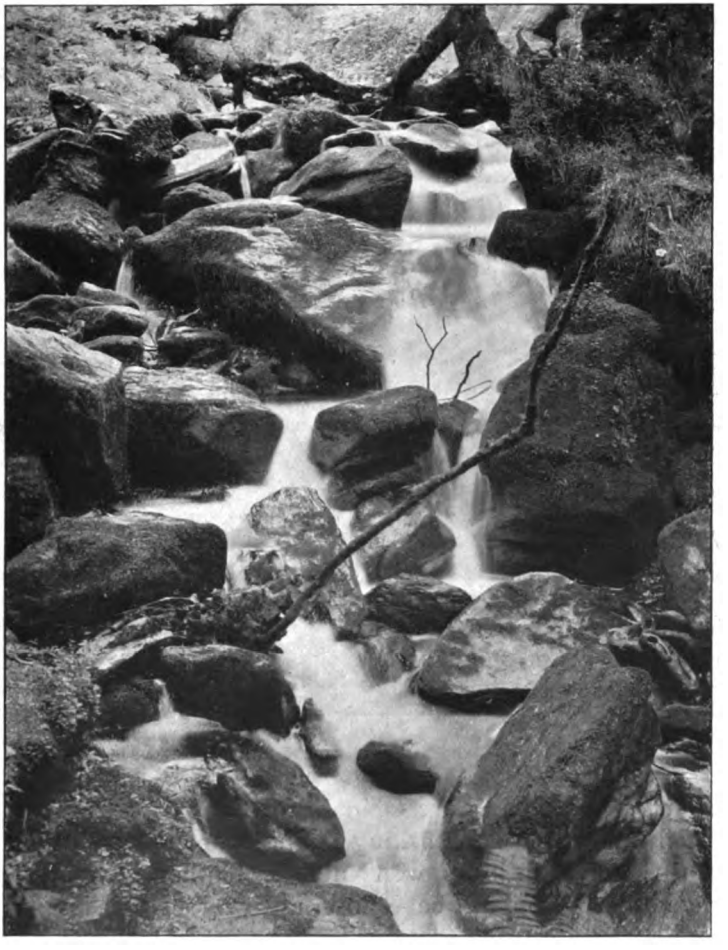
West Lyn River.

This is privately owned, and on that account is considered not so approachable as the East Lyn, to get a licence for which is as easy as buying a postage stamp. For permission to fish apply to Sir H. Carew, of Woolhanger. The stream is small, having a much less extensive watershed than East Lyn. The

picturesque village of Barbrook Mill is delightfully situated, and quarters can here be found.

Heddon River.

Any one who has handled a rod in North Devon can tell



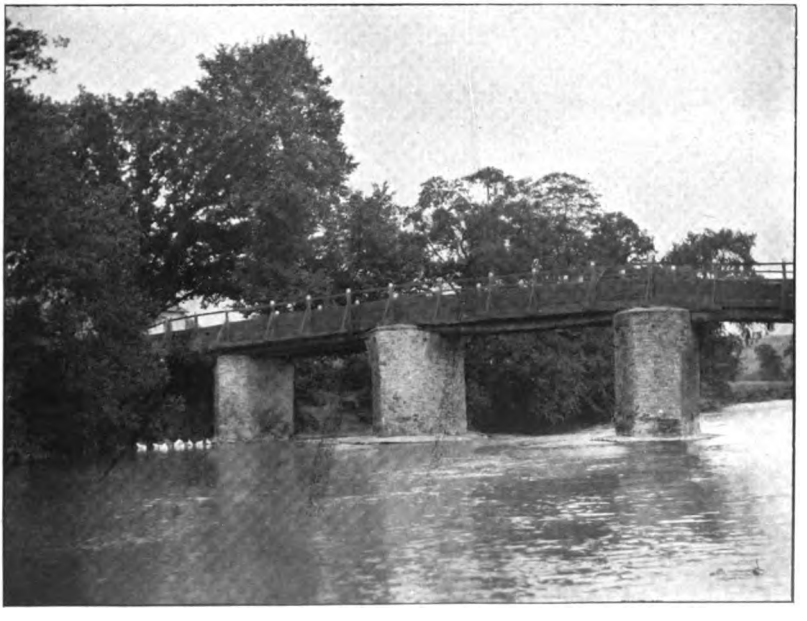
LOWER FALLS OF THE WEST LYN

you of some one—usually a brother-in-law twice removed—who landed a 5-pounder after a fight of fifty-seven minutes. These excitements usually occur in Heddon River. It is a sporting stream, without doubt, but in my private opinion the subtle attractions of Hunters' Inn account for at least a portion

of the trouting reputation of Heddon River. What cannot be had there can easily be dispensed with, and of what you do get there you wish for more.

THE BARLE AT SIMONSBATH.

Situated practically in the middle of Exmoor, six miles at least from anywhere, Simonsbath is a good place at which to be unrecognised. It has a fishful little river, and you get your



THE TAW AT UMBERLEIGH

tickets at the Exmoor Forest Hotel, for the proprietor presides over ten miles of private fishing. The season here begins on March 1, and continues well into September. Given a fair average season, you will have nothing to regret at Simonsbath. The course is not quite so 'sporting' as other streams already indicated, for the huge boulders of the Lyn are absent.

THE TAW AND TORRIDGE.

A fishing association, with headquarters at Barnstaple, has charge of the destinies of these two rivers, and maintains a close season every week-end from Saturday mid-day to Monday

morning. The Taw, with it tidal waters extending for several miles, is of more than local repute as a salmon river. A copy of the fishing regulations can be obtained from the Town Clerk, Barnstaple, and it may be mentioned incidentally that the water bailiffs do their duty well. In spite of the lynx eyes of the law, *two* nets each of the regulation mesh *will* occasionally come together : how—the owners cannot explain !

Very fair trout fishing obtains up stream, but last year the water was always very low. The London and South Western Railway closely follows the Taw Valley all the way from Yeoford to the sea, and every station is practically an angler's rest. Pretty little Umberleigh village is typical. A quaintly built wooden bridge crosses the stream. For an inn there is the Rising Sun, unpretentious but serviceable.

Torrington is the great centre on the Torridge, and the fishing is very fine. The Taw and Torridge Fishery Board charge £1 1*s*. for a salmon licence. At present trouting is without a fee, but probably a small charge of 5*s*. a year will be made, and the proceeds used for stocking the river. Fishermen putting up at Torrington are at liberty to use two miles of free water from the town mills to the railway station, the only stipulation being that they must be sojourning in the town. Through the courtesy of the Hon. Mark Rolle, who preserves eight miles of the river, two free tickets (for fly fishing only) are reserved for rods putting up at the Globe. The season here begins about the first week in April, or say Easter Monday, and continues late into the autumn ; peel being taken up to November.

Wear Gifford, nearer Bideford, is a favourite with those who know the Torridge well. The river is tidal to here, and knowing ones fish for grey mullet on a flowing tide, and for bass at high water.

Throughout North Devon the flies of the neighbourhood are perhaps more in demand than the artificial. The season opens with the March Brown and Blue Dun, with the 'Upright,' Grey Silver Twist, and the Killer. Then follow the Mayfly, Hare's-ear, the grannam, with the gnat and black gnat.

ROMAN CAMPAGNA

THE ENGLISHMAN'S BET

BY DANIELE B. VARÈ

YOU have asked me, Signorina, for a story : a story of the Roman Compagna, which D'Annunzio has called a 'plain of death,' but which to us, who have ridden over it with the quick blood of youth running in our veins, and the cool breezes of the Apennines blowing in our faces, must always seem to live, with a life intense, strong and exquisite even, though the crumbling ruins of a long dead empire bear witness on the summit of each hill and along the sides of each lonely road of past glories and of splendour, which this old world of ours may never see again.

The events, to use a common and rather pompous phrase, which I am about to describe, in obedience to your request, occurred a few years ago when the 'Englishman,' as we call him, came to Rome to follow the Campagna pack of fox-hounds. We called him the Englishman, not because he was

the only representative of his country who hunted round Rome, but partly because his real name, that of Reginald Brotherton, was for most of us Italians almost unpronounceable, and partly because his hunters and his horsemanship so far surpassed anything that the Roman field had seen before, that it came natural to us all to talk of *l'Inglese* as though England could not show a finer man, just as in the beginning of the last century all Europe spoke of the 'Corsican' as though the isle of unrest, as Mr. Merriman calls it, had never produced but Bonaparte.

He was a good-looking man, tall and broad-shouldered, with a grave, clean-shaven face, fair hair, small grey eyes, and a massive under-jaw. He spoke but little, and then slowly, as though choosing his words with difficulty, and took little interest in anything not connected with horses and hunting. His own horses were certainly the finest that we Romans had ever seen, and probably could not have been surpassed even in England or Ireland. With an income of something like £60,000 a year, and a knowledge of horseflesh acquired in a most diligent study of the subject in almost every country in the world where good riding and fine horses are to be found, from the shires to the prairies of South America, it was no wonder that the 'Inglese' should have been, during his stay with us, the best mounted man in Rome as he had been, according to all accounts, in every English shire in which he had hunted for ten consecutive years. His horsemanship was worthy of the magnificent animals he bestrode, which is saying a good deal, and he gave the Italians, who rank among the finest horsemen in Europe, an example of that straight riding, which not only is never stopped during a run by any obstacle whatever, but also disdains to swerve aside even for an inch in order to take a fence or a wall at an easier point.

In society Mr. Brotherton did not shine ; he took no interest in Rome as an artistic centre, and I don't believe that he saw more of the great ruins—that most of the foreigners come to visit—than what caught his eye when driving to the various meets of the foxhounds outside the walls of the town. He passed most of his time on horseback in company of the young officers of the military riding-school of Tor di Quinto, teaching his horses to descend the much-discussed, much-photographed slopes. Of course, he hunted hard all the winter through, never missing a day either with the foxhounds round Rome itself or with the staghounds round Bracciano near the sea. It was as a lover of the first-named sport that I made his acquaintance,

and I was lucky enough to be one of the spectators of the most wonderful ride that I am about to describe.

We had all ridden back to the *rendez-vous-de-chasse* after a long day's hunting, and were sitting in the restaurant-tent, that invariably adorns the Roman meets, consuming various more or less badly cooked dishes with an appetite and a relish that only comes after seven hours in the saddle. There were not very many of us all told, the greater part of the field having gone home after the first run. Old Colonel Barletta, chief of the military riding-school, sat at the head of the rickety long table, in front of an enormous plate of vermicelli and a flask of red wine; Mr. Brotherton sat at his left; I found myself between a young officer of the school, very much bespattered with mud, called Landolfi, and the Austrian military attaché, both of whom talked over the events of the day with considerable enthusiasm and with their mouths full. Opposite me sat a tall wiry-looking man in a black riding coat, whom I had met for the first time that day, and who had been introduced to me as the Conte di San Fedele; he was a rather handsome man with a skin burnt to the colour of copper by tropical suns, a short fair beard, grey eyes, and wonderful white teeth. There were also a few men in pink coats sitting at the table or standing about talking among themselves, and we could hear the Master's voice outside on the road calling out orders to his grooms. On one side where the tent was open we could see the broad, undulating plain stretching away towards the Apennines, and in the foreground the tired horses, whom the grooms were covering up preparatory to leading them home.

Old Barletta was complimenting Mr. Brotherton on his riding, between mouthfuls of vermicelli, in Italianised English.

'I wish my young *sotto-tenenti* could ride as you, Signor Blozerton, zey have courage sufficient, I do not say so, but eet wants two years to make zem comprehend zat ven zey jomp a big *staggionata* zey must not fall-off! Zey ride, and zey fall off and zey laff and zey get on again quite content! I saw you, Landolfi,' this was in Italian, 'you ride at a big fence like a train going *grande vitesse*, and then look surprised when you find yourself turning summersaults on the grass. When will you learn to ride slowly at timber?'

'I was following Mr. Brotherton's lead, Colonel,' answered the young cavalry officer on my right; 'he took that *staggionata* at the stiffest place, on the slope too, riding up, and I am sure he went quite as fast as I did.'

'Mr. Brotherton can ride,' growled the Colonel, 'and I would advise you to wait another year before you follow his lead at his pace.'

Landolfi turned to the Englishman: 'Have you ever met anybody who rode better than yourself, Mr. Brotherton?' he asked.

The Englishman looked up: 'Yes, often,' he answered, 'in Australia and in South America. In England there are a few, but not many.' He spoke quietly, and without the least

suspicion of boastfulness. Just then the Master came in and sat down at the table, calling to the waiter to bring him some wine. Mr. Brotherton pushed aside his plate and, leaning his elbows on the table, gazed dreamily in front of him, over the Campagna. 'I made a bet once,' he drawled; 'two years ago it was, that nobody would give me a lead that I could not follow; it is still open, if any of you like to take it up.'

'Nobody accepted it then?' It was the man opposite me, San Fedele, who spoke.

'No; nobody accepted it.'

'And how much did you bet?' asked Barletta.

'Ten thousand pounds,' said the Englishman.

The men around him stared at Mr. Brotherton in silence, half suspecting a joke, but his face was quite grave. Old Barletta swore under his breath.

'You must be a rich man, Mr. Brotherton,' said the Master, 'to risk such a sum on your horses and your horsemanship!'

'And a very foolish one, you think,' answered Mr. Brotherton; 'well, perhaps I am, but then, you see, as there are very few men who are as foolish as I, the number of people who could take up my challenge is necessarily restricted; then again had the bet been only for a few hundreds, plenty of good riders would have accepted it, but as it is they are scared by the largeness of the sum, with the result that I have earned the reputation for being a great horseman very cheaply.'

Count San Fedele leant across the table. 'Did I understand you to say that the bet was still open?' he asked.

'Certainly,' said the Englishman.

'Then I think that if you have no objection I would like to take up the challenge!'

'*You*, San Fedele,' burst out old Barletta; 'why, man, he is three times the horseman you are, and has the best horses in Italy. Don't make a fool of yourself!'

'I thank the Colonel for his evident interest in my affairs,' said San Fedele slowly, 'but in spite of his excellent advice I confess that I feel inclined to insist on making a fool of myself, that is if the Signor really means what he says.' He rose to his feet, and came and stood opposite the Englishman. 'Well?' he said.

Mr. Brotherton looked him up and down. 'I warn you,' he said, 'that if you intend to jump wire, I have two Australian horses here who think nothing of it.'

'I do not intend to jump wire.'

The Englishman sprang up and held out his hand. 'Then, by Jove, sir,' he said, 'I am at your service whenever and wherever you wish.'

They shook hands over the table, and stood for an instant gazing into each other's eyes. They were fine men both of them, and not unlike each other in build and in the colour of their hair and eyes, though the Englishman was the taller by a couple of inches, and there was a dash of recklessness in his carriage that the southerner lacked.

'If it suits you then,' said the Italian, 'shall we say Ponte Nomentano to-morrow at ten o'clock?'

'Certainly.'

'And if these gentlemen would be so kind as to keep the affair secret till it is over, I should be intensely grateful. We do not, I am sure, desire to organise an exhibition of horsemanship for the benefit of Roman society, though I for my part have no objection to the gentlemen here present being witness and judges. Do you agree with me, Mr. Brotherton?'

'In every particular,' answered the Englishman.

'I for one promise not to speak of the affair to any one till it is over,' said Barletta. 'So do I!' 'So do I!' The others crowded round San Fedele and Mr. Brotherton, with eager, excited faces promising to be silent.

'In that case all that remains to be done is to arrange about the payment of the stakes,' said San Fedele; 'have you any suggestion to make, Mr. Brotherton?'

'I suggest that we both deposit papers to the value of ten thousand pounds or two hundred and fifty thousand francs in Colonel Barletta's hands, if he has no objection.'

'I do not object if ze affair is for to-morrow,' said the Colonel.

'Very good,' said San Fedele, 'I will send you my draft to-night, Colonel; I suppose, Mr. Brotherton, that if the winner of this challenge were to lose his life in the event the stakes would go to his heirs?'

'I had not considered the possibility; but if you wish it so, I have no objection,' said the Englishman.

'Then, gentlemen, I think that everything is settled. Mr. Brotherton, *au revoir* till to-morrow.' He bowed gravely to us all and strolled out of the tent. A minute after we heard the wheels of his dog-cart on the road going towards Rome.

Mr. Brotherton left also almost immediately and the party broke up. I was the last to quit the tent, and on stepping out on to the road found that everybody had driven off except the Master and Barletta; the two were sitting on a low wall at the side of the road. 'I don't understand it at all,' the former was saying, 'he rides very well, I admit, and his horses are good enough for ordinary purposes, but as to thinking that he can give that Englishman a lead that he cannot follow, why the man must be mad! And he isn't so very rich; ten thousand pounds must mean quite a third of his fortune.'

'Who is this Count of San Fedele, Colonel?' I asked, 'and how is it that I've never seen anything of him before?'

'San Fedele,' said the Colonel thoughtfully, 'hasn't hunted here for quite ten years. He is a young man of very good

family, and at present, I believe, pretty well off. When he was here last I don't suppose that his whole fortune amounted to more than two hundred thousand francs, but he made money somewhere on the coast of South America, in Venezuela, I think, in pearl fisheries, which in my poor opinion is very much to his credit, for the average impecunious young Italian of good family would as soon think of leaving his country and working hard for his living as you and I would of—of—er—I don't know what, I'm sure!' The Colonel finished his sentence rather lamely.

'He had an incentive, hadn't he, to make money?' said the Master.

'What do you mean?' asked Barletta.

'Well, there was some rumour of a love affair, wasn't there? A *grande passion*, the usual story, I believe, not money enough and the parents refusing their consent, but the sequel was unusual, I admit, for he went off to Venezuela, as you said, to make his fortune, which is not the custom of our young aristocrats. The average Roman youth who is in want of money considers a rich marriage a less degrading way of obtaining it than hard work. I don't suppose his *grande passion* is more than a pleasant memory by now, but the money must come in useful, and I wonder at his wanting to throw it away on Mr. Brotherton.'

'Who was the lady?' I asked.

'Ah! The lady was a great beauty, and San Fedele was by no means her only admirer; the loveliest face in Italy, we used to say she had, and some are of the same opinion still. Donna Bianca Glorioli, she was, Princess d'Ivrea she is now.'

'The Glorioli, *per Dio!*' exclaimed Barletta, 'why she was only married a few months ago!'

'Yes; it must be very irritating to San Fedele, if he still cares for her as he used to. She might have married him, I dare say, if he had come back six months earlier, but he only arrived here last week, and when he was in Rome, four years ago, his money had not yet been made.'

'It's a curious affair,' mused old Barletta; 'do you remember the story of her going to a box at the opera in Naples, and all the men in the stalls standing on the chairs during the *entr'acte* to see her better? Very unpleasant for the poor girl, I daresay, but she was well worth looking at, and that was only five or six years ago. She must be about twenty-eight or twenty-nine by now. I should not wonder if that fool of a San Fedele loved her still!'

'And is somewhat careless about the safety of his neck and the amount of his income after having lost all hope of marrying her, eh? Well, everything is possible, but it sounds rather too romantic and sentimental to be true!'

The Master suddenly sprang to his feet and called to his groom to bring up his dog-cart. 'If we stay gossiping here much longer,' he said, 'we shan't get home till nine o'clock at night; just look at the sun. It's almost set already!' He pointed with his crop towards the west where, above the faint

PONTE NOMENTANO

outline of the town, the great dome of St. Peter's rose up all bathed in a glory of orange and gold by the last rays.

The Master's dog-cart and the cab in which I had driven out with Barletta trotted up, and in a few minutes we were all spinning briskly homewards.

The Ponte Nomentano, which San Fedele had chosen for the *rendezvous* with Mr. Brotherton, is an old covered bridge built across the Aniene, about three miles out of the town. You, Signorina, must know it well. It was a fresh, bright morning when I rode out from the Porta Pia and, trotting through the lanes, or *vicoli* as we call them, came out again on to the high road near the Church of St. Agnese. Here I was joined by Mr. Brotherton and Barletta. The former, who

seemed to be in excellent spirits, was mounted on a magnificent Irish hunter, a bay with black points, and behind him came his groom on a thoroughbred mare. 'I call him Platonic Friendship,' he said, in answer to a question of mine concerning the horse he was riding, 'because he is faster than he looks.' He laughed, and turned in his saddle to question Barletta, who was lagging a little behind, about the country round the Ponte Nomentano. 'It's mostly big timber and stone walls isn't it?' he asked.

'Yes,' said the Colonel, 'but ze stone walls are nozzing, and as to ze timbah I not belief zer is a *staggionata* in ze country zat you could not jomp wiz dat orse, zough I vould zink twice before I did say ze same of San Fedele and his mounts.'

'Well, I hope he will show us some sport at all events,' said the Englishman.

We had arrived by this time at the bridge, and as we walked our horses over it we saw San Fedele and the Master coming to meet us, the former dressed all in black and mounted on a very handsome thoroughbred.

'Good morning, Mr. Brotherton,' he said as he rode up, 'we could not have a better day for our experiment, could we? The ground is excellent and there is just enough wind to make it pleasant.'

He looked a fine man in the saddle, rather too thin and wiry, but holding himself with an easy grace that spoke of a firm grip of the knees and a perfect sympathy with the fine beast that he rode; the sunburnt, aristocratic face showed not a trace of any emotion or anxiety, and he spoke quite cheerfully, though there seemed to be the faintest trace of a sneer in his voice as he praised the fine weather and the excellent ground. Mr. Brotherton looked him up and down with a dawning admiration in his eye. 'That is a fine horse of yours,' he said, 'have you had him long?'

'Yes, I've had him a long time, over ten years; he is fourteen years old now and as game as ever he was; he has had an easy time of it though, for when I was abroad I left him with a friend in the country, where he was well looked after. He is a fine old horse, as you say, and even if he can't jump quite as well as once upon a time he will refuse nothing that I choose to put him at. Would you, old man?' He bent forward to caress his horse's neck, then looking up with a smile at the Englishman:

'Shall we start, then, Mr. Brotherton?' he asked.

'When you wish,' was the answer.

'Look here, San Fedele,' interrupted the Colonel, who for some reason seemed to be in a bad temper, 'I am old to risk my neck riding after a couple of idiots over half the Campagna Romana, but I would like to see something of the sport, so that if you would be so kind as to tell me whereabouts you intend to go I might perhaps get a glimpse of you without jumping anything more formidable than a ditch or a stone wall.'

'Ah! *Colonnello mio*, you want to be in at the death without leaving the road. You used not to be like that in the old days. Well, you might ride up to the Casal de' Pazzi—all of you, we are sure to pass there sooner or later. Mr. Brotherton, I must ask you to keep quite forty yards behind me in case I were to have a spill; the country is quite open, so that there will be no fear of your losing sight of me even if by any chance I were to distance you.'

Mr. Brotherton nodded, and without further words San Fedele passed through an open gate on the left into a field and cantered off along the river side, Mr. Brotherton following him.

'Come along, you two,' said Barletta, 'we had better do what he told us if we want to see anything,' and he started trotting along the high road with the Master and myself at his heels.

The Casal de' Pazzi, Signorina, must be well known to you, and I need not lose time in describing it; it stands, as you will remember, on some rising ground on the right side of the high road that goes to Sant' Alessandro. One thing, which perhaps you have not noticed or do not remember, is that from the lowest building of the cluster of houses that form the so-called Casale there runs at right angles to the road a broad, grass-covered dyke, that rises about nine feet above the fields on each side of it, and ends abruptly on the bank of a shallow, muddy stream. I suppose that the dyke was originally built with the intention of making a road from the Casale, that should cross the stream by means of a bridge and continue on the other side. As it is, however, bridge there is none, and the dyke does not even continue on the other side of the stream. From the end of the dyke there is not even any way down to the water, and to get across you would have to leap about five yards across and three down. On the opposite side of the stream the bank is very low indeed, but barely ten feet distant from the water there is a small timber fence or *staggionata*.

It is not more than a mile and a half from the Ponte Nomentano to the Casal de' Pazzi, and in a few minutes we turned off the road into the fields just below the Casale and made our horses scramble up the sides of the dyke. From this point of vantage we could see on one side the road along which we had come, running between green fields and bordered with large *staggionate*, and on the other side the country opened out towards Sant' Alessandro and the Alban hills.

'There is plenty of stiff jumping for them if they come down here,' said the Master, gazing round him at the fields, that were all divided up with timber fences and stone walls. Barletta made no answer, and for a few minutes we all stood waiting in silence. The air was very still, for the little breeze that there had been when we started had subsided. Some large black clouds had come up, however, and the country was all in shade. 'Hullo! Here they come,' said the Master, and pointed with his crop towards a little rising knoll on the opposite side of the road. One horseman and then another appeared for an instant on the sky-line and then came swiftly down the slope towards us. I looked up and down the road to see if there were an opening for them to come out at, but there was none.

'They will have to jump both the *staggionata* on and off the road,' I said, 'that is if they want to come here.' Apparently they did, for San Fedele, whom we could easily distinguish now, slowed his horse's gallop into a canter as he set him at the first fence. There were a few moments of suspense, and then we saw the gallant old horse rise clear over the top bar, come down lightly on the side of the road, gather himself together again and leap over the second fence into the field. 'Well done!' yelled Barletta, 'now for the Englishman!' Mr. Brotherton, whose reputation for hard riding was a well-earned one, hardly slowed down at all as he approached the first *staggionata*, and once more we saw the two fences magnificently cleared. Then came a thunder of hoofs, the sound of a horse's heavy breathing, and San Fedele dashed up the side of the dyke almost on the top of us, turned and galloped full speed towards the stream.

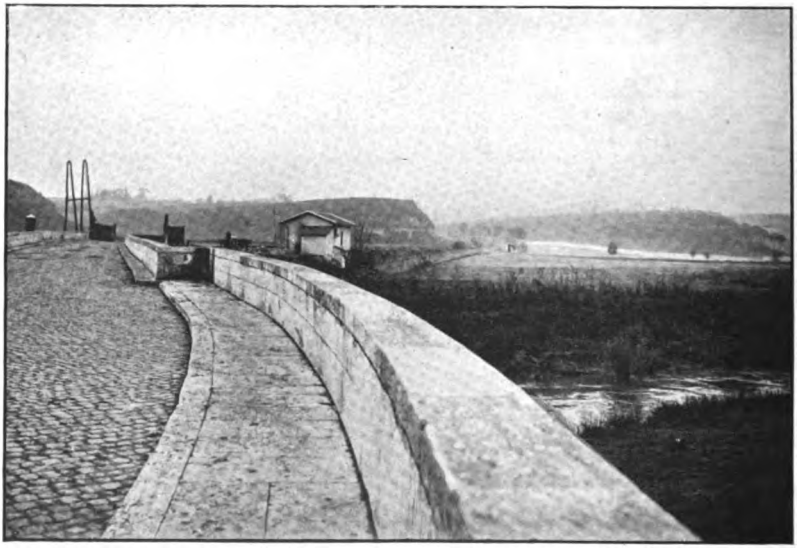
'He'll come to grief down there!' exclaimed the Master. 'Look out! Move back a bit you two, or we'll be in the Englishman's way.' In our excitement we had all instinctively pressed forward, and during the instant's confusion which arose as we pulled our mounts back, San Fedele had come to the end of the dyke, and his horse, either because the pace did not

permit him to hesitate, or because of the fine thoroughbred courage which forbade him even to dream of refusing what his master required of him, sprang bravely forward and came down heavily on the opposite bank. His head as he landed almost touched the little *staggionata* that still barred his path, but with a supreme effort he regained his footing and again rose in the air. Nobody but a master horseman, such as San Fedele showed himself to be, could have got the horse over safely. As he landed again we saw that the top bar of the fence had been knocked off, leaving a large gap. Now it was the Englishman's turn. Like San Fedele he rode full speed at the jump, but his mount was a finer one ; easily, calmly, and with a lightness that was wonderful in so large a horse, Platonic Friendship leaped down, turned slightly at the pressure of his master's knees, and disdaining the gap left by the horse that had preceded him, jumped the entire *staggionata* into the field.

San Fedele was breathing his horse a little distance off ; we saw the Englishman ride up to him and apparently ask a question. San Fedele shook his head, and turned his horse back the way he had come, through the gap in the fence and across the stream, and without mounting on to the dyke cantered across the field towards a gate which opens on to the road. As he neared us old Barletta leant forward in his saddle to hail him, probably intending to ask him where he meant to to go ; but at the sight of San Fedele's face the Colonel's jaw dropped, and he only muttered to himself : 'Per Dio ! What is the matter with the fool ? I've seen men look like that who were riding to their death !' All the careless good humour that had characterised San Fedele's face had left it now ; his upper lip was drawn back showing his white teeth in a smile that was more like a dog's snarl than any natural expression of human features, and his eyes seemed to blaze with fury under his bent brows. He rode carefully, choosing the easiest path, and, opening the gate with his crop, trotted out on to the road and back the way we had come towards the Ponte Nomentano. Mr. Brotherton came next, and as he passed us he looked up and said : 'He's going to do something desperate, I think ; you had better come along too.' Without a word we all turned to ride after him, and choosing the soft ground at the sides of the road, put our horses to a trot. For a while only the rhythmic beat of the horse's hoofs broke the stillness as we rose and fell in the saddle. We could see San Fedele well ahead of us, keeping always to the road. As he neared the

river I thought for an instant that perhaps he intended to swim his horse across it in the hopes of thus shaking off the Englishman, but on reaching the Ponte Nomentano he turned suddenly to the right along a cart track by the river side, the same one that he had taken when he first started off. Mr. Brotherton was riding just a few paces in front of us, and as he too turned off to the right I caught a glimpse of his face which was grave and almost anxious. Something was going to happen, of this I felt convinced, and so, I am sure, did the others.

The river Aniene, along the right bank of which we were



PONTE SALARIO

riding, flows into the Tiber a couple of miles below the Ponte Nomentano ; but before this it is traversed again by two bridges ; the first one is the railway bridge over which runs the Florence line, and the second, the so-called Ponte Salario, is a fine stone bridge built in one great arch that rises almost sixty feet above the water. Always keeping to the cart track along the river side, and carefully opening all the gates as he came to them with his crop, San Fedele soon reached the railway crossing. We saw him bend in his saddle to speak to the *cantoniere*, then pull some money out of his pocket and throw it to him. By the time we in our turn got to the crossing San Fedele was nearing the second bridge, the Ponte Salario,

and the *cantoniere*, oblivious of his duties, was staring after him in open-mouthed astonishment.

'Come and open the gate, *imbecille!*' yelled old Barletta.

'Ah! I beg their excellencies' pardon,' exclaimed the *cantoniere*. 'I had not seen them come up. Is the Signor who has just gone by with their excellencies? He must be mad or ill surely? First he swore at me for not being quick, and then he threw me a twenty-five franc note. Is it not wonderful?'

'*Will* you open the gate, you fool?' roared Mr. Brotherton in English, and at last the man, probably fearing lest one of this band of obvious lunatics should brain him, opened the gates. We all pressed through, Mr. Brotherton leading, and dashed along the track at a gallop. On the river bank some women were washing linen and spreading it out on the grass to dry. Suddenly one of them, who was kneeling at the water's edge, sprang to her feet and pointed ahead of us. 'My God!' she screamed, 'look!'

On the parapet of the bridge, which spanned the river at right angles to the road we were following, there appeared all of a sudden against the blue of the sky the figure of a horse and rider. On reaching the centre of the bridge San Fedele had turned his horse, and driving his spurs into its flanks had set it to jump the balustrade on the side nearest to us. Unconscious probably of the peril that lay on the other side of the obstacle which confronted him, or trusting his master's hand that had never led him into a danger from which his splendid thoroughbred limbs and courage could not extricate him again, and encouraged by his master's voice that had never asked him in vain to do his best, the good old horse had leaped; but as he leaped he realised perhaps in his faithful, trusting horse's mind that he had been betrayed, that here was death; he changed his feet on the balustrade top, as some horses will, reared up in a last gallant effort to throw himself back before it was too late, stood for one terrible instant thus with a face grown suddenly fierce and thin, the nostrils dilated, showing even to us who were still distant as two blood-red spots, then plunged headforemost downwards.

With a low groan of horror Mr. Brotherton threw himself from the saddle and down the bank, and, without even stopping to throw off his coat or his spurs, plunged into the rushing, turbid water. San Fedele and his horse had disappeared; they came to the surface, however, in an instant, the horse struggling

desperately to reach the bank, but San Fedele only to disappear again. The suspense of the next few moments was too horrible for words. The Englishman swam up and down slowly, working hard to resist the strength of the current and the weight of his clothes; at last, however, the black, senseless form rose again, and with a few long strokes Mr. Brotherton was upon it, and forcing his way slowly towards the bank as the current carried him down stream, touched the ground at last, and bore his burden up the slope. We were all standing at the water's edge, and we followed him silently, quietly helping to loosen San Fedele's cravat and chafe his hands in order to bring him to, while old Barletta took his arms at the elbows and worked them up and down to aid his breathing. A tiny stream of blood trickled down his forehead on to the grass, and his hair was full of mud and straws. Soon his breathing, which had hardly been perceptible at first, grew stronger, and at last he slowly opened his eyes, fixing us with a vacant, uncomprehending stare.

'You've had a fall, old man,' said Mr. Brotherton kindly, 'but you'll be all right in a minute, only don't move, just lie still!'

San Fedele continued to stare upwards at the sky. 'I remember,' he said slowly; 'yes, I remember now.' Then he started suddenly, and made an attempt to rise, but fell back again. 'Where's the horse?' he asked weakly.

We all gazed anxiously round; we had forgotten the horse, but the next moment we caught sight of him standing near the bridge, with heaving sides and wild staring eyes; close beside him were our own horses lazily cropping the grass at the road side. The *cantoniere* and a few women crowded round us with excited questions on their lips, but Barletta pushed them unceremoniously away. Reassured as to the safety of his horse, San Fedele, with our help, rose heavily to his feet and stood leaning on my arm. Suddenly he noticed Mr. Brotherton's soaked condition.

'Hullo!' he said, 'you're wet too. Did you follow then?'

'No, I merely got wet in pulling you out of the water.'

San Fedele looked at him sharply: 'I understand,' he said with a smile. 'I owe you my life, Mr. Brotherton!'

The Englishman looked uncomfortable. 'I was nearest to the bank,' he said, 'there was no danger!'

San Fedele still smiled rather wearily. 'I understand,' he repeated, 'I understand perfectly well, but I am too tired to

thank you now, to-morrow, perhaps, if you will let me . . . but one thing that I must say is this, and I beg of you all to continue in your kindness to me and not repeat it. Mr. Brotherton,' and he turned to the Englishman, 'when I accepted your bet yesterday evening, I most ungenerously placed you at a disadvantage, for I had already decided to put an end to my life and I only took up your challenge as a means to that end. When I forced my poor old horse to take that leap I never expected to cross his back again—I reckoned, as you see, without an Englishman's courage and generosity. So one thing still I must ask of you and it is this: that you keep the ten thousand pounds and declare the bet a drawn one, for I feel that I have not met you fairly.'

He turned as he spoke and, without waiting for an answer, walked slowly towards his horse, who still stood shaking with terror on the river bank with foam at his mouth.

'Poor old man!' said San Fedele as he patted the horse's neck, 'I have been very cruel, and you most brave; can you forgive me, old man?' And the horse rubbed his nose gently against his master's coat and whinnied.

That night was the *première* of Mascagni's 'Iris,' at the Opera. I was in the stalls, but seeing old Barletta in the officers' box I strolled up during an *entr'acte* to talk to him. In the box, besides Barletta, were two or three young officers, and among them Landolfi, very sorry for himself because his military duties had not allowed him to appear at the Ponte Nomentano in the morning. He had just come from San Fedele's and was talking nineteen to the dozen. 'The old horse is dying, poor thing!' he said. 'It has got inflammation of the lungs and, the vet. says, no power on earth can save it. San Fedele is in despair. I found him sitting in the loose-box with it almost in tears. I felt quite sorry for him, though he has won ten thousand pounds!'

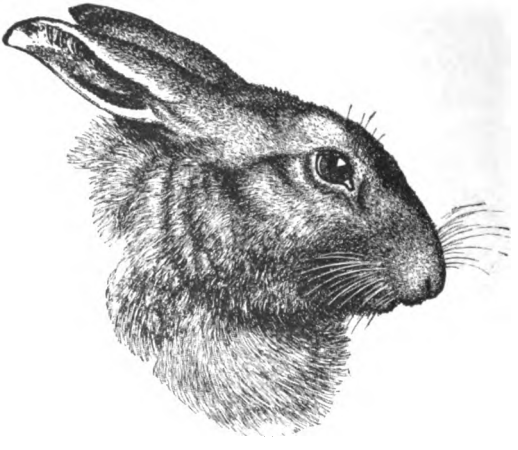
'Did the Englishman pay then?' I asked of Barletta.

'Yes,' said the Colonel, picking up his glasses and gazing through them at a lady who had just entered the box immediately opposite us, 'he insisted, and the money was paid into San Fedele's account this evening.'

'I'm sure I wouldn't mind losing a hunter or two,' continued Landolfi, 'if I could get ten thousand pounds out of them. San Fedele is a lucky beggar, don't you think so, Colonel?'

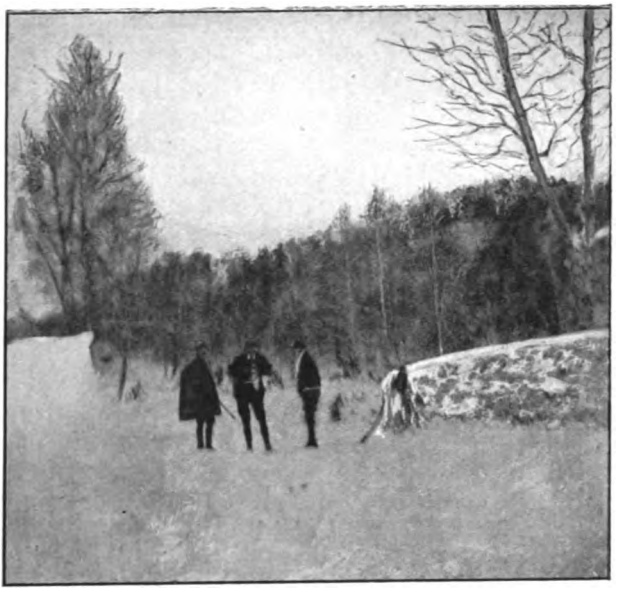
But old Barletta was still staring through his glasses in the box opposite, and following his gaze I recognised the Princess d'Ivrea, the white column of her neck rising from among the furs and laces of an opera cloak and a tiara of brilliants gleaming among the masses of soft hair, that seemed to form an aureole round the face. Men still called her the loveliest in all Italy! Old Barletta lowered his glasses and his eyes met mine.

'Poor devil!' he said.



THE "COTTESMORE."

From a Painting by George Rankin.



A COLD WAIT IN THE ROAD

HIND SHOOTING IN WINTER

BY P. G. S. PAYNE

SCOTLAND in winter might be an altogether different country from the Scotland of our summer holidays; and we realised the difference when, leaving London in its smoke-laden darkness, we woke to see the wintry sun striking brightly on the snow-capped mountains.

The rich green fern-covered sward before the shooting lodge, where we basked in the sun last summer, was now a russet-coloured carpet flecked with streaks of brown and gold; pleasant enough to look at but not inviting to repose on for those with a wholesome fear of 'the rheumatics.' The trees, though almost entirely stripped of their foliage, still outlined with their naked branches the beauty of their form, but over against the opposite hill the sombre green of the sturdy firs showed out in masses against the sprinkling of snow on the open ground.

Below the house, the river, which in August gently ripples over the shallows, or flows like a sheet of silver over the broad reach of the ferry pool, now rushed down in a swollen and lead-

coloured torrent. The salmon pool by the mill, which we had so often reproached for its lack of water, was a foaming cataract, spreading its waters far over the highest of the fishing stones. No longer could we watch the many-coloured lights play over the heather-covered slopes of the hills; but the black of their rugged peaks standing out against the sparkling snow produced a more magnificent effect, and there was a stern grandeur about the wintry landscape which was more striking than all the varied beauty of the same scene in summer.

The smallest trickling burn now plunged down the hill side like a miniature Niagara Fall, and far away down the glen great Struan and Ben More reared their mighty heads like frosted silver cones against the steel-blue sky.

The winter stalking of hinds was the sport in view, and for this the snow which drove the deer down off the hills was all in our favour. Duncan declared 'the forest was just crawling with beasts,' so I started off under his charge with the most hopeful feelings. A short struggle with the swollen river in a cockle-shell of a boat soon brought us to the other side, and from the moment we entered the wood it was evident that we might come across them at any moment. Duncan, who did the stalking, advanced with the utmost caution, while behind him I endeavoured at the same time to keep an eye on his movements, and to assure myself that the third gillie who carried the rifle was within convenient reach.

The wood was full of hills and hollows, and every rock-strewn fern-covered dell might hold a herd of deer.

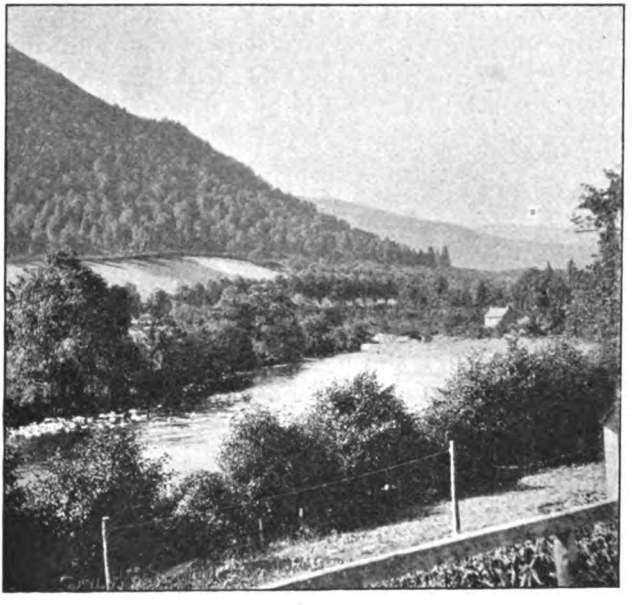
As Duncan slowly raised his head over the top of each rise and peered into the valley beyond, my heart seemed to thump audibly at the thought of what he might be seeing which I could not.

It was not, however, until we had almost reached the top that Duncan suddenly fell flat on his face, and began making weird motions with his hands which I took to mean there was something in sight. Then he made a signal which brought the third gillie crawling to his side with the rifle, and as Duncan slowly drew it from its cloth case, I felt the moment for action had arrived. Yet when I wriggled forward and looked over the crest I could at first see nothing. Then, following the direction of Duncan's fixed gaze I at last saw something flickering over the top of the heather on the slope of the opposite hill. Finally I made out that the moving objects were a hind's ears and that she lay about eighty yards off, with her head and part of

neck only showing, while her eyes were apparently fixed straight on us.

It was by no means an inviting shot, and I hesitated while Duncan, who is an excitable man, pressed the rifle into my hand, whispering 'Shoot, shoot quick, or she'll be awa'.'

Just, however, as I was hardening my heart to do it, the hind must have seen or scented us, for with one bound she was on her feet, and in another second would have been over the hill. Feminine curiosity was, however, fatal to her, for in



THE RIVER AND FOREST

the moment she paused for a last look at us my rifle cracked; and with a heavy stumble the deer plunged down the side of the hill only to roll over at the bottom, to my huge delight.

The third gillie was sent off to bring up the pony, which had been sent round the river by the bridge, and while I lighted a pipe under the lee of a rock, Duncan took out his glass and began a very careful examination of every corrie on the open hill side. Presently, from the fixed attitude of his glass, I guessed he had spied something, and asked him if any beasts were in sight. He replied that a small lot were coming out of the wood, having probably been disturbed by the pony, and the information was quite sufficient to bring me to my feet,

At first I could see nothing, but under the direction of Duncan I at length distinguished some dark shapes moving among the trees. He pronounced them a small stag and two or three hinds, and that they were making for the open ground.

As soon as they showed signs of settling, Duncan decided to follow them, and we started crawling and creeping over the open ground in the direction of the hollow they had stopped to feed in. It was anxious work as we got near the spot, for a glance every now and then showed that they were rather scattered and might see us any moment, as there was very little cover except the slight depressions in the ground. Finally, by wriggling up the extremely damp channel of a small burn, we reached a slight rise, on the other side of which they were supposed to be. Duncan peered over and then signalled to me to close up. Thrusting the rifle into my hand he whispered that they were just on the move and I must shoot quickly. I dragged myself inch by inch to the top of the rise, and my first glance showed me the whole lot with their heads up staring suspiciously in our direction. They were standing badly for a shot, and, in spite of Duncan's usual adjurations to shoot quick, I waited until one turned broadside on, and then fired, aiming just behind the shoulder. The whole lot were off like a shot, and Duncan sprang to his feet with a flood of Gaelic expletives, of which I felt my sins of omission were the principal subject. But, just as the deer reached the top of the opposite hill, the hind I had fired at gave a prolonged stagger and fell forward on her head.

Duncan's lamentations were speedily turned to the most extravagant rejoicings, and hurrying up we found that, though the beast had run at least fifty yards, the bullet had as nearly as possible gone straight through the heart.

The pony had now appeared in sight with the two other gillies, so while they performed the usual rather unsavoury obsequies, and loaded both the hinds on the deer-saddle, I retired to lunch behind a distant rock which gave some shelter from a passing shower. This, however, lasted some time, but seemed quite unable to damp the ardour with which the gillies imbrued themselves with the sanguinary operation of cleaning the deer, or to check the flow of guttural Gaelic in which I was sure all the events of the morning were discussed. I was only too thankful to have escaped that state of profound gloom to which a bad shot often reduces the keen gillie when the performance of the unlucky sportsman does not come up to his expectations,

As it was I had the satisfaction of enjoying my lunch with the feeling that there was not much amiss with the morning's sport.

After lunch the rain turned to a snow-storm, and made the use of the spy-glass for the time being impossible ; but when it cleared away Duncan almost immediately spied a herd of some size feeding along a ridge about a mile off. To approach them we had to make a considerable *détour* to avoid their getting the wind from us, and when we at length got a good line for the advance the deer were slowly feeding away from us. However,

GILLIES SPYING

Duncan was equal to the occasion, and with a strategy which much reminded me of our recent work in South Africa, moved in their direction as fast as was consistent with keeping under cover. At one moment with head down and rifle at the trail he was scurrying across a bit of open ground beyond the sight of the deer; at another we were painfully wriggling inch by inch through the dripping heather up a hollow in full sight of the herd. Finally, we got within eighty yards of the ridge where we had last seen them feeding, but by that time the larger number had moved over the hill. Duncan whispered that there were still two hinds lying down close to the crest, and when I dragged myself up beside him I caught a glimpse of the head of one ; but the sun shone directly over the edge of the hill behind

it into my eyes, so we had to wait for a cloud to come over the sun before I could see to shoot.

When at last a cloud did come the light was still bad, but I took careful aim at the one nearest me, and with that deadly shot through the neck, her head went down in the heather without a struggle. There must have been a misleading echo off the face of the hill, for at the sound of the shot the whole herd came trotting back round the hill, and after one horrified look at their slain companion broke away down the corrie almost at right angles to us.

'Load, load again, and slap it into them!' shouted Duncan, excited beyond measure at the long line of deer rushing past us. I rammed another cartridge home in the breech, and took a hasty sight for the shoulder of one of the last hinds as they swept past. Over she went like a rabbit, and Duncan rushed down the hill shouting with delight. On examination I noticed that the bullet had struck her high behind the ear, but I did not think it necessary to mention to Duncan that this was rather wide of the spot I had aimed at. 'Gran' shooting,' he exclaimed; 'why, Mr. Dick, you must have been a terror to them Boers!'

I reflected that perhaps potting a few hinds did not require the nerve one acquires by shooting in deadly earnest, but remarked that it was a fine thing that the hinds could not shoot back. However, we were both pleased, though Duncan was already sweeping the horizon with his glass in search of fresh victims.

Our orders were not to press the ground too much at first, so I suggested that I thought we had done enough for the first day, and persuaded the unwilling Duncan that as soon as the other gillies came up we had better take the shortest cut home.

Duncan, like all Scotch gillies, was insatiably blood-thirsty after deer, and had the most murderous feelings against the hinds, which, he assured me, were much too thick on the ground, and spoilt the stag-shooting. But though it was only a little past two, it was getting perceptibly darker, for the snow-clouds were gathering fast over the chain of hills at the end of the glen. Away in the west, Ben More towered like a white spectre against the leaden sky, the leader of a procession of rugged mountains which glimmered like ghosts all the way down the pass in the direction of the road to Skye.

It was down that bleak and desolate pass the unhappy

Prince Charlie had fled after the disastrous battle of Culloden, and I thanked my stars that if we hurried home before the storm we should have nothing worse before us than a cheerful fire, with a congenial party for a game of Bridge.

We were back none too soon, for all that night the snow fell in whirling clouds, and next morning the whole country was wrapped in its glistening white garment. There was a sharp frost, and the snow crackled ominously under our feet. I was to be on Ronald Mackenzie's beat that day, and he took a most despondent view of our chances, saying that we should never get within half a mile of the deer without their hearing us. He was a gaunt big Highlander of a dour nature, very different from my excitable friend Duncan, but an excellent stalker.

However, we worked our way down to the eastern march of the forest, and for a time I feared his dismal forebodings would come true. As soon as we crossed the bridge by the wood-cutting mill we could see the hill before us dotted with deer, who had been driven down from the higher ground by the snow. But try as we would, we could not get within shot. Being on higher ground they could see us well against the snow, and every step we made through the frozen drifts sounded like a pistol-shot.

But Ronald was not to be beaten, and after several unsuccessful attempts to approach them on the hill, he announced his intention of working to the east end of the forest and coming back on them from the higher ground. It was with some difficulty I grasped his plan of campaign, as he was at no time much of a talker, having, as they say, 'not much English,' though I have heard him fluent enough in his favourite Gaelic. We worked back to the river, and taking cover under its banks, made our way for nearly two miles down the stream.

Here we got into the wood; and whether the sun was now brighter or the trees gave some shelter from the frost, we found the snow much softer. Leaving the pony and other men below we gradually made our way up the hill. It was a grand sight as we cautiously advanced through the snow-covered glades. The ground was thickly carpeted with the gleaming white of the untrodden snow, every fir tree had its branches laden with heavy wreaths, while the endless columns of their tapering trunks stood out in bold relief against the glistening background. Snow seems to make a wonderful stillness, and for nearly an hour we crept on through the silent wood marching in Indian file and treading carefully in each others' footprints

almost without a sound. I was beginning to think we had this silent wilderness to ourselves, when suddenly Ronald dropped in his tracks as though he had been shot and began pulling the rifle from its case in the way that always sends my heart into my mouth.

Never a word he spoke, but as I peered over his shoulder I saw through the trees a fine stag of at least ten points lying quietly on the side of the hill opposite us. 'Ah, my fine fellow,' I thought, 'if it was but two months ago, what a shot you would make!'

However, as it was hinds we were after, I glanced round for a chance of paying my respects to any of the ladies of his family. There was a deep gully between us, and I caught sight of a single hornless head below us which gave me what I wanted. There was little but the back to aim at, but I took a rest against the nearest fir tree and the finest sight I could see. Crack went the rifle, and the hind rolled over with a broken backbone. At the same moment there was a terrible hubbub, with the trampling of many hoofs, as at least a dozen beasts galloped furiously out of the hollow which had concealed them.

Ronald said never a word, but snatching the rifle from me, threw back the bolt and loaded again from the magazine. The herd was still flickering through the tree stems, and had paused for a moment to look wildly round them. Crack, again, as I took a snapshot through the trees. A miss, by Jove! and the deer galloped on. I was watching the last of them disappear, when Ronald grasped my arm and pointed silently to the hill above us. Just on the crest a single hind had appeared and stood snuffing the wind to discover the cause of all this sudden turmoil. It was a good hundred yards, but I had an open shot, and as the report of the rifle echoed through the wood the beast stumbled to its knees.

'She's na doon,' grunted Ronald as he rushed off up the hill. And sure enough, as we reached the top we saw the deer disappearing down the opposite side. I hate wounding a beast, and groaned aloud; but Ronald pointed to a red stain on the trampled snow. 'She'll no go vara far,' he remarked, and drawing his knife, leisurely descended to give the *coup de grâce* to the one that was first shot.

Almost immediately the gillies with the pony appeared, having heard the shot and being guided by their unerring knowledge of the ground to the spot. I could barely wait while

Ronald gave instructions to the men where to rejoin us after loading up the dead hind.

Once on the track, however, Ronald was as keen as a blood-hound. Through the trees and over the snow-drifts he marched swiftly without a word and with scarcely a pause. The snow, of course, showed the deer's hoof-marks pretty clearly, but there were many tracks, and I could at times scarcely see the small blood spots which Ronald pointed out with unerring precision. On he went steadily, twisting in and out the trees, and up and down the hills and hollows, every now and then pausing in

SNOW IN THE WOOD

doubt and casting round until he came on the tell-tale blood marks again. He held the rifle ready for a shot, as we might come on the wounded animal lying down at any moment. I thought his face grew somewhat longer as the tracks led us nearer and nearer the march, but all of a sudden he fell on his knees and began drawing his spyglass from its case. After a steady stare through the trees, he remarked oracularly, 'She's doon,' and following the line of his finger, I could just see through the trees the head and neck of a hind in the middle of a clump of bushes. She had not seen us, so I had time to take a steady rest against a rock. I was determined not to miss this time, and as the rifle cracked the head of the beast fell back among the bushes. When we got up we found the last bullet

had gone clean through her throat; the first was too far forward and had broken the leg, and it was a marvel to me how she had gone so far. However, it was a load off my mind, and I could now enjoy my lunch and a pipe with an easy conscience. I chose a seat on a little hill from which I got a view of a big stretch of the snow-bound forest, and far away at several spots among the trees I could see dark shapes moving which I knew were deer.

Ronald, however, announced that he had spied some down

LOADING UP THE DEAD HINDS ON THE PONY

towards the river, and as he was master of the ceremonies, to the river we went.

We were now pretty high up, and it was not long before I saw the three hinds we were after down in an open space near the falls.

I think the sound of the fall prevented their hearing us until we were just above them, when they began to get uneasy, and finally moved off up the hill. Ronald was familiar with every inch of the ground, and started off at a run for the top of a ravine, up which he knew they were heading. We had just reached the top when I saw the leading hind trotting gently up the slope. It was not safe to risk a moving shot, and in another moment they would be out on the open forest,

I was down behind a fallen tree with a beautiful rest if they would only stop. Suddenly Ronald threw himself down and gave a long clear whistle. In an instant the leading hind paused and gazed wildly round her. At the same moment I fired, and she rolled over without a struggle. Hardly had the report died away when the two following hinds appeared. I had barely time to reload before they reached the spot where the first one lay dead. For an instant they paused, then sprang on as if the sight struck terror to their minds. But just as they reached the top curiosity seemed to triumph, and they stopped to look back at their fallen comrade. That moment cost them dear, for standing up against the sky-line they made an easy shot, and another plunged wildly down the opposite side of the hill. I was afraid she was only wounded again, but Ronald assured me 'she was deed eno',' and sure enough we found her thirty yards over the hill with a shot clean through the body.

It now began to snow; at first gently, but soon the flakes were drifting thickly through the trees. We were some way from home, so knowing how fast the snow could come in these parts, we dragged the two beasts together and set off for home. The snow was so thick that at times we could hardly see our way, but some of the deer seemed to find it the same, for we stumbled right into another lot on our way home, and one of them fell a victim to an easy shot before the rest could flit away like shadows among the trees. Half-way home we met the pony returning, so directing the gillies where to find the deer we hurried on, though as soon as we reached the open road Ronald returned, doubtless eager to revel in the last rites of the dead so dear to every Highlander. For my own part I was fairly frozen by the time I reached home; but a prescription of whisky and water followed by an excellent dinner soon cured that complaint. The rest of our stay was devoted to driving the cunning blackgame in the wood, and walking up the wily woodcock in the hill-side spinnies; but though owing to the cold weather we were fairly successful with both, nothing to my mind provided the same excitement as stalking the hinds over those bleak hills and snow-bound woods in the coldest month of the Scotch winter.

WINTER BICYCLING

BY R. T. LANG

By too many, in a nation which boasts the Vikings as its forefathers, is bicycling regarded solely as a summer pastime. The grim delights of a battle with the storm, the bracing ecstasy of a frost-bound ride, the stern joys of ploughing through a sea of mud are unknown to the dilettante who sends his bicycle to winter quarters directly the first brown days of October have come. Bicycling in summer, popular and pleasant though it be, is but another form of idling; winter bicycling is sport real, unadulterated, vigorous sport. It is a strong man's game, one whereat a constitution may be built up, provided the foundation be there. On a wild day in winter, when the clouds are scurrying across the leaden sky, when the wind is dashing over the opens and whistling through the trees, when the roads lie a mass of seething mud and all the outlook is seeming blank and cheerless, that is the time for the grandest sport the bicycle offers to the man of thews and sinews.

I have spoken of bicycling as distinct from its companion sport, tricycling. The tricycle has its points as a winter-riding machine, but there is the fatal objection that it requires a broad track. Its three wheels have each to force its own way, a bicycle runs in its own single track, an important consideration when, as is often the case, a way has to be picked. Therefore, it is the bicycle that I recommend for winter, notwithstanding the dangers of side-slip which may be urged against it—which dangers, I shall presently show, may be minimised until they become of no importance.

The first care of the winter bicyclist must be for his machine. For winter work, something vastly different from the feather-weight of summer is needed. The bicycle should be of the pattern usually described by the manufacturers in their catalogues

as 'full roadster,' that is, a machine weighing, when complete, about 35 lbs. or 36 lbs. In the case of light riders, men of 120 lbs. to 150 lbs. weight, a slightly lighter pattern may be selected, but in no instance should anything under 30 lbs. be turned on for winter service. It is not only a question of stability, but that the bicycle will be subjected to heavy strains and, if too light, will, under the powerful thrusts and hard pedalling of winter riding, twist and 'give' to such an extent as to absorb a large amount of the power expended, and therefore be appreciably harder to drive than one which remains rigid under all trials. Not only is the tubing stronger in a 'full roadster,' but all the parts, even to the spokes, are usually on stronger lines; and strength is the first item needed in the winter bicycle.

'Cheap' bicycles are inadvisable at any time, but most of all for winter riding. The cheap bicycle may serve well enough through the gentle days of summer, but its qualities will rapidly make themselves apparent on the winter road, for such bicycling is undoubtedly a great test to place upon the machine. Even if it were not, one does not wish to be compelled to dismount in the midst of a pouring rain or a blinding snowstorm to adjust some part, a detail which might pass unnoticed on a day in June or August. Strength and sturdiness are the qualities demanded in the winter bicycle.

The outfit of the bicycle must be considered in relation to the work it has to perform. The winter rider will place no count on speed, but it must be borne in mind that speed in the bicycle and ease of driving are correlative terms; the bicycle which the same man can, under similar circumstances, ride the fastest, must necessarily be the easiest machine to drive. For sheer speed a rather heavily-built racer would therefore be the best thing for winter riding, but even the hardiest must be prepared to sacrifice something to comfort. A man does not go out for a day's shooting in University running costume because that would hamper his movements least.

With this idea of comfort the tyres of the bicycle should be large; for the back wheel not less than $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width and not less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the front wheel. By this means vibration is greatly reduced, a small matter on a merely muddy day, but one of vast importance when the roads are frostbound. It is a well-known fact that excessive vibration has a pronounced effect upon the energies of the bicyclist and will tire him more quickly than many miles of riding. The larger tyres are not so conducive to speed as their smaller summer rivals, but when

the additional tendency towards vibration on the winter roads is taken into consideration the net result is probably an actual gain in speed. And the saving to the bicycle by employing the larger tyres is enormous. The tyres should either be fitted with non-slipping bands or have a non-slipping tread. Of the various designs of these, I prefer those wherein the actual tread is perfectly smooth, but with two, three, or more corrugations at the side. I find that the smooth centre does not throw the mud to such an extent as occurs wherever there is a protuberance directly on the tread, while the side corrugations appear to afford as much safeguard against side-slip as can be obtained. The tyres should also be of 'full roadster' pattern, to minimise the chances of puncture. The aim of the winter rider, in everything, must be to avoid, as far as can be done, the possibility of anything going wrong upon the road.

In these days of rim-brakes, plated rims are almost a necessity, and a nuisance. Plating is at all times an endless worry to the winter rider. There is hardly any means of completely preserving it. Perhaps the best thing is to give the plated parts a double coating of silico-enamel, a transparent enamel which may be removed by methylated spirit when the summer comes again. This is a permanent method of preservation, although it is well not to rely entirely upon it, since sometimes the thin enamel has not covered every spot. For temporary purposes the plated parts may be rubbed over with a vaselined rag. It is not necessary to smear the parts in vaseline. All that is needed is an application of the rag, enough to prevent the water accumulating or to form an under-crust beneath the mud that may fly up and adhere. But with a rim-brake such things are impossible on the rims. The application of the brake will promptly remove the silico-enamel, while, as for vaseline—well, the result would lead to an experience similar to that which once befell a friend of mine.

It was in the days when band-brakes were popular. He had one of these fitted to his tricycle, and when he came to a long hill the brake refused to act. There was nothing to be done but to sit tight and trust in luck, and the latter being in the ascendant my friend got round the ugly corner at the foot of the hill in safety. As soon as he was able to pull up he dismounted to examine, and, if possible, solve the mystery of the brake. He discovered the cause of the trouble quickly enough. Before he started he had told his coachman to oil the machine; that worthy, in his innocent anxiety to

serve his master's interests, had included the brake in his operations!

For the same reason the vaselining of a rim, which has to take the application of a brake, is impossible, and therefore the only thing to be done is to give the rim a rub over with a dry cloth at the end of the journey and trust to that proving sufficient.

Not only are mudguards imperative on the bicycle for winter riding, but they should be of extra width. Some of the manufacturers recognise this and supply an extra wide mudguard when desired; but the majority still fit what, from a winter-rider's point of view, is only an apology. Celluloid mudguards of extra width can, however, be obtained; and, indeed, I prefer these on account of their lightness to the metal article. They have the advantage, too, of being easily taken off or put on, so that they may be discarded on a dry day, but kept at hand when really required. A common fault of mudguards is that the bridge between each of the stays is fitted inside the guard. It thus, as a projection, forms an ideal resting-place for mud, which collects there until enough has accumulated to become a permanent brake. Only one firm, so far as I know, amongst the large manufacturers, has adopted the common-sense plan of fitting the bridges outside the guards. Another fault, although this is not so pronounced now as it used to be, is that the front mudguard frequently does not come low enough down. In all cases it is better for winter riding to have a small leather flap fitted to the front guard; this will prevent most of the splash of the front wheel from coming to the shoes.

I strongly recommend a gear-case as a fitment to the winter bicycle. Consider for a moment how delicate a thing is the bicycle-chain, and the barbarity of exposing it to all the mud and rain and snow will be obvious. No matter what precautions may be taken, the chain cannot possibly run smoothly when it is so exposed. Therefore, a gear-case is practically a necessity. See to it that it is as nearly watertight as possible. The searching propensities of mud and rain are remarkable. A metal case built with the machine is best, but if the gear-case is not already part of the bicycle do not be led into having what is known as a detachable metal case fitted. It always rattles, and in other ways gives endless bother. If a case has to be specially fitted, one of the numerous patterns of celluloid cases will serve better than anything. Where a naked chain is used, the best way to minimise the difficulties is to take off the chain, clean it thoroughly with paraffin, then lay it in melted tallow.

Let it lie there long enough to soak the tallow thoroughly in, then hang it up to dry, and in due course restore it to its place. A further protection from the mud may be obtained by fitting two pieces of stout leather canvas at the side of the back wheel, between the chain stays and the back forks. A celluloid dress protector, sold by most of the bicycle shops for the use of ladies, serves the purpose capitally. It is V-shaped and fits over the mudguard. Where a gear-case is used this is only a refinement to save the side-splash from the wheel to the legs, but where a naked chain is used it prevents any mud off the wheel from falling on the chain.

The difficulty occasioned by mud getting into the bearings (and it will get into the most perfectly adjusted bearings which the maker can turn out) can be partially overcome by wrapping them with chenille. If an end be left hanging it will also allow the water to drain off, a little additional item of assistance. If the bearings have become dirty, the only remedy is to sluice them thoroughly with paraffin, laying the bicycle on its side so that the paraffin may run through. Then see that all the paraffin has run out before using the proper lubricating oil, since paraffin is, as a lubricant, a delusion and a snare.

In minor details I recommend felt handles to any other, since they are warmer to the touch than bone, cork or celluloid. Between rat-trap and rubber pedals there is little to choose. The former decidedly afford a better grip to the sole, but the latter are much more comfortable through the vibration of a frosty day. The saddle should be comfortable and fairly well sprung, and the handle-bar should be flat and certainly not above the level of the saddle. Personally, I prefer it about two inches lower than the saddle level, which does not bring one forward enough for the odious 'scorcher' attitude, but enough to allow one to exercise the power of the arms.

Having thus dealt with the machine, let us turn now to the person. The bicyclist may demur to my claim that the bicycle is of primary importance, but the winter rider requires to be an enthusiast, and the enthusiast always considers his steed before himself. The only thing the winter rider has to guard against is the sudden chill, which may be caught in a variety of ways. The risk is slighter than many may suppose, however, for the hard-riding winter cyclist is usually in good condition, and colds and chills have small terrors for him. But prevention is proverbially better than cure.

Warm clothing is imperative, and this should be, to the

smallest detail, of wool. A linen shirt may have its points, but it is a cold and clammy article to have near the skin when one is in a state of perspiration. No other garb than that of the bicyclist in general is necessary, but advantageous additions may be made. Thus, gaiters are useful in keeping the mud out of the shoes, to say nothing of the additional warmth they afford for the ankles. They are decidedly better than boots, which confine the ankles and prevent that free play necessary to efficient riding. It is a good plan, too, to have stockings which come well up over the knees, they afford an extra protection against rain and the possibility of 'rheumaticky' knees in old age. I suppose a mackintosh cape must be set down as a necessity; frankly, I have not yet succeeded in finding one which did not do more harm than good. Even when 'ventilated' it holds the steam of the body so much that a moisture rapidly forms on the inside. I have frequently seen the inside of a cape have more water on it than the outside. A stout jacket is, to my mind, the best of all protectors against a storm. Simplicity should be the note for clothing for winter bicycling. Wear what you would if you went out for a tramp in the rain, saving, of course, the enveloping mackintosh. Mackintosh leggings have been suggested, and are sold by most of the outfitters as specially suited for winter bicycling. The same objection applies to them as to the cape, with the addition that, since they fit more closely, the inner moisture is even worse. After all, there are worse things than a healthy English rain. Apropos to suggestions, I have even seen face-powders recommended for men! They are to save the complexion and sundry other things. I can only remark that the man who is concerned about his complexion had better stay at home. It is the only sure way to preserve it. Winter bicycling will only make it ruddy and healthy-looking.

So much for rider and machine. There are many practical points, however, independent, or perhaps it would be better to say contiguous, to both, which go far to make up the pleasures of this winter sport, for as such it must be regarded if it is to be a pleasure.

I have written of the danger of chills. It should be thoroughly understood that, for all practical purposes, it is impossible to 'catch a cold' while actually riding. The steady muscular exercise prevents it. The blood is kept in circulation, and no artificial heat is equal to that supplied through the arteries. Never mind the rain or snow so long as you are able

to continue riding, but 'ware standing about or sitting in wet clothes. That way danger lies. If wet through, the finest thing to do is to continue riding until home is reached; then, as quickly as one can get undressed, tumble into a hot bath. The joy of the 'tub' under such circumstances is indescribable. Even when riding, however, many men with bad or indifferent circulation suffer from cold feet if their shoes have been wet through. A good plan in such a case, when a little more 'wet' makes no matter, is to empty about half a glass of neat whisky into each shoe. It is much better than inward application.

Mention of the 'dew of the mountains' brings up the question of the suitability or otherwise of such for winter bicyclists. As a general rule it may be laid down that spirits in any form are best left alone. Whisky, in particular, has a most weakening effect after, say, half an hour. On the other hand, there are times when a man must drink something; on such occasions I have found a copious draught of whisky and milk, about a glassful of whisky to a tumbler of milk, to be as refreshing a drink as anything. Actually, there is nothing more refreshing or generally invigorating than a cup of tea, but one does not care to give the rural publican the trouble the preparation of it appears to be. Cold liquors should be avoided; indeed, I have found, as a rule, that ale makes me more than ever susceptible to cold. I do not know whether this is a personal peculiarity, I merely state it as an experience.

I have said that there are other reasons than the tyres affecting the liability to side-slip, the bugbear of winter bicycling. During the time I have indulged in the sport, and since I learnt the true theory of riding a bicycle, a period stretching now well into two decades, I have not had a serious fall from side-slip except such as have been due to external causes. There are occasions (tram-lines are a common cause) when it is practically impossible to avoid side-slip, yet, looking back on the few I have had, I am not able to recollect one which might not have been avoided by the exercise of proper precautions. The first point to bear in mind is to avoid 'plugging,' that is, pressing the pedals down with a jerky action. The pedalling movement ought to be even—a steady, gradual, persistent pressure, only to be obtained by perfect ankling. One of the reasons why ladies enjoy a comparative immunity from side-slip is that they use their ankles more than men. What the lady bicyclist lacks in strength she partially makes up in correct ankle action. Again, when the road is slimy, ride slowly. It is true that there is less

tendency to slip when riding fast, but if a slip does take place one cannot recover oneself as is possible when riding slowly. (By slowly, I mean about eight to ten miles an hour. To ride too slowly is as bad as to ride too fast.) Finally, when there is any slope on the road, pedal as much as possible with the foot on the lower side of the slope. Thus, if riding at the side of an ordinary macadamised road, pedal with the foot on the gutter side, using the other only if absolutely necessary. By this means the tendency is to push the bicycle against the slope instead of with it, thereby adding to the stability. These are rules for all bicycling in wet weather. The special cause most prolific of side-slip is tram-lines. Cross these always at as wide an angle as possible. Most of my side-slipping adventures have been brought about by neglect of this simple rule. The really slippery road, and the one from which most danger is to be feared, is that which is in a half-dried condition, when the mud has assumed a 'pasty' consistency. Another thing to avoid is the sudden swerve; on a wet road a quick turn of the wheel is almost certain to go before a fall. Every corner should be taken steadily, and if the bicycle be canted at all to take the turn, follow out the rule given above regarding a sloping road—*i.e.*, if turning to the right, pedal with the left foot only, or with the right foot if turning to the left. Whenever the road is narrow and, as is then usually the case, there are ruts at the side, keep to the centre. It may be rougher riding, but it is safe. The ruts are almost certain to lead to destruction. If these little points are borne in mind, I think the winter rider will have little trouble from side-slip. I know that it is an item which never concerns me.

It is a good plan when starting on the ride to set the pace moderately at first. The temptation to ride fast for the first mile or two is great; it warms one up; but this mile of preliminary fast riding takes more out of one than double the distance at the same speed later on. In bicycling, as in running, always save your sprint to the finish.

When the day is exceptionally cold, and one's hands and feet begin to lose their original warmth, I have found it a good plan to work the fingers round the handles and the toes in the shoes at each revolution. The friction in each case has the effect of restoring warmth.

If a mackintosh cape be used it will be found that, in riding against the rain, this beats under the cape and on to the knees and thighs. This may be partially prevented by holding the front

of the cape over the handle-bar, but that is at best a clumsy plan. A simpler method is to have a hook-and-eye fixed on the front of the cape about four inches apart; these, when required, can be fastened round the lamp-bracket and the cape thus held in position. This saves a great amount of the 'beating in.'

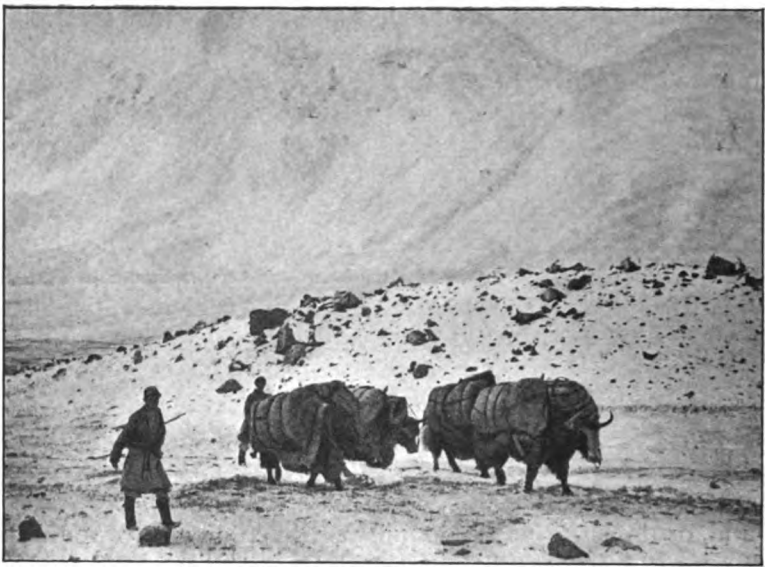
In the short days of winter the bicyclist may reasonably look forward to a considerable amount of night-riding, and the choice of a lamp becomes a matter of distinct importance. There are three kinds of illuminating power in common use, the acetylene light, the candle lamp and the oil lamp. For winter bicycling my own preference is for the acetylene light; it is by far the most brilliant of any. It is frequently stated to be the most troublesome of all the three descriptions. This is a view with which I am unable to agree. It is all a question of seeing that it is in good order before you start. The working is extremely simple. All one has to understand is that the association of carbide of calcium and water produces acetylene gas, which requires only the application of a match to produce the light.

If, when the match is applied, after the water has been turned on, no light appears, or only a small one, one of three things has happened. Either the water-tube has choked, in which case the trouble can be set right by pushing a pin up; or the burner has choked, when the pin again comes into service; or the carbide is worn out, for which the remedy is a fresh charge. The advantage of the acetylene light to the winter rider is that it not only gives a brilliant illumination of the darkest lane, but it is almost impossible to find a gale which will blow it out. In the same way it is easily lit, the slightest flicker of a match being enough.

The oil lamp is the old, 'reliable' light. It is certainly simple in operation, but it is difficult to keep alight in a strong, and especially a side wind, and such things as a clogging wick or burner are frequent sources of trouble. The candle lamp is hardly for winter riding. Its light is very small, and although sufficient when one has a preliminary knowledge of the road, it is not enough for general work. I should like to see our English lamp manufacturers devoting more attention to the acetylene light. In Paris one finds scarcely anything else. As a matter of fact, I do not remember to have seen an oil lamp in use on a Parisian bicycle of recent years. There are some good acetylene lamps made in England, but the best of them

yet has not given me as much satisfaction as two of German make which it has been my good fortune to possess. As these lamps are made now there is no danger of explosion. Only one thing is necessary to bear in mind. In the interests of the surrounding population, never blow an acetylene lamp out. Allow it to burn itself out, even if you have to leave it out of doors all night. The odour of escaping acetylene gas is enough to kill even a cat.

These are the principal points of winter bicycling as a sport, and it is as a sport that it must be approached if the truest pleasure is to be obtained from it. In a way, its most delightful form may be considered to be on the clear, frosty day, when the road stretches away a white-rimed ribbon of glistening silver, when every hedgerow is a sparkling kaleidoscope, when the sky is blue and there is a keen 'nip' in the air. But that is more of the pastime. We attain the sport when the rain is lashing round, or the snow whirling and twisting and twirling round the spokes, as I have seen it whirl and twist and twirl in the heart of the Cheviots, over the Derbyshire tors and through the wild fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands. It is then that the old Berserker spirit rises in the race, then that it is a fight with all nature as the enemy, a hard unending battle between man and his eternal foe. The sinews strain and every muscle stands out in angry knots as the wind beats down in a wild effort to end all further progress; for a few seconds it is almost a death-struggle, the wheels barely move, the hands grip harder, every muscle of the body joins in the fierce fight; a moment and the battle halts undecided, then the wind gives way, the pedals twist in the exhilaration of victory, only to renew the struggle a few yards farther, but with confidence in the power to win. It is a British sport, one in which only sons of the Vikings can revel, for there is something to conquer, something to defeat, an enemy implacable and untiring, but worthy all the fighting instincts of the Anglo-Saxon sportsman. To those in search of a new sensation let me advise a hard ride in the teeth of a wild nor'-easter. It is altogether different from the dilettante bicycling of summer days; it is the sport, where the other is but the pastime. It will rank with any as a test of pluck and endurance; it is a sport for men, and when the chill winds of our northern land whistle through the plantains the hard-riding, hard-fisted men of the shires and cities who follow my suggestion will find that they have discovered a new sensation and a new sport that is worthy of their muscle.



ON THE MARCH

STALKING IN THE PAMIRS

BY THE LATE CAPTAIN A. LE M. BRAY, R.A.[1]

I HAD spent about six weeks on the Pamirs after *Oves poli*, and having bagged four fair specimens, had been searching the country in vain for a really big head. Rams were plentiful enough; I had seen altogether in different parts of the Pamirs between two and three hundred, but the best heads among them never ran to more than 57 in. or 58 in., the size of those I had shot. A ram carrying a head of this size would be about seven or eight years old. What became of them after this age was a question I often puzzled over. The Kirghiz seemed to shoot mostly ewes and small males, and the few Europeans who had visited the country could hardly have exterminated every ram over eight years old. The natives accounted for the absence of big heads by saying that in the winter, when the poli are hunted by wolves, the rams with the heaviest heads get

[1] A melancholy interest attaches to this paper for the reason that just after finishing it the author was most unfortunately killed by the explosion of a gun in the Isle of Wight.

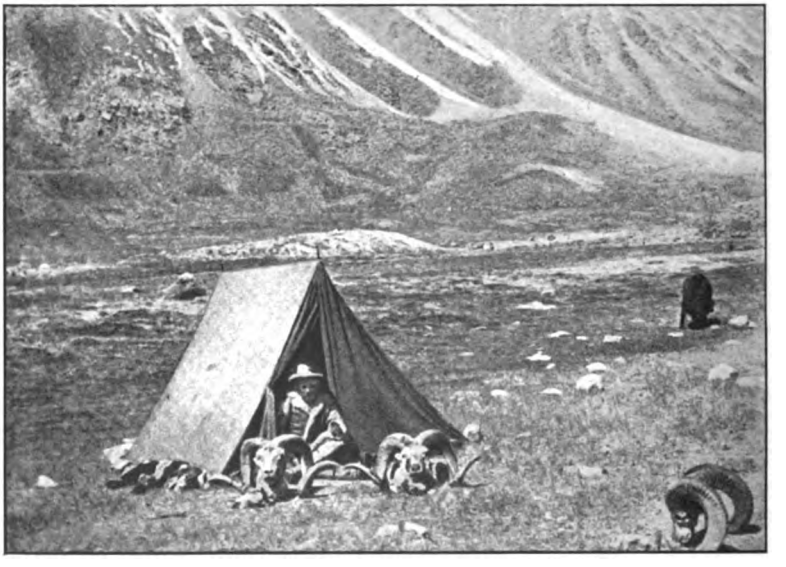
stuck in the snowdrifts and are the first caught. There was, no doubt, a good deal of truth in this; but I could not help thinking that big ones were to be found somewhere if one only knew where to look for them, and I determined to try one more valley before returning to India.

I had three permanent servants with me, each speaking a different language and belonging to a different sect of Mahomedanism. My shikari was one Rakhmat, a native of Astor, a country to the north of Kashmir. Rajab, my cook, came from Hunza, and had been on the Pamirs before, in the good old days when the merry men of Hunza used to hold up and plunder Central Asian caravans. As a cook he was not exactly an artist, but he was the hardy, rough-and-ready sort of man one requires for a shooting expedition in such a country. An Afghan called Sherulla, who had spent all his life in Central Asia and had never seen the land of his fathers, acted as interpreter and made himself generally useful.

Besides these three, I usually had three or four Kirghiz yak drivers, and I had engaged a Tajik called Mulalim Kul, who professed to be a great shikari and to know all the likely places for poli.

The valley I had selected for my last attack on the poli was one having its head among the mountains at the source of the Oxus. We pitched our camp five or six miles up the valley, and early the next morning the two shikaris and I rode on towards the head to prospect. It was bitterly cold, and the icy wind of the Pamirs seemed to cut right through our thick clothes and long sheepskin coats. Every now and then Rakhmat and I dismounted to use our telescopes, but by evening we had seen nothing but a head or two of small ibex. At last we came to a small branch nulla, and though Mulalim Kul, who was always very ready to turn back to camp, assured us it never held poli, I thought we might as well explore it while we were there. After riding up it for a mile, a lot of likely looking ground came into sight and we got off our yaks to examine it. Rakhmat had not had his telescope up long before he muttered 'gulga!' (poli), and directing my glass to where he was looking, I made out a flock of ten rams lying down high up on the hillside. They were too far off for us to make out the size of the horns, and their commanding position made a stalk impossible. It was not long, however, before they got up and began to come down, at first slowly and cautiously, then almost at a gallop, till they reached the grass below.

Our way was now clear for a nearer approach. Leaving Mulalim Kul with the yaks, Rakhmat and I started off, Rakhmat piously ejaculating 'Bismillah!' (in the name of God), without which he never began a stalk. Before we had gone far I saw something move out from behind a ridge, and we both sank to the ground. Getting the glass on to this suspicious-looking object, I found it was a small poli ram, and it was soon joined by another of the same size. They were evidently the advance guard of the flock. If we could only cover a hundred yards



MY CAMP ON THE PAMIRS

unobserved we should be all right, while if we waited we should probably have the whole flock out in front of us and get hopelessly stuck. I decided to risk it, especially as I did not much expect to find a shootable head in the flock. Cautiously we wormed our way along the ground, and, as luck would have it, managed to get under cover unobserved. Once out of their sight everything was plain sailing, and we soon reached the ridge on the other side of which, and well within range, I hoped to find the flock. They were there right enough; but while we had been delayed by the two small ones, they had grazed their way some distance from the ridge. 'Anyhow, we will have a look at them,' I thought; and Rakhmat and I pulled out our glasses. No sooner had we got them on the

flock than we turned towards each other and exchanged significant glances. There was no doubt about it, we were on to a really big head at last. 'Full eight and a half spans,' muttered Rakhmat. 'A sixty-incher at the very least,' I thought, as I gloated over a beautiful pair of horns carried by an old ram with a nearly white coat. The flock was about 350 yards off, grazing among some big boulders; and with the setting sun behind them they looked like a lot of grey ghosts, giving the worst possible target. Rakhmat was all for letting the big one have it then and there, and kept on reminding me of various lucky shots I had made at different times, but I was not to be persuaded. I knew that the flock, once fired on and thoroughly frightened, would probably make tracks over the range into the next country, and I determined not to fire until I got an absolute 'sitter.'

There was nothing for it but to wait till they moved into a more favourable position, and a precious cold job this waiting is in a country like the Pamirs. I was just wondering whether my fingers had enough life in them to handle the rifle in case I got a shot, when suddenly up went all their heads, and in an instant the flock was in full flight up the hill.

The wind was all right, and they could not have seen us. 'It is not our fault,' growled Rakhmat; 'that blank, blank Mulalim Kul must have shown himself or those pigs of yaks grazed into view.' I knew, however, that had the flock seen anything they would not have gone off in this sudden manner, and from the way they had bolted I felt sure they had winded something. The wind was blowing up hill, and on searching the ground below we soon spotted a wolf who, having muffed his stalk, was going off hungry to bed. The flock had now settled down into single file and continued up hill at a walk till a ridge hid them from us.

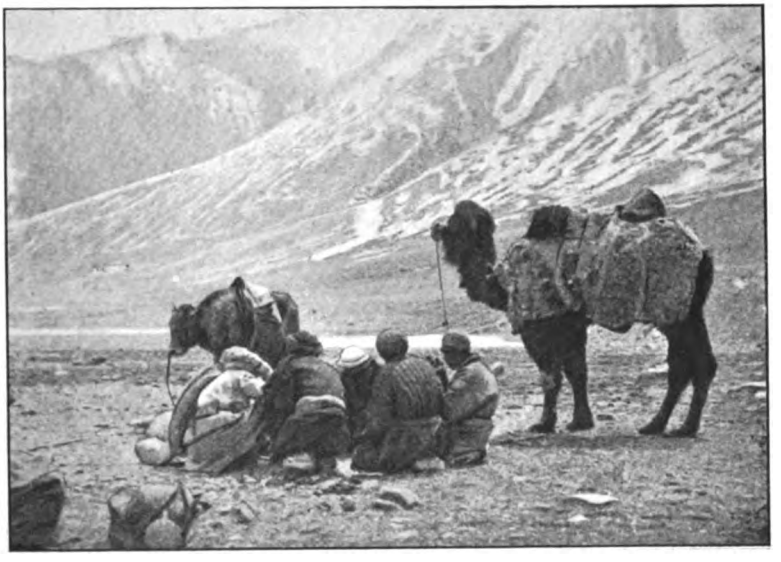
The reader who has had no experience of this sort of shooting will probably be surprised to learn that I was not very much disturbed when our newly discovered big head vanished among the mountain tops. I knew that a few hours' work with the telescope next day would be pretty certain to disclose the flock within a mile or two of the same place, and with luck and hard work I hoped before long to add that grand pair of horns to my bag.

I am strongly of the opinion that a shikari never feels happier than when, perhaps after days of fruitless searching, he at last sights something really big. The stalk itself is, no doubt, keenly

exciting; but then one is often haunted by the dread that something may go wrong and the beast disappear without giving a shot, or by the still more awful thought of a possible miss as a finish to days of hard work. The kill ought, I suppose, to be the best time of all; but I think one's elation is generally tinged with a slight feeling of remorse at having taken the life of a fine beast; and then, too, how often it happens that the magnificent head one has admired through a telescope proves a very moderate specimen on closer examination. No; take it all round, I think the pleasure of *anticipation* is the keenest, and the shikari feels in the best of spirits when he turns in at night knowing that there is a big head in the neighbourhood, to be found, stalked, and, with good luck, bagged on the morrow. In the present case there was ample time for these pleasant reflections, for on looking out of my tent in the morning I found snow steadily falling through a dense fog, and no prospect of its clearing for days. For a week we were detained in camp by the weather; the cold was pretty severe; and the single fly-tent that I had, without any means of warming it, was not altogether an ideal place of residence under these conditions. Sometimes for a few hours there would be a cessation of the snowstorm, and then an icy hurricane would set in, which, catching up the fallen particles, would whirl them round and round as if in play for a time, and then drive them with a blast through the camp afresh, inflicting on us all the miseries of an Arctic duststorm. I had little to read and less to do; and had it not been for the thought of the big head waiting for me when it cleared up I should have packed up my camp and made a bolt for more hospitable regions. My men were almost as much bored as I was. Mulalim Kul, finding the conversation in the servants' tent generally carried on in Hindustani, a language he did not understand, used often to pay a visit to my tent. He was much excited on one occasion by finding me playing Patience. 'I know cards,' he said; 'a Kabuli trader, who once stopped at my encampment, taught me. He put some money here, I put some money there; we played, and he took the money—but how can a man play cards with nobody?'

When at last it cleared up we lost no time in looking for the big head. We found him without much difficulty, but it was many a long day before I got a shot at him. Never have I been led such a dance as that beast led me. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and I stalked him time after time without his ever giving me a single chance. One time the wind would

change at the last moment ; another time he would spot us as we were endeavouring to do a crawl across some exposed piece of ground ; and the next view we got of him would be through the telescope at about 1000 yards, as he led his little band to safety amongst the snows above. Sometimes we would find the flock in an altogether unstalkable position and spend the day watching them and waiting for them to move. On these occasions it was a matter of considerable annoyance to us that, while we were lying huddled up together, teeth chattering, bodies numb with cold, the poli seemed to be thoroughly



BREAKFAST ON THE MARCH

enjoying themselves, basking for hours in an icy blizzard with as much apparent satisfaction as if it were the genial warmth of a summer sun.

Our stalking was often very faulty; but there was no doubt about it, our luck was dead out. Every time we alarmed the flock they used to retreat right up into the mountain tops, and I always expected to see them brave the deep snow that lay there and cross the range into the next country.

I think we all began to feel a bit ashamed of ourselves as we rode back to our camp night after night, having either failed to find the flock or, worse still, having made a mess of our stalk. The unfortunate Rakhmat used to come in for a considerable amount of chaff from the other servants. Their tent was

pitched close to mine, and on the rare occasions when there was a lull in the howling of the wind I had the benefit of their conversation, mostly carried on in bad Hindustani, and used to hear something of this sort:

Sherulla: 'O shikari, cannot you people kill this worthless beast? Are we going to stay on in this country till the day of judgment? Alas, that the sahib did not bring a *man* with him as a shikari!' (This was a hit at Rakhmat's extremely youthful appearance, always a very sore subject with him.)

Rakhmat: 'What are you crying out about? You sleep in the tent all day wrapped up in poshteens, and are too lazy even to cook us food that we can eat. *We* remain on the open places all day long and die of the cold and wind.'

Rajab: '*I* am dying of trying to cook the sahib a dinner over damp yak's dung. For pity's sake frighten the blank, blank gulga into the next country if you cannot get the sahib a shot at him.'

Mulalim Kul would now break in with a sage remark in Persian, which Sherulla would interpret for the benefit of the others as follows: 'I cannot understand this foolishness. Why go through such hardships on account of one gulga? The sahib can kill two or three a day if he will come down to my encampment; and one gulga is worth as much as another gulga.'

At last our luck changed, and I shall always remember that day as *the* red letter day out of a good many I have spent after big game. We had searched a lot of country, and about midday I discovered something which looked very bad indeed. It was a line across the snow at the very top of the range. We could see it plainly through the telescopes, and it could only be a track made by men or animals going in single file. Men were quite out of the question in such a place, and no animals were likely to have struggled through the deep snow there without some very good reason. It seemed almost certain that our poli, tired of being constantly disturbed by us, had cleared out of the country at last.

The other side of the range was Russian territory, to which my passports did not extend, and it would take me some days anyway to move my camp round there by the nearest pass, with very little hope when I got there of finding the flock again. What a muddle I had made of it all! What a duffer I had been to let that magnificent 70-incher escape me! (The reader may remember I had previously estimated the horns at

60 inches, but the size of a lost head always grows by leaps and bounds.)

'We can easily find the other two rams,' suggested Rakhmat timidly—'To blazes with them both!' was my answer. What did I want with them, or ten others of the same sort, now that the big head had gone? However, half an hour's rest, lunch, and a pipe, produced a more amiable frame of mind, and I allowed Rakhmat to persuade me to try for a shot at one of these two rams—a beast with the tip broken off one of his horns, which were really a very respectable size.

BAGGED AT LAST

We knew where to look for them, as we had seen them the evening before in a little branch nulla not far off, which was blocked a short distance up by a great glacier. This we had almost reached without seeing anything, when suddenly Rakhmat dropped to the ground. He had spotted a ram lying at the foot of the great wall of ice. A cautious look with the glasses made him out to be quite a small one: the other, no doubt, was not far off. By making a bit of a *détour*, a stalk looked pretty easy. Everything went well, as is generally the case when one does not care much one way or the other, and half an hour afterwards I crawled through the snow to a ridge opposite the wall of ice, and looked over. Yes; there was a ram all right, and there was

the other one—but, 'Hullo! what is this? The glasses, Rakhmat, you little owl!' for I had caught sight of something which made my heart jump. Not only two, but the whole ten were there. One look through the glasses was enough. There was the old grey ram whom I had never expected to see again, grazing placidly about 150 yards off. My hands shook as I put down the glasses and took up the rifle, and for a moment I had a bad attack of buck fever. However, I soon pulled myself together again, and covered the big ram. Crack went the rifle, the ram stood, but I knew he was hit hard, though he tried to follow the rest of the flock as they dashed off up hill. 'I've got the big one; mark the broken horned fellow,' I called to

THE BIG HEAD

Rakhmat as I prepared to give the old ram another bullet. Before I could fire he rolled over, and Rakhmat, who had his glasses on the flock, said, 'Broken horn is leading.' The first shot was marked by Rakhmat as 'miss, low'; the second broke the ram's shoulder. He was then hidden by a ridge, and I had to do a pretty stiff climb before I could finish him off.

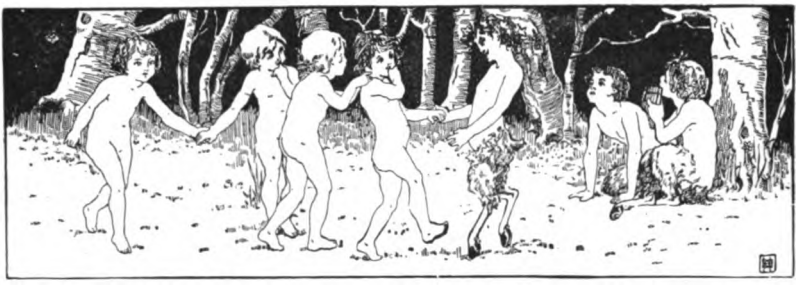
When we got back to the big ram I found he was indeed a splendid trophy. The horns measured 65 inches round the curve, and were as handsome and symmetrical a pair as I have ever seen.

Rakhmat was wild with delight, and danced a war dance when I told him I did not think that any sahib had ever bagged a bigger one. A few minutes afterwards he remarked: 'Is the sahib going to take all his saddles with him to Europe when he goes?' Much amused at the way he struck while the iron was

hot, I promised him one on the spot, and have no doubt he now cuts a dash on it on his village polo-ground.

We made a most triumphal entry into camp that night. The yaks were kicked into a canter. Rakhmat, with a poli head lashed on either side of his saddle, led the way, while Mulalim Kul followed close behind, bellowing out a hoarse song at the top of his voice, all very different from our usual shame-faced, sulky return. It was hardly necessary to tell the others that we had bagged the big one at last, and we were hailed with shouts of 'Mubarak' (congratulations) and 'Shukr' (thank the Lord) as we entered camp.

A caravan from Yarkand *en route* for Badakshan had arrived and encamped close to us. A fat tailed sheep was killed, and my people and some visitors from the caravan feasted far on into the night. I announced my intention of leaving the Pamirs next day, to the great delight of my men, who had had enough of the cold and desolation of the place, and longed for the green fields and shady orchards of their native country.



THE GOAL-KEEPER

BY E. H. LACON WATSON

WE were sitting in the cosy smoking-room of the 'Unattached' —perhaps the pleasantest and most social of London bachelor clubs—and the conversation had drifted, by devious paths, to the great subject of practical jokes. Most of us were young, and the stories, naturally enough, dealt chiefly with the fine old traditions of screwing up college dons, or preparing traps for the too energetic proctor. The flow of reminiscence or invention had suddenly ceased, and I was on the point of narrating my one successful escapade at Cambridge, when Drew struck in. Drew is a big man, lazy of speech, a fairly good football player, and one of our most esteemed members. I yielded my right and Drew began slowly, between leisurely pulls at his pipe.

I suppose you may call it a practical joke, he said. Anyway, it was a great success—even more so than that yarn of Evans' about upsetting the Dean in Barnwell Pool. And it has the merit, at least, of being strictly true.

The giant eyed us benignly as an approving smile went round the company, rang the bell for a whiskey and seltzer, and proceeded.

This happened when I was captain of the Jude's Soccer team, somewhere in the eighties, I suppose. We had a goodish lot that year, and looked like winning most of our cup ties. In fact, I daresay we might have pulled it off but for my having the misfortune to be crocked up about half way through the season. And it was just that little accident—water on the knee, as a matter of fact—that gave me the opportunity for playing off my champion joke.

I used to keep goal in those days. It's a good place for a captain, because he can see all that's going on, and needn't be always running up and down the ground fit to split himself. They used to tell me I was not bad at it, sometimes, in fact, I don't mind telling you that I thought myself about as certain of getting my blue that year, before my accident, as I am of finishing this drink. I rather wanted that blue, for several reasons. It's always pleasant to have a light blue blazer hanging on the inside of your door, and, besides that, Miss Armstrong adored athletics. I was in love with Lucy Armstrong —she was a deuced pretty girl, too, and could lick my head off at tennis—and I thought it was as good as settled between us if I could get into the 'varsity team.

Most of you fellows are too young to remember him, I expect, but there was a cousin of mine up at Jude's just then, a fellow called Cogswell. He was about the queerest sort of chap I ever knew—brains enough for six—he took a first in classics and they made him a fellow afterwards—but he was always dead set on doing something in the athletic line. The fun of it was that he was so clumsy that it was enough to make you die of laughing to see him try to hit a ball at cricket or kick one at football. He was one of those men, you know, whose limbs seem to be hung on all wrong, like a Dutch doll. He was strong enough, and keen enough, and he had tried most things, but when they failed to turn him into an oar, I confess I did not see that he was likely to do much at anything else. A rowing coach will generally make something out of a man, provided he is strong and works hard, but poor old Cogswell could never manage to get his oar in with the other fellows, and they had to chuck him out of the third boat a fortnight before the races as a hopeless job. I had given him a trial at football some time before, but he gave away so many fouls by letting the ball hit him on the hands that I was obliged to ask him to try something else. It became too expensive.

One Friday the secretary of the club came to me and said it was high time to fix on a goal-keeper for the Saturday's match. 'Look here,' he said, 'we play Clare to-morrow—it's not a very important match, but we may as well put some one in goal. Whom do you propose?'

'Oh! try Cogswell,' I replied, in a hurry, more for a joke than anything else.

'Don't be a goat,' the man said, getting a bit shirty. 'You

know as well as I do that Cogswell couldn't stop a haystack rolling along the floor.'

'Well! I don't suppose you could either,' I laughed, 'but I have a notion goal is just his place. We've never tried him there before, you know.' Really I thought it would be fun to see him there, and besides, I didn't care about my secretary telling me not to be a goat. 'You'll see he'll do us credit,' I added, 'and anyway, it's not an important match.'

The other said rather sulkily he supposed I could rot the team if I liked, and went out, dodging a bedroom slipper with some skill.

When Cogswell heard I had chosen him to fill my place in a college match, he nearly went off his head. Of course I was down on the ground next day to see the match, and it nearly split my sides to see the poor old chap dancing about between the posts. The energy he displayed was something marvellous, and some of his attitudes were as funny as any pantomime. I cannot say he made a first class goal-keeper, but he was not so bad as I had expected. He stopped one or two hot shots, more by accident than design, as far as I could see; and he was sturdy enough on his legs, as one of their forwards found when he tried to rush him through with the ball. On the whole, I decided to give him the place for a bit until I was well enough to take it up again.

The fun was to see how seriously old Cogswell took it all when he thus became a recognised member of the team. A college football eleven doesn't generally go into strict training—and least of all their goal-keeper—but Cogswell went in for early hours and exercise, and knocked off smoking, just as though he had been stroking the eight. It got to be the joke of the college, after one of us saw him going out for a run before breakfast in shorts and a sweater. I must say it seemed to improve him. He was still desperately clumsy with his feet, and we had to stop him taking the kick-off when the ball went behind, because he generally sent it straight along the ground if he caught it at all. But he was really not bad in goal. You see, he was so used to being in the way of everybody that he generally managed to get in the way of the most promising shots. At least, that was how I accounted for it. I was rather amused when some of the fellows came and congratulated me on having unearthed such an efficient substitute. When I told Cogswell this afterwards, he positively blushed with pleasure.

Well, we had one of our best matches on about three weeks

later, and I thought I should have been well enough to play by that time, but some ass gave me a wrench ragging after Hall in my rooms and I was obliged to give up all idea of it. We had Edwardes, the 'varsity captain, playing against us at centre forward, who was supposed to be one of the best shots at goal in the kingdom—he got his international cap that year —and I should have liked to show him what I was capable of between the sticks. As it happened, he was in about his best form that afternoon. Their forward line got round our backs time after time, passed neatly to the centre, who sent in one of his lightning low shots—only, by some miracle, some part of Cogswell's body was always in the light. He seemed to attract the ball, there was no other way of explaining it. More than once he fell full length on the ground, trying to get from one side to the other—he was the clumsiest mover you can well imagine —but even so, he always contrived to knock the ball away with his head, or hand, or something. We all roared with laughter once, when a hard drive from Edwardes caught him full on the side of the head. It really was funny. I never saw a man look more surprised in my life. It saved a certain goal, but by all the rules of the game Cogswell ought to have been anywhere but at that particular point at that particular moment.

Edwardes came to me after the match was over (it was a draw, no scoring) and was good enough to say he wished I had been able to play. I did not tell Cogswell this, for I thought he might possibly construe it in a wrong sense.

The next day, I think it was, I was suddenly summoned home. One of the family was ill. I remained away nearly a fortnight. When I got back again, one of the first fellows I met was Wray, our full back. He greeted me with a curious smile.

'How's everything?' I queried, comprehensively.

'The substitute's going very strong.' Wray dropped his voice to an impressive whisper. 'They've tried him for the 'varsity. It's my belief he'll get in.'

'What on earth are you talking about?' I said, fairly puzzled. 'What substitute? Are you quite off your head?'

'Your understudy, if you like it better,' said Wray, with a grin. 'Cogswell is the gentleman's name.'

'Great Cæsar!' I could think of nothing more emphatic at a moment's notice.

'Yes! and you should just see him training. He means getting it, I can tell you. Does a four-mile run every other

morning, with sprints in between. Heaven knows why—seeing he'll never have to run more than six yards at a time, in all human probability.'

'My good Wray,' I said solemnly, 'you do not understand these matters. Cogswell is right. I saw he had the makings of a goal-keeper in him from the first.'

'But you never expected him to cut you out?'

I resolved mentally that I would play full-back as soon as I recovered. 'It is the fortune of war,' was all I said with a slight elevation of the shoulders.

It was something like a month afterwards that Cogswell came into my rooms one evening, with his loose, shambling walk. There was a light in his eye that told of inward content. He held out his hand.

'I owe it all to you,' he said simply. They had given him his blue.

'I saw you had it in you, somewhere,' I replied, mendaciously. Really I was just a little touched by his coming to me like that, first thing.

'Ah! but you don't know how much it means to me,' he went on, looking rather embarrassed. He fidgeted with his feet, blushing.

'Why—are you in love?' I said, laughingly. The question seemed to set him off just as though I had touched a hidden spring, and he laid bare the history of his heart to me.

Drew stopped talking, with a sigh of relief, and began to refill his pipe.

'Well?' said one of us, with the air of asking if that was all.

'Who was it?' asked another.

The giant regarded them languidly with raised eyebrows. 'I thought you understood,' he said, at last. Then, after a pause. 'It was the same girl.'

'I don't see that your joke was such a great success,' objected Evans, when the laugh had died away.

'They are now married,' was Drew's reply, given in a lazy drawl.

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A GOOD STAND.

From a Painting by T. Blinks.

THE MIDDLE REACH OF THE FISHING

REMINISCENCES OF SPORT IN ABERDEENSHIRE

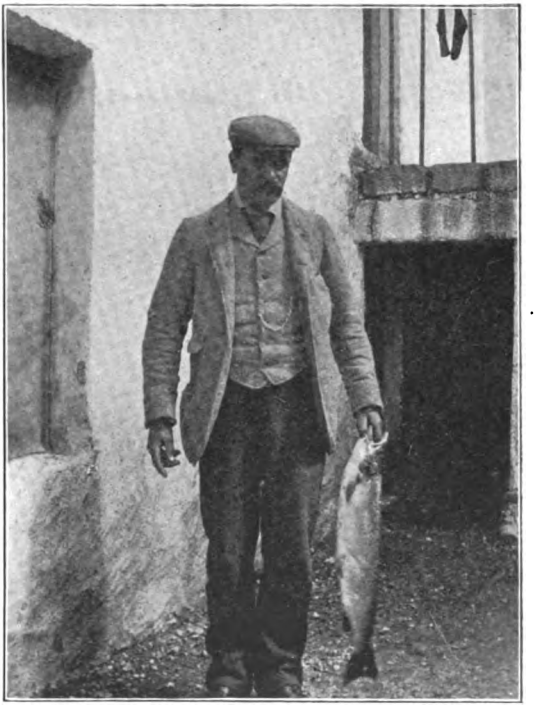
BY ALBAN F. L. BACON

THE large county of Aberdeen is all of it included in what we call 'the Highlands,' yet only in the south-western districts does it realise the ideal Highland scenery of the ordinary Englishman.

After a twelve hours run from Euston to Aberdeen, if you take the Deeside train you are borne along through mountainous, tree-covered country till you reach Ballater, by our late Queen's wish the terminus of the railway. All who wish to go on to Braemar must drive, no iron road has as yet been allowed to desecrate the upper reaches of the Dee. If, on the other hand, you take train to the north you are carried through a bare bleak country where the mountains are few and far between, trees scarce, the whole less picturesque, but still possessing a quiet beauty of its own. On Deeside lie some of the best moors in Scotland, and the river itself is as famous as any for the excellence of the sport it affords. On the Deveron

the spring trout-fishing is first-rate, with a good run of salmon in the autumn. Here, however, there is more room for agriculture, and partridges in many places bulk more largely in the bag than grouse.

In the autumn of '99, when fishing was slack all over Scotland, it was nowhere more so than on Deeside. In the five-mile stretch, which gave me my first experiences of salmon fishing, there were several likely pools, from which a not too



THE FIRST CATCH FROM POOL GLASHAN

sanguine fisherman might reasonably expect to take a score of fish during the back end of an ordinary season. It is no doubt good for the aspiring novice in any sport to learn the seamy side as quickly as may be. To venture forth day after day to consummate the slaughter of a salmon, in the company of an experienced gillie, and clad in waders to negotiate the hidden depths strewn with slippery boulders, entirely dependent on his knowledge of the river, and obedient to his command of 'a little fur-r-r-r-ther' to go where instinct told you must be out of your depth, required a good deal of that faith which is so

necessary a part of the fisherman's armour. After dividing the labours of fishing with another rod for three weeks, during which period there was no vestige of a rise, we incontinently 'chucked it.' Our gillie was not more successful than ourselves in the daytime; but one morning after breakfast he brought up a fine fresh-run fish of some eight pounds, which he had caught in the deepest and most dangerous pool the day before, after dark. As he was wearing short waders over which the water came freely, and into which it must have penetrated till

THE 'RED BRAE' POOL

he was completely water-logged, it was no mean feat. No one who had not so intimate a knowledge as himself of every stone and boulder in the river-bed could possibly have kept his footing in the dark, and Pool Glashan would have been the end more likely of the angler than of his quarry.

Shortly afterwards, at dusk, he caught another in the 'Red Brae' pool, as it was called, and having no one to assist, landed him (as he was often in the habit of doing) by 'tailing' him, a feat somewhat difficult of accomplishment.

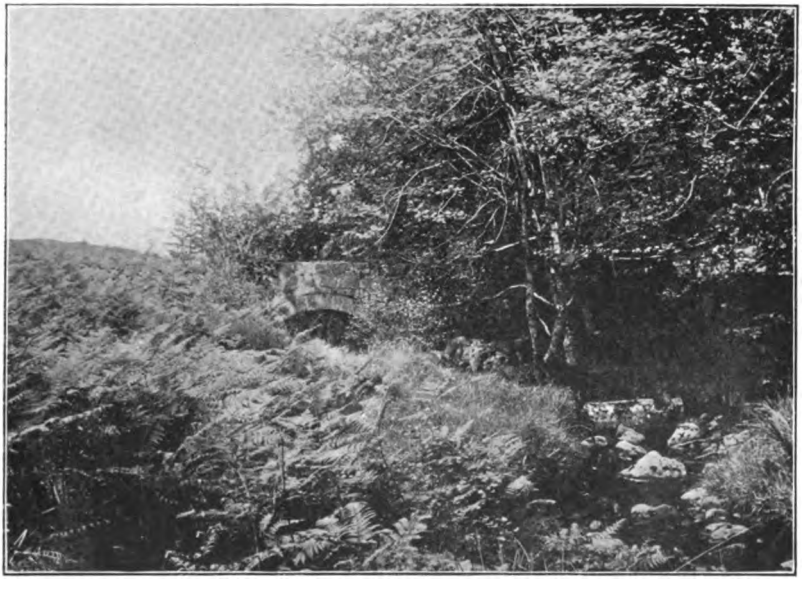
He always regarded 'gaffing' as a clumsy and unworkmanlike form of bringing a fish to land, except when 'tailing' was by the circumstances of the case impossible. By this same 'Red Brae' pool there hangs a tale, that illustrates only too

well the sporting instinct that predominates in the breast of Scot and Englishman alike. One day, as we were climbing a hill that overlooked most of our 'water,' we saw a fisherman in waders, quite *en regle*, calmly working down the Red Brae pool some half a mile away. His assured attitude of proprietorship was distinctly annoying, and we rushed down and over the bridge that crossed the river, where we found our gillie chatting with another man, and enlisting him in our cause, carefully scouted up stream in pursuit of the poacher. Little recking the advent of those that were coming on thirsting for his blood, our fisherman worked calmly away in mid-stream, and allowed us to approach him unobserved. Just before we came up with him, however, our gillie, who had of course been as keen to catch the offender as any of us, suddenly stopped and said: 'I know who we've got now! it's a brother of my own!'

It was well for the lessee that year who had more than one string to his bow. Fishing is no doubt very delightful, but of all uncertain sports that of salmon-fishing is I should suppose the most uncertain. With a river that grew every day less and less, until it almost threatened to reach vanishing-point and disappear altogether, it was well to be able to turn to the surer sport of shooting that never fails in the same absolute manner. However little a shoot may fulfil expectations yet there is something tangible about it—one is sure to see something of the game that forms the object of pursuit. The frame of mind is impossible that brings one to the conclusion that the beast which calls itself a salmon is merely the fabric of a disordered imagination, and that tempts one to exclaim (in the words of the Frenchman when speaking of our British Constitution), 'Elle n'existe point.' What a baking August it was! followed by a yet more baking September. We had always to walk some two miles, hard, uphill collar work, before we reached the grouse moor proper. The sun would beat down, as we set forth in the morning from the lodge, as though it had thoroughly determined to give us a severe 'stroke' before evening. In spite of the necessity for exertion, the moor was generally the coolest place, with a gentle breeze stirring. One day, however, at the beginning of the season, it must have been about August 16, the sun did not bake but it boiled, which was infinitely worse. The heat was not hard and dry, but steamy and vaporous, and by lunch-time even the keeper had had enough. If our friends across the Channel had seen our small party just before lunch-time on the moor that day, I think they would have been more than

ever convinced that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly. It was, however, a good year for grouse, which atoned for the somewhat oven-like conditions of the atmosphere.

The moor (a small one of 3000 acres or so) was most unevenly supplied with grouse, and for some reason best known to themselves, they seemed to have aversions and preferences in their selection of ground for no sufficiently apparent cause. The heather appeared of an equally suitable character, not too long or old, in the deserted parts of the moor as in those which



THE PATH TO THE MOOR—'QUEEN'S BRIDGE'

they favoured with their presence. Moreover, the parts that were then deserted had formerly been the most thickly inhabited. Grouse, I suppose, are as much in favour of change as human beings, and find it in altering their abode from one face of a hill to another. Curiously enough, the same beat that we shot over on August 12, when tried a second time a few days afterwards, yielded a better bag than on the first day of the season. Though no doubt some birds might have come from the neighbouring beat, which we had since disturbed, yet one would think not in sufficient numbers to procure such a result, nor do I suppose the shooting was superior the second time over, nor the weather appreciably different.

The shortest way to the moor ran over a burn spanned by

a diminutive bridge known as 'Queen's Bridge.' A favoured spot, to which Queen Victoria used occasionally to come from Balmoral, to take her afternoon tea in the open air.

From here a steep climb took you up past a disused lead mine, where the startled chuckle of an old cock grouse as he flew off proclaimed that the moor was not far off. A belt of firs and larches crowning the hill, broken in one place by the steep side of the lead mine, held a fair sprinkling of black game.

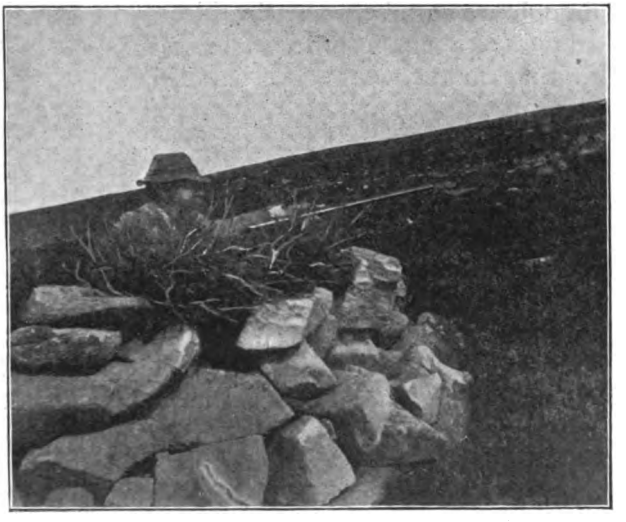
On off days we sometimes accounted for a wily old black-

THE PATH TO THE MOOR—AN EXTINCT LEAD MINE

cock by having this belt beaten out for us; but they would often outwit us by sailing over the valley at an enormous height, altogether too wide of the trees where the guns were stationed. It was always my ambition to shoot, or shall I say shoot at, a blackcock rocketing over the precipitous side of the lead mine. To have successfully achieved such a shot would have been 'a thing of beauty' and 'a joy for ever.' But obedient to the promptings of that great law of 'cussedness' which plays so essential a part in true sport, they would never come over when a gun was stationed at the bottom.

The first day we drove the grouse, in fact during the first drive I had an unpleasant reminder of the care that must be

exercised in this form of shooting, by a pellet effecting a lodgment in my hand. If for hand was substituted eye, it is easy to understand the result that may ensue from a moment's thoughtlessness. No one in similar circumstances would be more surprised than the man who fired the dangerous shot at the result of his action, for in this case it was doubtless a pellet that had struck some big stone in my neighbourhood, and glancing off had completely changed its former direction. Just where the butts were built the ground was very rocky, and this incident serves to show how extra careful one ought to be



ONE OF THE BUTTS

when this is the case. Deflected pellets must be allowed for in the gunner's mind, just as much as those that do not glance, if he wishes to be a safe shot.

Though at first the bags obtained by driving were nearly as good as those of the beginning of the season, this did not last for long. As is most often the case the end of the grouse shooting that year came very suddenly. The grouse seemed suddenly to realise that their number was sufficiently reduced, and though probably, for purposes of stock, there were more than enough left, they would not face the butts in sufficient numbers to make it worth while any longer to drive them. We could turn our attention to the low ground shooting (of about 1000 acres) in the valley of the Dee. It formed as pretty partridge ground as one could wish, broken occasionally

by small hills and hollows, and little birch coverts in which the birds were fond of taking refuge. The river, which formed the 'march,' often proved a difficulty, but one it was pleasant to try and overcome. It required great caution so to work our birds that they should not outwit us by crossing the water. Occasionally, too, we would find alien coveys on our side; but our best efforts to circumvent them were generally ineffectual, so ready were they to make off to their legitimate haunts at the first sign of danger. I remember one day wading with another gun over an arm of the river on to a small island, where we had driven a covey, but even the keeper would not accompany us, and though we got between the birds and the river and dropped a brace of them into the water, we could not call the retriever in time to recover them, so swiftly were they carried down the stream.

The word retriever reminds me that being without one, and finding it impossible to procure one for love or money, we one day took out a little fox terrier, with some Dachshund blood in her veins. The experiment proved most successful. She had been accustomed to retrieve tennis-balls and sticks, and took to game as though to the manner born. She was a bit hard in the mouth at first, and would occasionally grip the grouse more firmly than was desirable, on account of the difficulty of getting so large a bird into her small mouth. With partridges, however, she was first-rate and would track a runner down and retrieve it, sometimes even from thick Scotch turnips, in the most masterly manner. It was a wonderful instance of an animal 'coming to the scratch' when most wanted. Ever since she has been most useful in the same capacity, and I have seen her retrieve a great cormorant from the sea, pushing it along before her as she swam, quite unable to get the big bird between her jaws.

To the dangers to which every partridge is heir one more was here added. A Somersetshire keeper has told me that a marked decrease in their numbers has been observed after the erection of the telegraph where heretofore none existed, and it is a well-known fact that they frequently meet their death by flying against these wires. Here, however, the keeper said they were very fond of 'dusting' on the loose gravel between the rails, and were sometimes overtaken by the train before they could escape and killed by trying to do so when it was too late. He had, however, known a train pass over them without inflicting any injury.

Whenever there is any agricultural land not too far distant from a moor there are nearly always a covey or two of partridges hatched out among the heather that is sacred to the grouse.

When grouse grew scarcer towards the end of August, and points did not come with the same frequency as formerly, there would be a hasty concentration on the dog as he suddenly came to a dead point in some dry grass. An unlikely spot for grouse certainly, but how keen the dog looks! This

OUR FOX TERRIER RETRIEVER

time we must have struck a fresh covey that is as yet innocent of the sound of firearms, or surely they would have risen wide some time ago. A whir of wings that is not quite like grouse just in front of the dog's nose, and guns are pointed and triggers almost pulled. Oh! it is only those partridges after all. Never mind, we say to ourselves, we will come here again after the First of September, and combine a grouse and partridge shoot. We do so; but never more do we see those little brown birds. Some instinct seems to tell these moor-bred partridges when the First of September comes round.

My experiences of the more northerly districts of Aberdeenshire, the country of the Deveron, have been gained principally at Christmas time, when most sportsmen would not dream of

making the long journey to Scotland. The object of my visit at that season of the years '98 and '99 was to assist in the destruction of those old cock pheasants whose presence is considered superfluous for the propagation of their species; to have a chance of intercepting a flight of woodcock; and to fill out the time among the rabbits. I am inclined to believe that if only those tenants of Scotch shootings that have any winter shooting included in their lease, and who think that it is not worth the trouble of a journey to Scotland, were to make

TROUT FISHING

the trial, they would find that they were mistaken. Just before Christmas there is usually a period of open weather in Scotland when shooting can quite conveniently be carried on. In '99 my friend and I started from Oxford at the end of term with the snow on the ground.

If it is like this here, we thought, what will it be like in the North of Scotland?

As we were carried across Perthshire in the train the snow looked very deep indeed (it was, I believe, some seven inches), and we almost wished we had not come.

North of Aberdeen, however, it only just covered the ground, and was never perceptibly deeper throughout our stay. It was during the first of these winter visits, on the steep bracken-

covered face of a hill that overlooks the Deveron that I killed my first woodcock, an incident that marks an important date in the calendar of all right-minded sportsmen. Two days later, after a somewhat blank day, just as it was growing dusk I shot another, that darted silently out of a small covert at the end of which I was stationed. There was still light enough left for the keeper to walk through another small spinney, a little further down the hill, in the hope of putting another out over our heads. Hardly had I taken up my position in a small opening between the trees before I heard the cry of 'Woodcock forward.' Over my head he came like a flash and fell crumpled up into the trees. It is the chance of thus finishing up the most disappointing day that lends such a charm to shooting. I almost expected to become, in the near future, one of those happy beings to whose name the prefix 'Woodcock' is attached.

But as Horace reminds us :

> Prudens futuri temporis exitum
> Caliginosa nocte premit deus.

We are mercifully spared from the power of correctly forecasting the future, and at such moments of elation we cannot see those wasted opportunities and missed shots which will class us, after all, with the common herd. It is, however, the same poet that says a little later :

> Non tamen irritum
> Quodcunque retro est.

There is some satisfaction, whatever the future may have in store for us, to have had our small triumphs in the past.

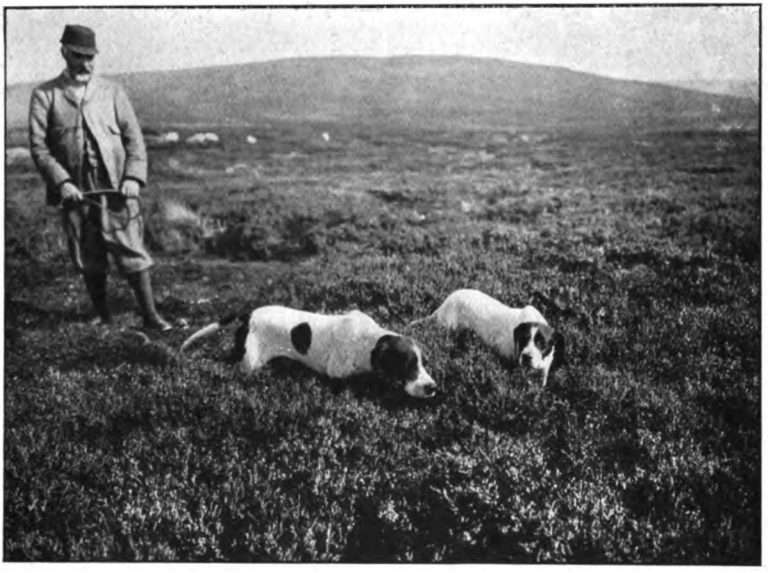
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

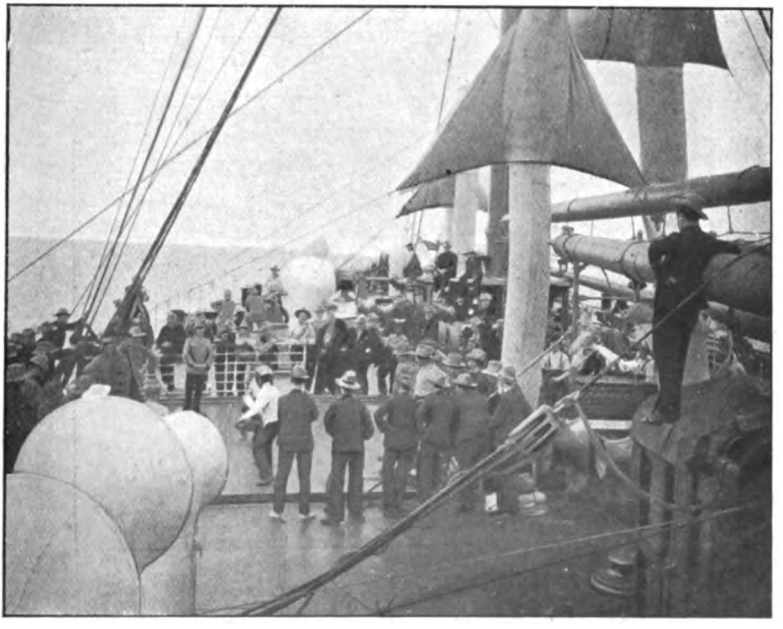
THE DECEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the December competition has been divided among the following competitors: Miss Constance Wrigley, Bury, Lancashire; Mr. Harold C. Adams, Paignton; Miss Streatfield, Bawtry, Yorkshire; Mr. G. W. Godman, Druries, Harrow; Mr. Francis Egerton, Ceylon; Mr. T. D. Bucknill, Epsom; Mr. S. H. Chaddington, Roehampton, Surrey; and Mr. L. E. Sunderland, Leighton Buzzard. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



POINTERS AT WORK ON AN INVERNESS-SHIRE MOOR

Photograph taken by Miss Constance Wrigley, Bury, Lancashire



FENCING ON A TRANSPORT

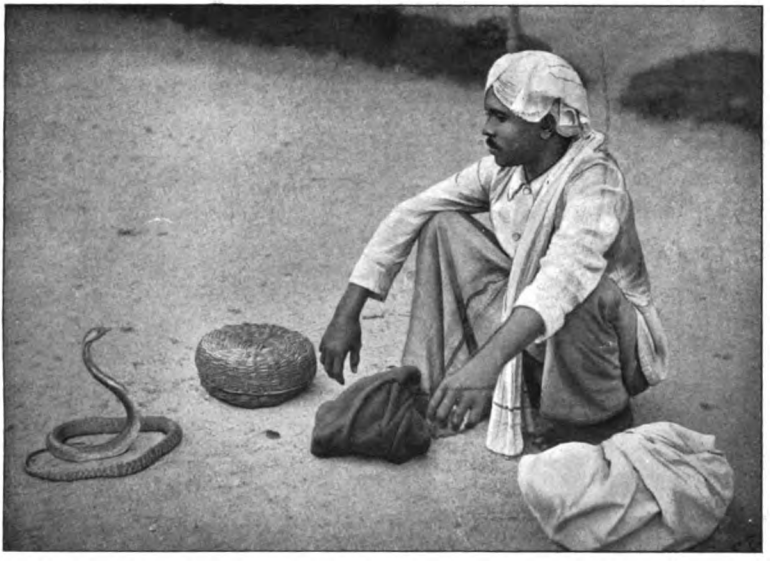
Photograph taken by Mr. Harold C. Adams, Paignton

SOUTH DOWN FOXHOUNDS AT THE KENNELS, RINGMER, LEWES

Photograph taken by Miss Streatfield, Bawtry, Yorkshire

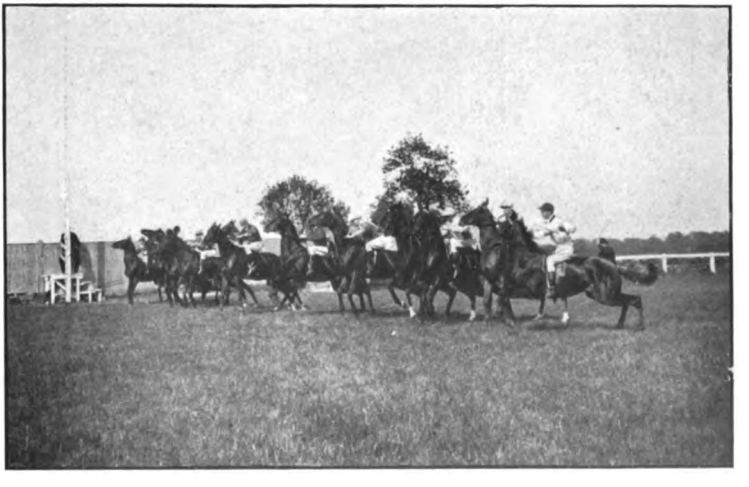
HARROW SCHOOL *v.* M. C. KEMP'S XI.

Photograph taken by Mr. G. W. Godman, Druries, Harrow



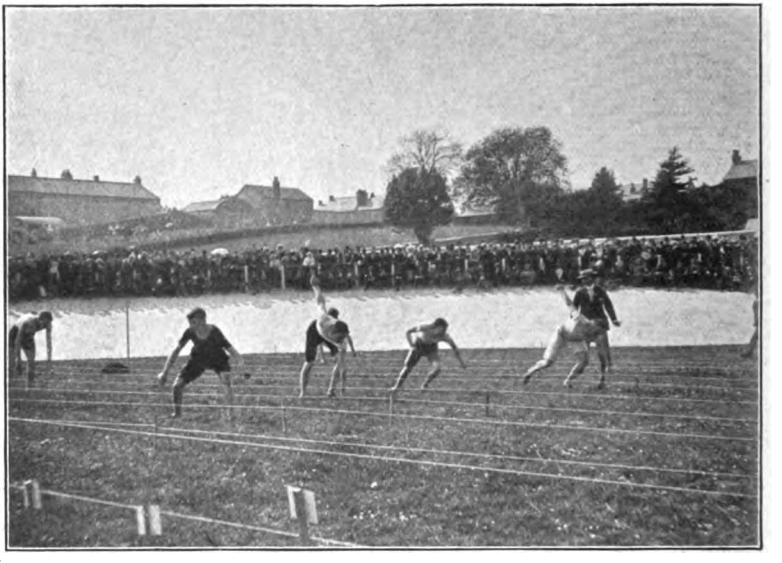
A SNAKE-CHARMER

Photograph taken by Mr. Francis Egerton, Ceylon



START FOR THE ACORN STAKES, EPSOM 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. T. D. Bucknill, Epsom

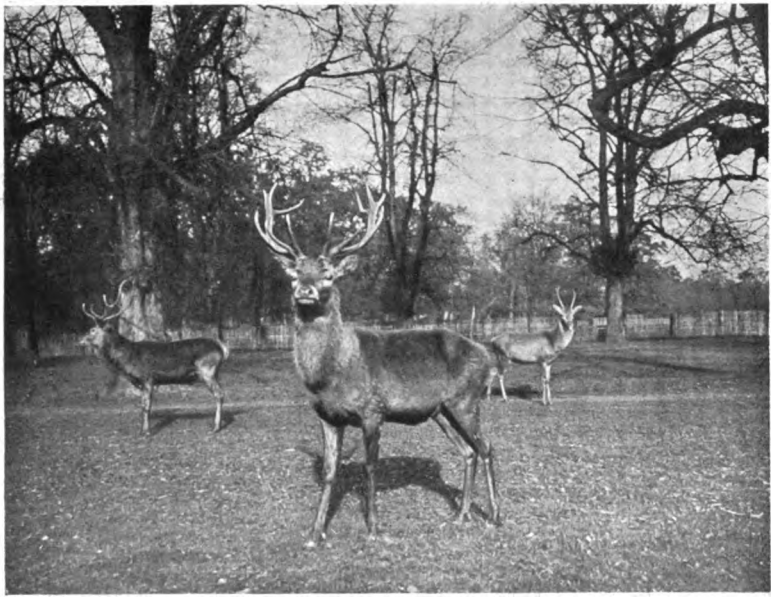


START OF 100 YARDS RACE, CARMARTHEN SPORTS, JUNE 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. S. Griffiths, Haverfordwest

KADIR CUP MEETING, 1901. ELEPHANTS CROSSING THE GANGES

Photograph taken by Mr. S. H. Chaddington, Roehampton, Surrey

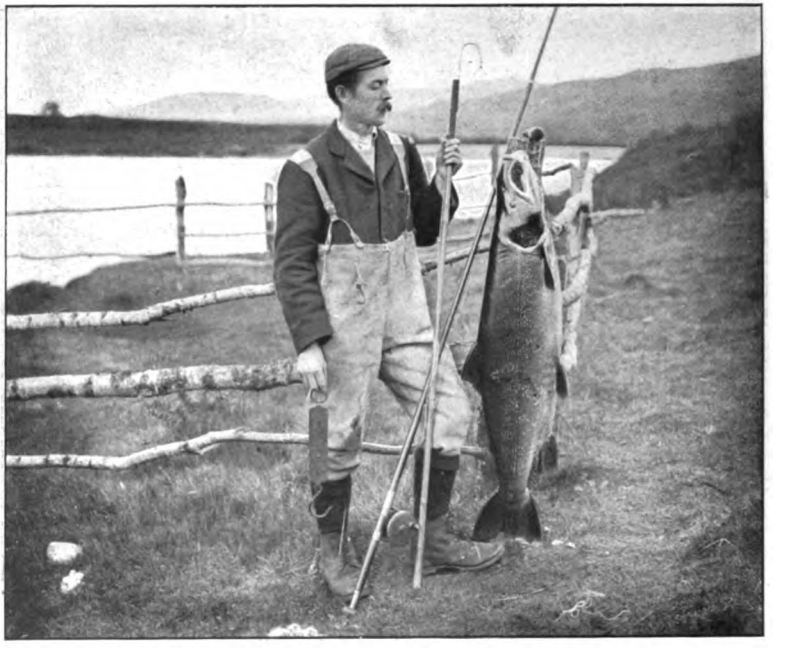


RED DEER IN BUSHEY PARK

Photograph taken by Mr. C. Le Maire, Nice

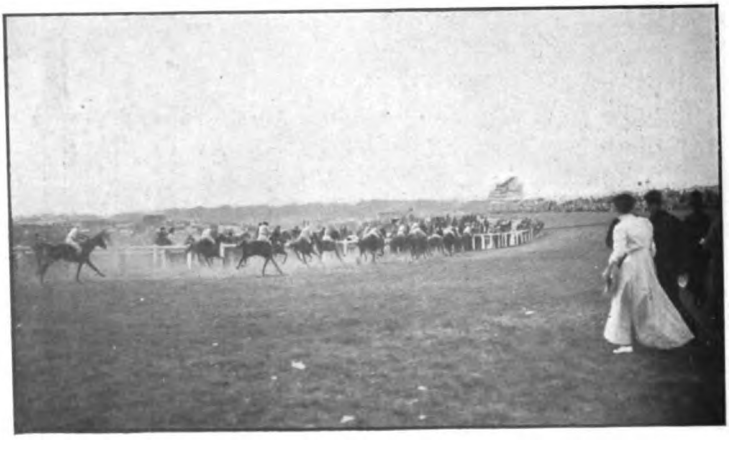
A GOOD JUMP

Photograph taken by Mr. L. E. Sunderland, Leighton Buzzard



A FORTY-EIGHT POUNDER

Photograph taken by Captain W. Savile, St. James's Place, S.W.

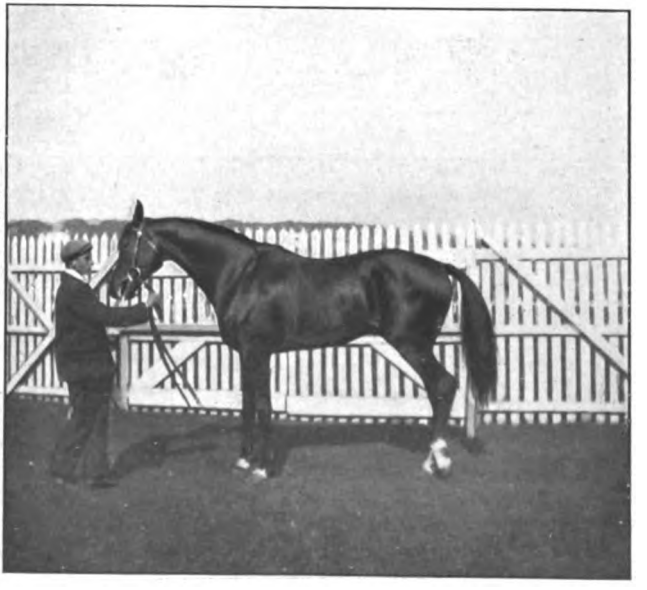


ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER FOR 'THE OAKS' 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. T. D. Bucknill, Epsom

THE GENTLE ART IN LOWER BENGAL

Photograph taken by Major G. E. Weigall, R.A., Bengal

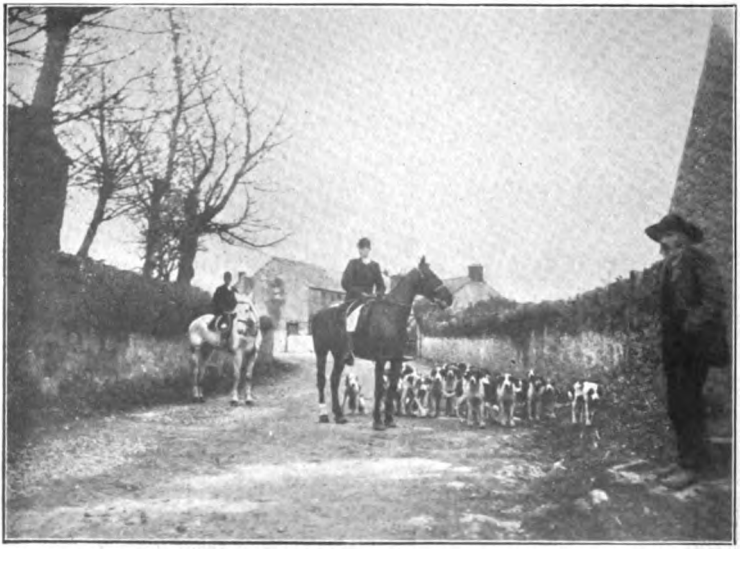


AMERICUS

Photograph taken by Miss G. Holroyd Smyth, Ballynatray, Youghal

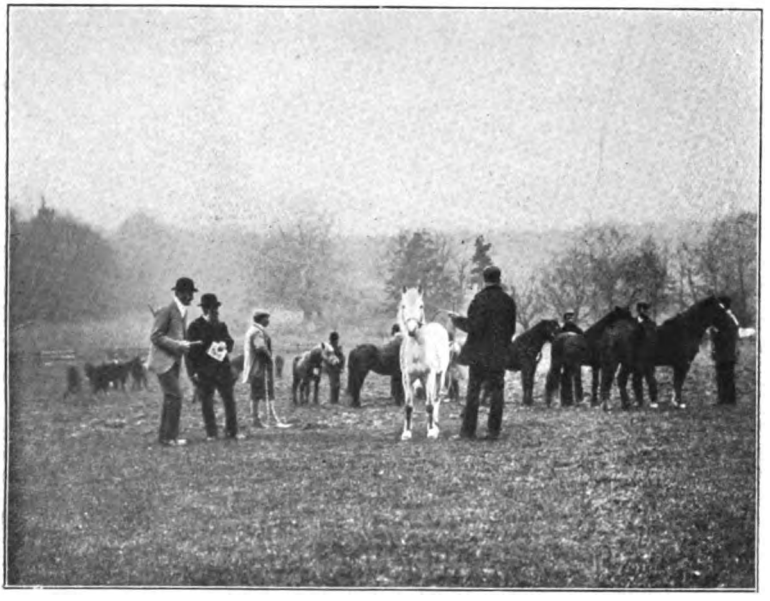
OVIS AMMON

Photograph taken by Mr. P. B. Vanderbyl, Porchester Terrace, S. W.



KILKENNY HOUNDS. WAITING FOR THE MASTER

Photograph taken by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



JUDGING NEW FOREST PONY STALLIONS AT LYNDHURST

Photograph taken by Mr. H. Moser, Sway, Hampshire

TAME CORMORANTS PERCHED ON A FISHING SAMPAN ON THE POYANG LAKE, CENTRAL CHINA

Photograph taken by Surgeon P. Hamilton Boyden, R.N., H.M.S. 'Humber,' China Station

DRAWING THE NETS IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE

Photograph taken by Major Wright, Margate

KEMPTON PARK, NOVEMBER 29, 1901. MR. J. G. BULTEEL'S SNARLEY YOW WINNING THE ST. MARGARET'S SELLING HURDLE RACE

Photograph taken by Mr. W. R. Prior, Muswell Hill, N.

A SHOOTING PARTY AT TUMBY LAWN, LINCOLNSHIRE. CARTING AWAY THE GAME AFTER A HOT CORNER

Photograph taken by Mrs. C. V. Wingfield-Stratford, Ivy Bridge, S. Devon

MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT HAWKCOMBE HEAD, EXMOOR

Photograph taken by Mr. Alfred Akers, Buckhurst Hill

THE COLOURED PICTURES

THE name of J. M. W. Turner will always remain one of the greatest in the annals of British art, and it is gratifying to be able to present a picture of sport—a subject it need scarcely be said which rarely occupied him—from his brush. 'Woodcock Shooting,' is given by the kind permission of the trustees of the Wallace Collection, and belongs to what is called Turner's 'earlier middle period,' having been painted in the year 1813, when, according to Mr. Claude Phillips' admirable catalogue, 'the master was found interpreting, still with well-restrained emotion, the beauties of his native country, as well as of Switzerland and Italy, indulging on occasions in the highest finish, and greatly developing his power and variety as a colourist;' though there is, of course, comparatively little scope for colour in the 'Woodcock Shooting.' The portrait, it should be said, is that of Sir H. Pilkington, whose garb will look oddly to modern sportsmen. 'The Cottesmore' is universally admitted to be among the very best hunts in England; indeed, a well-known hunting scribe says of it, 'for the truest sport, the straightest foxes, for perfection of country, for long runs and fast runs, commend us to the wild pastures of the Cottesmore.' In 1790 the first Earl of Lonsdale abandoned his harriers here to start hunting the fox, and the pursuit over the 'wild pastures'—perhaps even still they are the wildest and most in a state of nature of all the shires, so indeed the Badminton Library volume declares — has never lost its prestige and popularity. Certainly they are not likely to be diminished while Mr. Evan Hanbury is Master, with so excellent a huntsman as A. Thatcher. 'A Good Stand' is one of the 'dog pictures' for which the artist, Mr. T. Blinks, has deservedly gained so considerable a reputation. Lucky indeed are the sportsmen who during the shooting-season have days over dogs as well as days devoted to driving. 'Ferreting' speaks for itself. It is the first field-sport to which, as a rule, boys are entered, and few men who shoot will fail to recall the delights of the early days which were devoted to the bowling over of the bolting bunny.

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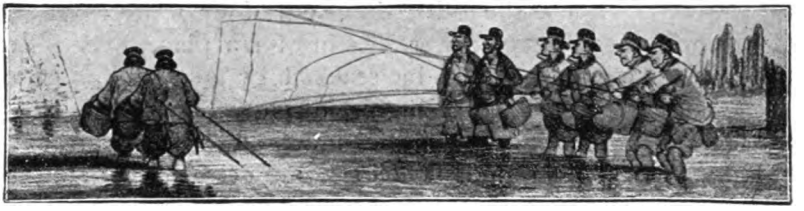
FERRETING.



NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

THERE is at length to be an addition to the Badminton Library. Up to the present time this has grown to twenty-nine volumes, counting the two separate ones which have appeared on Boating—and not counting others that have been practically rewritten as subsequent editions have appeared. Since the Library was started the motor-car has made its way so decisively to the front that a volume on this subject could no longer be omitted, for motoring is certainly a pastime, and if not precisely a sport, is at any rate an aid to sport in various ways. Just as the 'scorcher' has done so much to raise a prejudice against cycling on the part of many people who do not ride themselves, and indeed of many who do, the 'car cad' does his utmost to check the general acceptance of the motor. We hear of him putting on speed in order to annoy, and if possible to injure, people who are quietly riding or driving along the road. We are told, and some of us have seen, how he turns round and grins at the greater or smaller disaster he has caused; and sincerely hoping that this particular 'car cad' will break his malicious neck, one may be inclined to extend maledictions to automobilists at large. This is, of course, very unfair, and if only because the car has unquestionably come to stay, it is desirable not only to be reconciled to it, but to learn something about it. It is wonderful how prejudice disappears as one finds oneself skimming smoothly along a pleasant wide country road at the top regulation speed; and the conveniences of the car can scarcely be exaggerated. In the next number I hope to publish an article showing its utility when employed by a shooting-party who have long distances to traverse.

I was at a house the other day, some four miles from the station, where some guests were leaving for a place, over thirty miles off, which could only be reached by going a long way out of the direct line and changing into a train which necessitated a tedious wait at a little junction. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been the drive to the station, the journey to the junction, the second railway journey, and then the drive home; but my host provided a car, and in a third of the time that would otherwise have been occupied our friends were comfortably landed at their own door. Equipped with a car one can go to lunch or shoot, or can receive friends for those agreeable purposes, many miles beyond the radius that is practically possible if one trusts to horses. Indeed the conveniences of the car are endless—when all goes well with it; and to show how to keep the machine in order, and to enable the user to learn all about it, is the object of the new Badminton book. In view of the fact that I am the Editor I cannot of course give an impartial opinion about this volume, but I might perhaps be allowed to express a belief that it will cover the whole ground with remarkable completeness. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, an enthusiastic motorist, is to a great extent taking charge of the preparation, and we have got together a body of enthusiasts, at home and abroad, whose work is really a labour of love. The technical chapters, moreover, are all being read and discussed at length at meetings of the Automobile Club, whose secretary, Mr. C. Johnson, is also devoting himself to the book with untiring energy. The scheme of it is beyond question singularly complete, and if our efforts are successful, this thirtieth volume of the Badminton Library will be issued in April.

These Notes are of course written long before the publication of the weights for the Grand National, and consequently it is too soon for extended comment on the race. Before even the entries were in the *Calendar* a general opinion was current that Ambush II. 'could not be beaten'; and yet the handicap has to appear—and there are over thirty fences to be jumped, some big ones, a few very big, and at all there is a strong chance of a horse being knocked over or brought down by landing on or swerving against something else! As for the weight, it is not so much what the King's horse may be set to carry as what burden may be allotted to others; for I suppose that Ambush's place is pretty well fixed. Manifesto must

be top weight after his two victories, the second three years since with 12 st. 7 lb. But I do not suppose he will have more than that weight this time, seeing that he is fourteen years old, that he could not be got to the post last year, and was beaten the year before with 12 st. 13 lb. Ambush will surely have 12 st. 1 lb. or 12 st. 2 lb., considering that as a six-year-old he won with 11 st. 3 lb. A National winner must be penalised, as it were, about a stone on the occasion of his next appearance, and especially is this so in the case of a horse in the very prime of life. Of other National winners I presume that Drogheda will have about 11 st. 12 lb. and Grudon about 11 st. The facts that a horse stays and has won over the Liverpool course are enormously in his favour, and obviously Ambush has recommendations, but I cannot see where the extreme confidence with regard to him comes in. Two horses that I think must be taken into consideration are the 'Drums,' Drumree and Drumcree. The latter was second last year, beaten four lengths, with 10 st., and ought not to have more than something like 10 st. 9 lb.; the other has a reputation which may induce the handicapper to put him a good many pounds higher. I may be wrong, but this is my anticipation, for there is a general idea that Drumree is 'a National horse.' I like the breeding of the two Drums, 'ree by Royal Meath and 'cree by Ascetic. But more of this next month.

The usual discussion about the decadence of steeplechasing is, as a matter of course, in progress, and I think that even more than the usual number of remedies are being suggested. It seems to me that the first requisite for the improvement of sport under National Hunt Rules is the formation of a National Hunt Committee. It might perhaps be replied that there is one, and I am perfectly aware that the names of some fifty gentlemen are published in various places as constituting this body; as to which I can only say that, taking an active interest in the sport as I do, and being a constant attendant at many meetings, I see very little of them, and only on exceedingly rare occasions meet more than a very few; for two or three good sportsmen do diligently fulfil the duties they undertook when elected. I am all against democratising the two leading bodies of the Turf, and sincerely hope in particular that two or three persons, who ought not to be members of the Jockey Club, and are diligently striving to obtain admission to that body by

weight of metal, will not be successful in their endeavours. Flat-racing, however, gets on very well indeed as things are, in spite of the fact that at times the Stewards are indiscreetly chosen. But steeplechasing is in far from a flourishing condition, and is not likely to be improved unless the business of improvement is taken up by those in authority. One of the remedies commonly suggested is the abolition of the 'open ditch,' it being declared that many owners will not subject their horses to the risk of accident over this obstacle; and this cry was naturally increased when Hidden Mystery hurt himself and had to be destroyed at Sandown. I cannot believe, however, that the fence is the drawback its opponents declare it to be. When we see the wretches that run in Selling Handicap Steeplechases, and jump this fence scores of times every season without making the slightest fuss about it—aged and infirm old crocks on whose backs a moderately cautious man would hesitate to climb under any circumstances—I really cannot believe that the open ditch is such a formidable affair. Horses have to be schooled before they jump it, as a matter of course; but if it were abandoned, and there were no fences that a hurdle-racer could not jump without practice, I am by no means convinced that the number of accidents in steeplechases would be diminished. The open ditch might judiciously be banked up to the rail, so that horses could not get their legs under the timber, and perhaps some amendment might be made in the form of the ditch. This done, I would certainly let it remain.

Another suggested amendment is the abolition of all races under £100 in value, and it seems reasonable to suppose that this would prove beneficial. The argument against it is that some of the minor meetings would not be able to keep on. I am by no means sure that this would be an unmitigated misfortune, but at the same time there is something to be said on behalf of little places such as Chelmsford, Bungay, Southwell, Sheffield and Rotherham, Hambledon, and others, which provide modest sport in a humble way and amuse dwellers in the vicinity. The little £40 races have been to a considerable extent supported by owners who are bent on avoiding penalties in order that they might have a try for a valuable stake later on, it being hoped that handicappers would underestimate animals that had been confined to such petty affairs. An idea which commends itself to me is the following: If a horse runs for any

race worth less than £100 he should be disqualified for running in any race of greater value during the same season, from October to April. Such a rule would, no doubt, offend a certain number of individuals; but the idea is to improve the sport of steeplechasing, not to please everybody. Yet another suggestion is that there should be no race worth less than £100 at any place where there is also a flatrace-course. But I think such a rule as this would be less effective than the other just propounded.

A correspondent kindly sends me a long list of suggested names for horses, some of which strike me as particularly neat. 'Byzantium' does very well for a son of Eastern Emperor and By-and-Bye, and I rather like 'Gone Away' for a daughter of Despair and Foxley, as also 'Fallen Angel' for a son of St. Angelo and Mishap. The Loved One—Crooked Answer filly is easily named, but 'Ask Mamma' is good; and 'Clarionet' is not bad for the daughter of Orion and Clarina. If it is justifiable to read 'Galloping' for 'Galopin,' the son of that good horse and Old Lady is fairly well hit off by 'Banbury Cross,' and perhaps 'Lady Archer' is near enough for the daughter of Ladas and La Flèche. 'Court Scandal' is my correspondent's suggestion for the Royal Hampton—Spice filly; but I am rather afraid that everybody would not be pleased if Lord Derby called his son of Bumptious—Lock and Key 'Papal Supremacy.' 'Croquet' is put forward for the daughter of Green Lawn and Miss Springfield, and 'Gather Ye Rosebuds' for the son of Quickly Wise and Prickles—an excellent name, I think. My correspondent evidently has the knack of nomenclature, and though she does not offer her services, I have little doubt she will be glad to exercise her ingenuity if any owners who read this are in difficulties about naming their horses.

I suppose Nasturtium must be more than useful, or he would not have been sent by presumably good judges to run for the Derby; nevertheless it seems rather rash to back him for the great Epsom race at such a short price as 10 to 1 until a good deal more is known about him. The son of Watercress and Margerique may perhaps win the Derby and follow on with the Ascot Cup next year; but it has yet to be ascertained that he can stay the Derby course, and on the whole his paternity

is not particularly encouraging. Few of the young Watercresses do stay, I believe, and I have heard it hinted that he does not care very much about racing, which is another thing that has to be considered. Of other Derby horses it is said that Ard Patrick is wintering particularly well, and he certainly looked an improving sort. But he, again, may share the rooted dislike of racing which other St. Florians have exhibited. All last year Minting only had two winners to his credit, and one of them, Thirlstane, is certainly not calculated to win fame for his parent. I cannot quite believe in Minting as the sire of a Derby winner, and am by no means wrapped up in Minstead, whose legs may or may not stand a Derby preparation. I read in a paper the other day that Fowling Piece was regarded by his friends as little more than a plater, and that very small credit was due to him for running Glass Jug to a neck, as this filly was believed to be moderate and was not fancied when she won. As a matter of fact next to nothing was known about Fowling Piece, except that he was a great, fine colt who could not possibly approach his best as a two-year-old; and Glass Jug was fancied very much indeed for the race she won, the Boscawen Stakes. Just before the horses went to the post for this event her owner was talking to Mornington Cannon, who expressed his opinion that Royal Lancer—running in the race—was probably the best two-year-old that had been out; but this did not prevent the stable from backing Glass Jug—and, to be quite specific, taking 100 to 30 about her. According to Maher, who rode Fowling Piece, the son of Carbine and Galinne would have won comfortably had he run straight, instead of swerving about all over the course at the finish because he was so green, and he may have to be taken into consideration. Csardas is a good sound colt, and though some of the get of Ladas are said to be a bit shifty, I never saw anything of that kind in him. Duke of Westminster scarcely seems to have been increasing in favour of late, possibly, however, only because of the introduction of Nasturtium. Year after year something from Kingsclere is usually very near the mark for the Derby. As I have before remarked, John Porter would not have advised one of his employers to give 21,000 guineas for a horse unless he had entertained a very high opinion of him. It is much too early to talk about the Derby with anything like decision for some months to come, but I am inclined to think it will take a good horse to beat the son of Orme and Gantlet.

A great many things may have happened between the time of writing and publishing these Notes. Lord Rosslyn may have won a fortune at Monte Carlo for his syndicate, or, on the other hand, he may have lost his capital; and I am inclined on the whole to fancy that the latter is much the more probable contingency. If the papers are correct, the syndicate is not doing very well. I have reason to believe that Lord Rosslyn's method of procedure is that described as the 'Fitzroy System' in 'V. B.'s' excellent little book, 'Monte Carlo Anecdotes and Systems of Play.' 'It used to be very popular amongst the English community about three years ago,' 'V. B.' informs his readers. The idea of the game is to increase the stake by one unit every time until you have wiped out all previous losses and gained one unit as well for every *coup* played. The awkward point about the system is that it requires so much capital, but this difficulty Lord Rosslyn appears to have overcome, at any rate confiding friends started him with a good round sum, and I understand that he plays on both sides of the table at the same time, in the manner recommended. The one thing certain is that no system in the world can do away with the steady percentage in favour of the bank which must infallibly tell in the long run, and if Lord Rosslyn goes on long enough he will inevitably lose. Advocates of systems are always made peculiarly angry when told this, but there is no doubt about it. There is, however, always a chance that luck may favour a man and that he will not go on too long. As 'V. B.' remarks, 'It is quite possible to turn 200 louis into 1000 in a very short time if you are sufficiently lucky to avoid a bad day at the start.' But the bad day is always lurking in the way of the player on system, and is sure to overtake him sooner or later, unless he leaves off in time—and who does?

Of course a system may go on well for a long time, and it is that fact which persuades some fortunate players that it must go on for ever. I have before me at the time of writing many pages of figures, giving the result of a system played by a friend —or, rather, not actually played, but calculated from actual numbers that turned up at the table—and the results having been what they were the system looks invincible. I have also the figures of the same system applied to racing in England daily from March 25 to November 23 of last year. My friend took the tips from the *Standard*, manipulated them according

to the scheme he had devised, starting with one sovereign, and the total shows a gain of £1859 10*s.* 8*d.* I have not room to give any progressive indication of these figures, and moreover they would be of little significance unless the system were explained, but I may briefly remark that there was a loss of £3 15*s.* on the first week of the season, of £11 5*s.* on the second week, a profit of £26 13*s.* on the third week, the fourth Monday he was out £33 2*s.*, but the week following he had £120 in hand, and never looked back, though there were fluctuations. The £333 he had to the good on July 1 was reduced by rather more than £200 the week following, after which, however, a run of luck brought him up to £505 the next Monday. On September 30 he was £800 in; the next fortnight showed a loss of £300; the following week, however, a gain of nearly £1300. During the year he backed (unfortunately for him only in imagination) 975 losers, 359 winners, 3 horses walked over, and 408 of his selections did not start—the final win being as stated, £1859 10*s.* 8*d.*

I published an article last month about 'Tobogganing in England,' recommending certain machines which had been tested by the author. A letter from an authority on the subject criticises these toboggans as in any case by no means the best, and in some cases as decidedly dangerous; and the critic, Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook, is good enough to send me a book he has written on the subject, 'Notes on Tobogganing at St. Moritz,' a study of which volume certainly carries conviction with it. If any one wants to know a great deal about toboggans and the way to use them, I have the greater pleasure in recommending this little work from the fact that any profits derived from the sale are given to the St. Moritz Aid Fund for Invalids. It is published by Messrs. Rivington, 34 King Street, Covent Garden, though it may be that it is now out of print, as only 250 copies of the second edition were issued, and Mr. Cook does not say if a third edition has been printed.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

III.—ROWING

BY W. H. GRENFELL, M.P.

AMATEUR rowing is still flourishing and popular. The Oxford and Cambridge University Boat-race, the early harbinger of the rowing season, maintains if it has not even increased the popularity which it has deservedly won in bygone years. Henley Regatta draws larger crowds than ever, and it is only the fact of the course being boomed for a considerable portion of its length, that enables those who are responsible for keeping it clear for the races to look forward with anything but apprehension to their day's work, especially when non-indigenous crews are concerned. The metropolitan regattas prosper as of old, and the number of up-river fixtures seems to increase year by year. Amateur rowing would therefore appear tc be in a sound and healthy condition, the only matter for regret, perhaps, being that the metropolis does not now send the crews of the same excellence which we used to associate with those that rowed in the colours of London, Thames, or Kingston. Whatever may be the reason for this change, which is to a greater

extent year by year compelling the metropolitan clubs to seek for profitable recruits from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, whether it is owing to the fact that London business now makes more demand upon the time of young men who are engaged in it, or that there are now other pastimes more attractive than the long and laborious initiation which is required for the making of a good oar, it is most devoutly to be hoped that this deterioration in metropolitan oarsmanship will prove to be only of a temporary character, and that English amateur rowing will not be represented solely by the style which is cultivated at the Universities. In 1888 and 1889 the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley was won by the Thamas Rowing Club, and in 1890 by the London Rowing Club; but since then it has been carried off by crews drawn from the Universities, and it is a matter for regret among rowing men that the healthy and effective rivalry between the metropolitan clubs and crews belonging to the Universities has for the time being to so great an extent ceased to exist. A victory in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup would be a needed stimulus to metropolitan rowing.

A praiseworthy attempt under the highest auspices is being made to encourage amateur rowing in Ireland. The Lord Chief Justice has anounced that he will provide a cup of a value of £250, to be rowed for on the Lee, near Cork; the race is to be an international one for eight-oared boats over a course of not less than two miles; the cup, which is to be the absolute property of the crew that wins when the first race takes place, is to be made by Irish hands, and we may fervently hope that it may be won by Irish oars. The date suggested by the Lord Chief Justice for this interesting contest is some time between July 20 and 26, during the usual Cork Regatta, and it is believed that the Cork Exhibition and the Cork Regatta would be a mutual help to each other. The idea has been well taken up and has received financially the most flattering support, and if it is the means of introducing into Ireland the love of rowing as one of the finest, purest, and most unselfish of all sports, the liberal enthusiasm of the Chief Justice will have secured a most ample reward. Rowing, however, is a plant of slow growth; it takes at the least three years constant practice to make a polished oar, and the plant cannot be forced to a precocious maturity by the most lavish encouragement even though backed up by the enthusiasm of a sporting race.

While, however, amateur rowing has grown and flourished

and steadily increased in popular favour since the memorable year of 1829, which saw the first boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, as well as that between the schools of Eton and Westminster, the same cannot unfortunately be said of professional rowing and sculling. In the dark ages, or rather in the dawn of amateur rowing, three years after the foundation of Henley Regatta in 1839, we find that a crew of eight watermen, after rowing up and down the course in the rear of the competing boats, were so little exhausted by their efforts that, amid the plaudits of the spectators on the bank, they gave an *obligato* performance by racing the Oxford Aquatic Club and Cambridge University who were fighting out the third heat for the Grand Challenge Cup. *Bell's Life* records that this action on the part of Mr. Bishop's admirable crew of watermen rendered the interest taken in the race, if possible, more intense ; but I am afraid that the time has long gone by when a crew of watermen could add much to the interest of a race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, even if they were encouraged to take part in it. To the uninitiated rowing and sculling would appear so similar that proficiency in one branch of the sport may seem to imply proficiency in the other ; but such is not in reality the case, and although there have been examples of very fine oars being very fine scullers as well, there is no doubt that if an oarsmen wishes to do the fullest justice to his rowing powers he should give up sculling for the time being, just as if he wishes to scull at his best he should give up rowing. The inducements to professionals to devote the necessary time to turning out good rowing crews have for many years past been so few that at the present time professional rowing is at the lowest possible ebb. In sculling, however, it is different, and the best professional sculler is probably as much superior to the best amateur sculler as the best amateur eight-oar would be to the best eight composed of professionals.

Recent times have seen an attempt to revive both professional rowing and professional sculling by the establishment of a regatta on the metropolitan waters, which was designed to bring out and foster latent professional talent, an enterprise that has unfortunately not been crowned with success. England has been the pioneer in sculling as in most other forms of racing sport, and for many years carried all before her, but the long-continued successes of scullers from America, and especially from our own colonies, has had a most depressing

effect upon our local talent, notwithstanding the earnest and sustained effort that has been made to resuscitate it. The lack of prominent native scullers has no doubt caused public interest in the sport to decline, while the lack of public interest also in its turn re-acts on the profession. Perhaps in the future we may be able to look forward to better things, but the position of professional sculling at the present time leaves much to be desired, as although it may be maintained that the Professional Sculling Championship of the World has been brought back to England, for the first time since 1875, by George Towns, by his defeat of Jake Gaudaur at Rat Portage, Wisconsin, in September last, the national transports of joy at whatever merit there was in the performance must be seriously discounted by the fact that Towns is an Australian and not an 'Islander' by birth, while at the same time it cannot be overlooked that more recent sculling performances on the Thames have not tended to elevate the pastime in popular estimation.

The first year of the new century was ushered in, as far as rowing is concerned, by a remarkable race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, which took place under conditions of wind that prevented two eight-oared boats rowing abreast in Corney Reach; and it was only the bold expedient of dropping behind during a large part of the race, so as to take advantage of the shelter of the bank, which enabled Oxford in the end to gain a narrow but well-deserved victory. The race was also noticeable for the fact that Oxford used a boat designed by Dr. Warre, the Headmaster of Eton, on somewhat novel lines, its length being but 56 ft., as compared with the length of 60 ft. and more to which we have of late been accustomed in racing eights, and the 63 ft. to which the Cambridge University boat attained in 1899. The rowing space was practically about the same as that in the longer boats, the saving in length being made by shortening the distance from the stem to the back of bow's seat, and that from the stern to the back of the cox's seat. The boat in which Oxford rowed in 1901 was one less than 4 ft. 3 in. shorter from the stern to the back of bow's seat than the Cambridge University boat of 1899. The difference in length between the two boats is compensated for by an increase in the beam of the Oxford boat which is 2 ft. 3 in., as compared with 1 ft. 11 in. What will be the outcome of this experiment in boatbuilding and reversion to the models of 1867 and 1869 (in both of which years the Oxford boat was exactly the same length as Dr. Warre's, namely,

56 ft.) it is too early to say, but, at all events, we can agree with Dr. Warre when he says, 'What is most to be desired is that some first-class oarsman, with a practical knowledge of boatbuilding and adequate scientific training, should apply himself to the problem, and tell us the truth about length and beam and their relations to speed; about camber and non-camber; about the proper curve of the master-section; about the proper position of this in the length of the boat; about the proper shape of the entry; and about many other things upon which at present we can only turn to account the fitful gleams of empirical knowledge. Until this hope is fulfilled we must be content to do the best we can with the light which we have got at our disposal.'

It would not be possible to write an article, however brief, on the subject of rowing at the present time without referring to the question of the entry qualification at Henley Regatta, which was so much debated through the summer of 1901 in the public Press, and was the subject of a motion which was brought forward by myself before the Henley stewards. The gradual conversion of Henley Regatta into an annual International meeting cannot but have a serious effect upon English amateur rowing, and it is well to consider carefully and without bias what this effect is likely to be, and whether it will work for good or for evil. Amateur rowing has up to the present remained amateur, it has escaped the professional spirit which is invading cricket, and which has to so great an extent driven the amateur from the football field. Long may it remain so, and long may the crews which represent the clubs at Henley be truly and genuinely representative of those clubs and not hirelings, as is the case in football, secured by lavish payment to uphold the fortunes of the combination which has enlisted their services. Henley Regatta, up to the present, as far, certainly, as English crews have been concerned, has been a genuinely amateur regatta, but the fear may reasonably be entertained that this will not continue to be the case if it is to be recognised and stamped as an annual International meeting. Sport becomes more specialised every year, and as it becomes more specialised it tends also to become more of a profession and less of a sport. The policy of keeping a permanent annual regatta open to international competition must in time produce a marked effect on the regatta itself, and through the regatta on English rowing generally. Much may be said in favour of international races and other contests from the point of view of

promoting international good feeling, and much may be said against them, but one thing is, I think, pretty certain, and that is that it is quite possible to have them too often, and I do not suppose that the most enthusiastic yachtsman or the most leisured cricketer would care to have an America Cup race every year, or a yearly visit from even such welcome guests as an Australian cricket eleven. Yachting contests of this character are fortunately limited by the enormous expense which they entail, and the disturbance to county and other cricket fixtures would be too great to allow the idea to be entertained—in the case of cricket.

Another proposition may also be laid down with regard to international contests, and that is that they should take place, when they do take place, under specially framed conditions and on a proper course. In the first international boat-races these conditions were fulfilled. In 1869 Oxford, which had won the University Boat-race of that year, was challenged by Harvard U.S., and this was the first amateur international boat-race. International, that is to say, in the sense that the presumably best English University four was challenged by the presumably best University four from the United States. In 1872 the London Rowing Club, then holders of the Stewards' Cup, was challenged by the Atalanta Club of New York to a four-oared race, which, like the previous one, was held over the Putney course and won by England, as also was another race in 1876 between the London Rowing Club and the German Frankfort Club.

There is not a word to be said against these international rowing matches. They were carried out under the conditions which should govern international rowing, but unfortunately since this time, instead of issuing definite challenges, foreign crews have preferred to compete at Henley Regatta. It was not long before these entries gave rise to awkward questions with respect to their amateur status, of which, naturally perhaps, different views were taken in different countries, and at all the events the definitions, where indeed definitions existed at all, were not identical. For the Diamond Sculls there have been at least four entries much open to suspicion—namely, those of Lee, who, after sculling at Henley, came out openly as a professional in America; of the French sculler Lein, who competed unsuccessfully in 1881; of Ooms, the Dutchman, who won in 1892; and of Ten Eyck, who won in 1897—entries from the two latter being declined in subsequent regattas. So long as

Henley Regatta is kept open to foreign entries it is probable that these questions, the discussion of which invariably leads to friction and unpleasantness, will continually occur. It is not, however, so much from any technical question of amateur status that I think the danger to the future prospects of English rowing arises, as from the probable effect that these so-called international races, if they take place every year, will produce upon Henley Regatta and upon rowing in England, regarded as a sport. The greater the competition, especially if international rivalry be added, the greater the danger of sport becoming professionalised. Amateur rowing in England has hitherto been remarkably free from this spirit ; it has been pursued as a sport and a recreation, and valued as an end itself by those who love hard physical exercise, healthy emulation, and generous good fellowship. At the Universities, although inter-collegiate rivalry runs high, it is not unusual to see a member of one crew coaching another crew of possibly dangerous competitors, with every confidence that his advice will be taken in the same spirit as it is offered ; and Oxford men have coached Cambridge crews and Cambridge men have coached Oxford crews with the full consent of their respective boat clubs. Abroad, however, and especially in the United States, a different spirit seems to prevail, the professional spirit as distinguished from the sporting spirit, and the one and only object is to win. The difference between the two standpoints is so well brought out in an article written with reference to the recent athletic contests between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale that I think it is worthy of quotation.

'An American college coach sends his men out on the track with their legs done up in corks and bandages. He sees that they have proper pacing, and that they run far enough, but not too far. He brings them in at the proper minute, gives them a shower bath and a rub down, massages their legs and arms, steams them out, applies hot water lotions to their wrenched muscles, inspects them carefully from top to toe, and then sends them home with instructions not to smoke and not to stay up after ten.

'The Englishmen, on the contrary, have no professional trainer, and—a thing which strikes the American collegian with horror—no rubber. How an athlete can exercise without being rubbed down is a mystery that the American attempts in vain to understand. The Englishmen, however, seem to think that rubbing down is altogether unnecessary. Their method of

training is simply to go out and take exercise in the afternoon. They have no scientific apparatus and no scientific theories. Each man apparently trains himself, and if he can win well and good: if not, he has still had his exercise.

'Now, so far as winning is concerned, there can be little doubt that the American method is preferable. The American has trained like a professional, the Englishman like an amateur, and as long as this is true the odds will be in our favour. But when one looks below the fact of outward success into the principles that underlie the system, one feels a little bit less satisfied. In American colleges to-day, athletics is dominated by one idea and that is: whatever happens, win. It is not the exercise so much, nor the development of pluck, nor the control of the temper: it is the winning of the championship. That this is true is proved by the undeniable fact that it is only a small proportion of the men who play in the teams, while the rest of the college stands and looks on. Toward the end of the football season there will be at the most twenty-two men in each college who play the game, while there will be four or five hundred or more who stamp the cold out of their feet on the side lines. And the twenty-two men who compose the first and second teams are meanwhile subjected to a treatment which is as severe as the human system can endure, and much severer than a man's health requires.

'At the English Universities, on the contrary, the participants in athletics by far outnumber the spectators. Almost every man in the University tumbles out in the afternoon to take his exercise, and the exercise is for the sake of sport and health, and never becomes a business. Consequently the English Universities have no trouble as we have with men who are brought to college only for the sake of ball. Professionalism is a problem that never confronts them, and that the team wins or loses is matter of smaller concern than that everybody should take outdoor exercise, and that nobody should overdo it.'

In this article the two different aspects of sport as obtaining in the two countries are plainly brought out: in the one case the only idea is to win, even if it is to be accomplished by the means of professional representatives and professional methods, in the other case the sport is pursued as a sport and recreation for the love of the thing itself. The introduction of the former spirit into Henley Regatta, intensified by an international

rivalry which gives to athletics generally an undue importance, is harmful to the best interests of sport, and must in due course produce an effect—and to my mind a bad effect—on English rowing. The professional method will beat the amateur method. That is, I think, a proposition which experience will lead us to admit. The supporters of foreign entries say that if foreign methods are better we must imitate them—that they are better in the sense of being more likely to produce a crew capable of winning the Grand Challenge Cup or the Stewards' Cup I should at once allow; but that they are better either for Henley Regatta or for the future of English rowing I very much doubt. The Leander Club, judging from the experiences of the last ten years, would at the present time be the club capable of putting on the best crews at Henley for the Grand Challenge Cup and the Stewards' Cup. Indeed, in the interests of general rowing it has perhaps been only too continuously successful in the more important race; but I do not think it can be said that it has made efforts to put on the best crew it could raise from among its members, as it has always allowed the claims of college crews which intended to row at Henley to be preferred to its own, and, in fact, a Leander crew has been a scratch crew of good individual oars got together at short notice and only put through a very limited amount of training. But if Leander is to put on a crew at all to meet these foreign aspirants to the Grand Challenge Cup, some of whom begin their preparation the Christmas before Henley, I suppose it would be its duty, as time goes on and these foreign aspirants become more dangerous, to put on the best crew it can muster, and train at least as seriously as for an International University Boat-race.

But what then will be certain to happen to the metropolitan and college crews which enter for the Grand Challenge Cup? The competition of Leander at the present time, though not so severe as it might be made, and under these circumstances should be made, is already complained of as injurious to the wider interests of English rowing, and this competition will be indefinitely intensified by the annual menace from abroad. If the Leander Club is to be driven into putting on its best crew, and to undergoing a special preparation in order to compete with specially prepared foreign crews, Henley Regatta, instead of encouraging home rowing, will see public interest wholly concentrated on the struggle between the best home crew and its foreign rivals, whilst other crews who under

the old conditions might have had a fair chance of success in the Grand Challenge Cup will be working off their enthusiasm on the bank. Those who have visited the regatta of late years cannot fail to have been struck by the lack of public interest which is shown in the racing when once the principal so-called international race is disposed of, and international it will always be considered to be both by the Press and the public however reluctant rowing experts may be to concede the title. The regatta will suffer also in other ways. Although it is well known that an individual oarsman can do himself and the crew he rows in more justice if he confines himself to one race, it has not hitherto been unusual for some of the best oars to take part in eight-oared, four-oared, pair-oared, and even sculling races at the same regatta. If we are to imitate the specialising tactics of some of our opponents from abroad, this practice, it seems to me, will have to be discontinued, as not only is the rowing of many heats at a regatta an exhausting performance in itself, but the change from one boat to another is prejudicial to the absolute harmony and minute precision which are necessary to the making of a first-class crew.

Independently of the bad effects which in my opinion international racing at Henley will produce on English rowing, there is another reason why it should not be encouraged—the course itself is not suited for it. In the first place it is too short; in the second place it is too crowded with pleasure-boats and, if I may use the word, too picknicky; and in the third place there is too great an inequality in the stations. The Putney to Mortlake course is 4 miles 2 furlongs in length, and the Henley Regatta course is 1 mile 550 yards, suitable enough for a home regatta but not for an international race. Owing to the great crowd of boats on the course, admirably managed though they are now since the booms have been brought into use, the danger is always present of some unintentional interference with a racing-boat, which in an international event might lead to international unpleasantness; but the chief objection as regards the course lies in the inequality of the stations. In the old course the bend at the finish gave the Berks (or inside) station a distinct advantage, unless there was a wind off the Bucks shore, which more than neutralised it. When the course was altered, and most carefully measured and set out so that the distances traversed by the two competing boats should be exactly the same, the advantage, judging from the results of the races, which was formerly possessed by the Berks

station seems to have been transferred to the Bucks. I have been furnished with the figures which seem to bear out this statement by one whose authority to speak on matters connected with Henley Regatta is second to none. On the old course, from 1839 to 1886, there were some 220 eight-oared races, of which

The Berks boat won	130 odd
The Bucks boat won	90 odd

The proportion of wins for the Berks boat was thus about three to two.

On the new course from 1886 to 1901 there have been some 250 eight-oared races of which

The Berks boat won	100 odd
The Bucks boat won	150 odd

the proportion of wins for the Berks boat being about two to three.

From these figures it would appear that the shelter of the Bucks shore in the new course is just as valuable to the Bucks boat as the bend in the old course used to be to the Berks boat, and also that the luck of the draw is too great an advantage for the course to be a satisfactory one from the point of view of international racing.

Henley Regatta, while admirably suited in many ways for the encouragement of home rowing and even British Empire rowing, if our fellow subjects beyond our shores are content to take Henley Regatta as they find it, and desire to take a most welcome part in the premier home regatta, is not adapted, as it was never meant, for an international championship meeting. International rowing matches should take place, preferably by challenge at sufficient intervals of time, over a recognised championship course and under specially framed conditions.

'CHASSE DE CERF' IN MAURITIUS

BY ELEANOR MORDAUNT

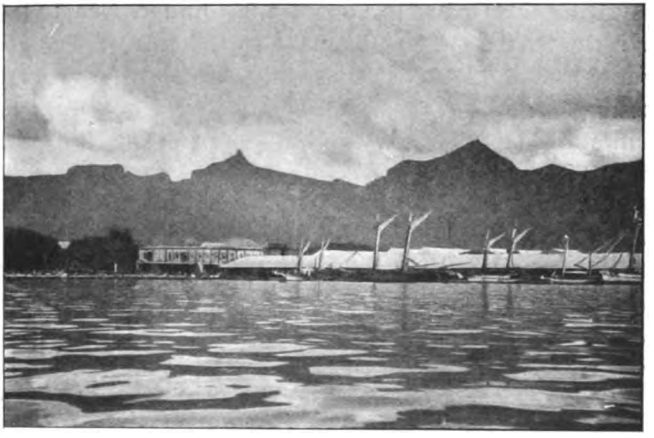
I COULD imagine that English sportsmen would, in fact I know they do, scoff a good deal at the style of hunting the noble stag which holds good in the little island of Mauritius—*chasse de cerf* as *les vrais Mauricians* call it. Indeed, perhaps it is more of pageant, a festive meeting, an excuse for a great *déjeuner*, than anything else ; yet in a place where deer are so numerous that unless strenuously kept down they would do incalculable harm to the young sugar canes, the rather wholesale, unsportsmanlike slaughter of a *chasse* is more readily forgiven. And then to a mere woman such as I am, with rather limited capacities in the matter of walking, it is certainly a delightful way of spending the day ; to my uninitiated mind, it is far less cruel than hunting a stag with hounds, for here there is anyhow no terror of the chase for him, death comes certain, sudden or not at all.

In Mauritius riding, except on the sandy sea shore, is almost an impossibility, the whole country, where it is not covered with forest-clad or inaccessibly rocky mountains, being laid out with sugar canes ; and though rides are cut through the fields for the purpose of carting, they are so deep in ruts and thick with stones that a canter over them is pleasant neither to man nor beast ; wherefore the *chasse* is conducted on foot with guns—guns which range from the most obsolete muzzle-loader to the very newest things in sporting rifles.

Up among the hills are wild stretches of forest-land, only

broken in places by little rough patches of something between moor and veldt, thick with myrtle bushes and thorny mimosa, or clusters of Indian mud huts, and little garden plots of sweet potatoes or mealies. There the shooting-clubs have their little hunting-boxes; or a planter, who spends most of his days sweltering among his sugar canes on the sea coast, has built himself a tiny pavilion to escape to from Saturdays to Mondays in the worst of the hot season.

Here, the evening before the *chasse*, the guests begin to arrive, in any number from ten to a hundred, in any sort of vehicle, from a rickety spider drawn by one mule to a com-



PORT LOUIS HARBOUR

fortable carriage with a pair of horses and a couple of men on the box. The costumes are as curious as the vehicles, varying from the black coat and trousers and bowler hat, which in defiance of tropical heat the middle-class Frenchman persists in regarding as the correct *costume de chasse*, to the workmanlike attire of the young English officers.

Le grand Monsieur, as the keepers call the owner of the estate, or the head member of the club, usually provides plates, glasses, knives and forks at the cantonment, but little else, and every guest has to bring a contribution both towards that evening's dinner and next day's *déjeuner*. For a bed he does as best he can, usually sleeping on the cushions from his carriage, or merely rolled up in a rug with his coat under his head.

At three o'clock next morning his 'boy' calls him: it is always dark, generally chilly and damp, and I believe most of

the sportsmen ardently wish that they had not been such fools as to come, as they drag themselves up and, drinking a hasty cup of tea, track off with their disreputable, ghostlike-looking companions, through the thick wet herbage.

But soon the sun beams out, and things begin to cheer up. The pack of ragged *piqueurs* with their extraordinary following of dogs of every variety of mixed breed—dogs which seem to trace their origin indiscriminately from toy terriers to mastiffs, and eventually arrive at nothing in the least definite—chatter gaily together behind us, their unique costume consisting generally of one piece of old sacking, mellowed by rain and sunshine to an indefinable colour, which blends very well with the prevailing landscape in its old age, though bearing when it is new a rather dangerous likeness to the tint of a stag's flank.

Gradually the ragged following of dogs and men drop behind, and spread out into a semicircle of a couple of miles or so behind and around us. Now the sportsmen begin to be picked out too by the chief *piqueurs*, who is distinguished by a coat and hat, though his nether limbs are still inadequately clothed in a ragged loin cloth, and posted at some spot where the ride cuts through the wood, or behind some bush in a little open space, always with strict injunctions as to the directions in which he may or may not shoot. Then a horn is blown, and far away down in the valley spreads a long line of shouting and barking, the shouts, I believe, if one could distinguish the jumble of French and Hindustani that they are expressed in, being entreaties to the poor *cerfs* to hurry up and go and be killed.

All this time the seasoned *chasseur* is sitting under his bush, or lying down smoking and probably drinking whisky; he knows his time has not come yet, but novices are far too keen for this. I remember the first time I ever went *chassing*, I stood valiantly with every sense alert from 4.30 to 11, with the sun climbing higher and higher in the heavens till I melted to a mere protoplasm beneath my immense felt hat, thinking it would be showing an unpardonable womanly weakness to sit down even for a moment; and hugging unceasingly a weapon almost as long as myself, and quite as heavy, obligingly lent me by *le grand Monsieur*.

But as the shouting and yapping draw nigh it behoves me to be alert, and watch the tantalising moving scraps of light brown in the distance, which even seen through my glasses may be anything. At any single moment now a stag with his mate

behind him, or perhaps two or three companions, may come bounding out from among the trees and undergrowth beneath my very nose, and be across the narrow slip of drive like a flash of light, and among the thick bush again ; for the coming of the quarry is only heralded by a soft crush of boughs, there is a glint of delicate brown limbs, then another swish of herbage, and your chance may be hopelessly gone, while a distant shot and the elated whoop of a beater or boy will tell you that your next neighbour, whom you can only locate by the sound of his gun, has had better luck than you have.

A 'CHASSE' PARTY

Sometimes that may be your only chance for the whole day, but sometimes at three or four different times these streaks of light brown may flash past you, nerve and eye and hand may serve you equally well, and then with a heart bursting with pride, and the most done-it-all-before expression you can command, you will hear your triumph recounted, with a chorus of voluble ecstasies from the *piqueurs*, when you all meet again for breakfast at eleven.

It is a huge and satisfying meal, as indeed it ought to be, considering that you have been afoot since 3.30 A.M., and had nothing but a cup of tea since last night's dinner. At first silence reigns ; there is no time to be wasted in mere words, with cold meat and pies, palm-tree salad and curry to be

discussed, but when the inevitable cup of coffee, that an Indian never fails to evolve for you wherever he is, appears, and the majority of the sportsmen roll over on their backs with a grunt of satisfaction and begin to smoke, conversation starts to flow —mostly in French, save where some host whose politeness is greater than his command of English, chatters laboriously with one of the young officers.

Anecdotes flow freely, though round me they are as mild as milk, and mostly take the form of inordinate 'blaguant' about former *chasses* and the number of heads obtained. I know that I am covertly regarded as a 'mad Englishwoman' among these

A RIVER SCENE

men, who are as the French of two generations ago in all their ideas, but I am treated with so much good-will and politeness that the doubts they feel about my sanity fail to disturb me.

About four o'clock, when the greatest heat of the day is beginning to diminish, we are up and at it again, the beaters starting in the opposite direction this time, and driving up towards us; and so we go on till it begins to get too dark for more, and we wend our way through the brief tropical dusk back to the cantonment again; then to embark in our different vehicles, and so home, with a generous share of the spoil, and a very decided craving for dinner and bedtime.

Even if we have not let off our gun the whole day, as I must confess does sometimes happen, any one with a real love for outdoor life and nature cannot feel that the time has been in any way wasted. For such the day will have been full of

delights: the dewy morning with the light mist of heat already enveloping the lush green of the tropical foliage; the odd, half-awakened 'cruk, cruk, cruk' of the little wood-doves, so strangely like the call of the pheasants at home; the brilliantly jewelled lizards sunning themselves on the great shining leaves of the bananas and travellers' palms are all full of joy; the long wait in the solitude of the forest peered at by innumerable bright-eyed creatures who gain courage by your stillness; the monkeys swinging from tree to tree and screaming vindictively at your intrusion. Perhaps an old boar will come swinging along the path like some ponderous city gentleman, bent on business, though looking rather sulky over it; or his better half, with her squealing litter after her, tempting you sorely to break the silence which hangs over the forest, with a shot from your gun, and so revel in wild sucking-pig for dinner next night. Almost as great a temptation are the guinea-fowl, dodging in and out of the undergrowth within such very easy range, and seeming to mock one by their persistent cry. It is really a difficult feat to keep one's mind on the stag that one is waiting for in this place so full of marvels, and subtle movements, and strange forest folk.

HOW TO DRIVE A MOTOR-CAR

BY A. J. WILSON

IT is said that every English boy has an ambition to drive a railway-engine. As he grows towards years of discretion, the average boy learns that the foot-plate of a railway locomotive is not the place for an amateur, although the fugitive peeps at a driver and stoker performing their tasks, such as most of us have had when from stress of crowded trains we have journeyed in a guard's van, suggest that there is not much of a complex character in starting and regulating the pace by means of the long steel lever of the throttle-valve, the screw-down winch of the brake, and the somewhat more occult lever actuating the link-motion reversing gear. Nor is it at all difficult to learn how to use these pieces of mechanism ; the engine-driver's task is only half begun when he knows how to start, to regulate his speed, to sound his whistle, to open his expansion-valves, and to stop his train. He has to be not only a driver but a mechanic, who realises the exact construction, object, and condition of every detail of the huge engine under his charge, in order that he may at all times be perfectly aware of the precise state of adjustment of every part, and able to anticipate every little thing which, if neglected, might lead to derangement and perhaps calamity.

And it is very much the same with regard to a motor-car, with this exception, that the driver of a car may, if he pleases, learn only how to drive, and rely upon his *mécanicien*—as a motor-car servant is termed—to look after the hidden working of the engine as well as to do the dirty work corresponding to the duties of the railway 'stoker.' Albeit very few automobilists will long be content merely to drive ; because

not only will their interest be aroused to the extent of a consuming curiosity to learn and understand precisely how and why everything happens, but after the first rudiments of the art of driving a car are mastered the driver will soon appreciate the fact that the more he gets to know about his engine the better able he will be to drive it to the best advantage. Still, with a competent and painstaking *mécanicien* to start the engine and watch its behaviour, it is possible for a mere novice to drive a car without much fear of doing serious injury to the mechanism in ignorance of the conditions under which starting, pace-regulating, hill-climbing, and stopping are performed. Steering is, of course, a thing that can only be mastered by careful practice; and although it might be imagined that such practice is merely a matter of going slowly, at first, on wide roads free from traffic, the awkward part of the business is that the starting, stopping, and change-speed levers, as well as the brakes, are all placed so as to be operated by the steersman, and cannot be controlled by the guardian *mécanicien*, so that considerable care must be exercised at first lest upon emergency the novice become confused, and either move the wrong lever or have his attention distracted from the steering whilst attending to the brakes, the clutch, or other levers; just as in sailing a small yacht single-handed it is necessary to have an eye upon every sail and a hand upon each sheet at the precise moment when the state of the wind and water necessitate attention to them, as well as unremittingly handling the tiller in the correct manner for luffing up, coming into stays, or bearing away.

The bicyclist may fancy that driving a motor-car is nothing but a glorified form of riding a free-wheel bicycle down hill; but as a fact the bicyclist who has never studied how to ride a tricycle or a motor-quadricycle is more likely to mismanage a motor-car than if he had never learnt to ride the bike, because he has acquired the instinct which leads him to turn his steering wheel to and fro—to preserve his equilibrium—whenever he feels that he is not perfectly vertical; at every little symptom of lateral sway or leaning over he will steer towards the side to which he seems to be leaning; and it takes some little time to unlearn the art of the balance, because every vehicle except a bicycle must sway or lean from side to side on any road that is not perfectly level transversely. A horse-driver is more likely to pick up the governance of a motor-car quickly, because he is accustomed to the feeling of his seat leaning from

one side to the other ; he is not alarmed when his near side wheels perceptibly run on a lower level (on a well-arched road) than his off-side wheels ; he has become schooled in the art of driving at a due distance from the kerbstone or the ditch, and of calculating to a nicety the precise width of space needful to clear his axle-boxes from other traffic ; he knows how necessary it is to slow down before swinging round sharp corners ; and he understands the need for holding in his horse when descending a steep hill. The horse-driver is, in fact, inclined to be too cautious in these latter respects, because a horse cannot swing round a corner, with safety, at anything like the pace that is possible with a motor-car, and when going down hill the car is infinitely more under control than any horse ; in fact, it is only when an excessively greasy surface is being traversed that speed down hill becomes at all perilous, the car having such great stability and ample brake power that it can always be pulled up as sharp as the exigencies of traffic may dictate, and —unlike the case of managing a horse—the jamming-on of a brake will not occasion a collapse. An exceptionally sure-footed horse may be allowed to descend a hill as fast as it can trot, or gallop, but if you pull him up too suddenly—either with or without the assistance of a brake—you will throw him ; a motor-car, however, has no limitations beyond the strength of its frame, and nowadays none but very cheap cars are built so poorly as to risk fracture through sudden brake application. In this lies the great element of safety in the automobile, and this explains why even the Cabinet Minister who himself framed the Act of Parliament which restricts the legal limit of pace to twelve miles an hour, has himself admitted, recently, that the limit is an absurd one, and that a much greater pace is perfectly within the bounds of discretion.

Amongst the multitude of different brands of motor-cars there are, of course, various details differing not only as regards the construction of the engines but also as concerns the position and arrangement of the levers governing their operation ; but patterns are daily becoming more closely assimilated, and the general principles are alike in nearly all. The oldest form of steering is that known as the tiller, a horizontal lever projecting backward towards the driver, so that the movement is the same as that in steering a boat ; but whereas in a boat the tiller projects forward from a pivot (the rudder-post) behind the steersman, on a motor-car it projects backward towards the steersman from a pivot in front Another old, and approxi-

mately similar, form of steering lever takes the form of a horizontal handle-bar, which lies transversely when steering straight and is moved exactly in the same way as a bicycle is steered. Both these forms are practically obsolete, neither affording the driver the amount of steady control to be obtained by the use of the wheel, which is geared down but slightly, whereas the steering-wheel of a steamer or large sailing-vessel is geared down very much ; contrary to the practice on marine craft, however, the motor-car steering-wheel is not vertical, but is inclined in a plane more nearly approaching the horizontal, so as to be most conveniently operated by the hands of the driver who is seated close behind it and can use either or both hands for its control. So great is the power which the worm gearing gives to the steering-wheel over the road wheels, that very little force is needed to keep the hand-wheel steady, or to turn it from side to side, even on a rough road where stones and other obstacles present resistances irregularly to the passage of one and the other road wheels. So far as steering is concerned, then, the learner has but to practise, whilst the car is travelling as slowly as may be, and to remember to turn slowly and steadily, avoiding the quick swerves which a bicyclist would be inclined to make ; then, as he acquires confidence and skill, the car's speed may be gradually increased, the maxim being always borne in mind that the clutch should be thrown out of gear, to steady the steering, immediately any tendency to 'wobble,' or to yaw about from side to side, becomes manifest.

As previously indicated, it is needful to learn how to operate the other levers before you can begin to practise steering ; and without troubling to comprehend how the petrol drives the engine, it is at least necessary to understand the general principle of how the engine operates the road wheels. Imagine, therefore, that the car is complete in itself and can be pulled or pushed to and fro with the engine idle. Sometimes the engine is connected to the driving-wheels (the rear wheels) of the car by leather belts, sometimes by cog-wheel gear, occasionally by bevel gear ; but in the vast majority of cases the transmission of power from engine to driving-wheels is by means of chains—one on either side—which exert practically equal pressure upon the driving-wheels. The engine is usually started by means of a cranked lever worked by hand, and when once set going, and the rate nicely adjusted by your *mécanicien*, it keeps going even when you stop the car. This is a peculiarity which many

people do not comprehend, and it accounts for the noise and vibration which take place when the car is at rest.

Conveniently placed for the driver's feet are two iron levers, or pedals, one of which is the 'clutch' pedal; the other applies a brake. As these pedals cannot be manipulated by your *mécanicien*, it is most important that you understand their precise functions. One pedal—usually the left—solely actuates the clutch. When it is released it rises and allows a powerful spring to jam a cone into a recess; in other words, to cause the clutch to engage so that the engine is geared to the road wheels. When you depress this pedal you 'throw out the clutch'—you disconnect the cones so that the engine goes on working out of connection with the road wheels. The other pedal—usually the right—actuates a brake, and on most up-to-date cars it also automatically throws the clutch out of gear. The same is the case with the hand-brake lever: it not only applies brakes to the road wheels, but it holds the clutch out of gear with the engine.[1] The result is that if you merely wish the engine to cease propelling the car forward, you depress the clutch pedal only; but if you wish also to retard the progression of the car you depress the brake pedal, which applies the brake as well as throwing the clutch out of gear.

For the ordinary exigencies of road traffic, the foot brake is usually sufficiently powerful without the additional use of the hand brake; but it must be recollected that the foot brake and also the clutch pedal become inoperative the moment the driver quits his seat, so that when coming to a standstill and desiring to remove your feet from the pedals, you must apply the hand brake, and leave it with the lever held in the notch provided; and also, for safety, shift the change-speed lever into the position in which the engine will be quite out of gear, so that even if the brake and clutch lever should be accidentally moved, the car will not start. You may then release the pedals, because as long as the hand lever remains in the notch it will not only hold the brake on but also the clutch out of gear.

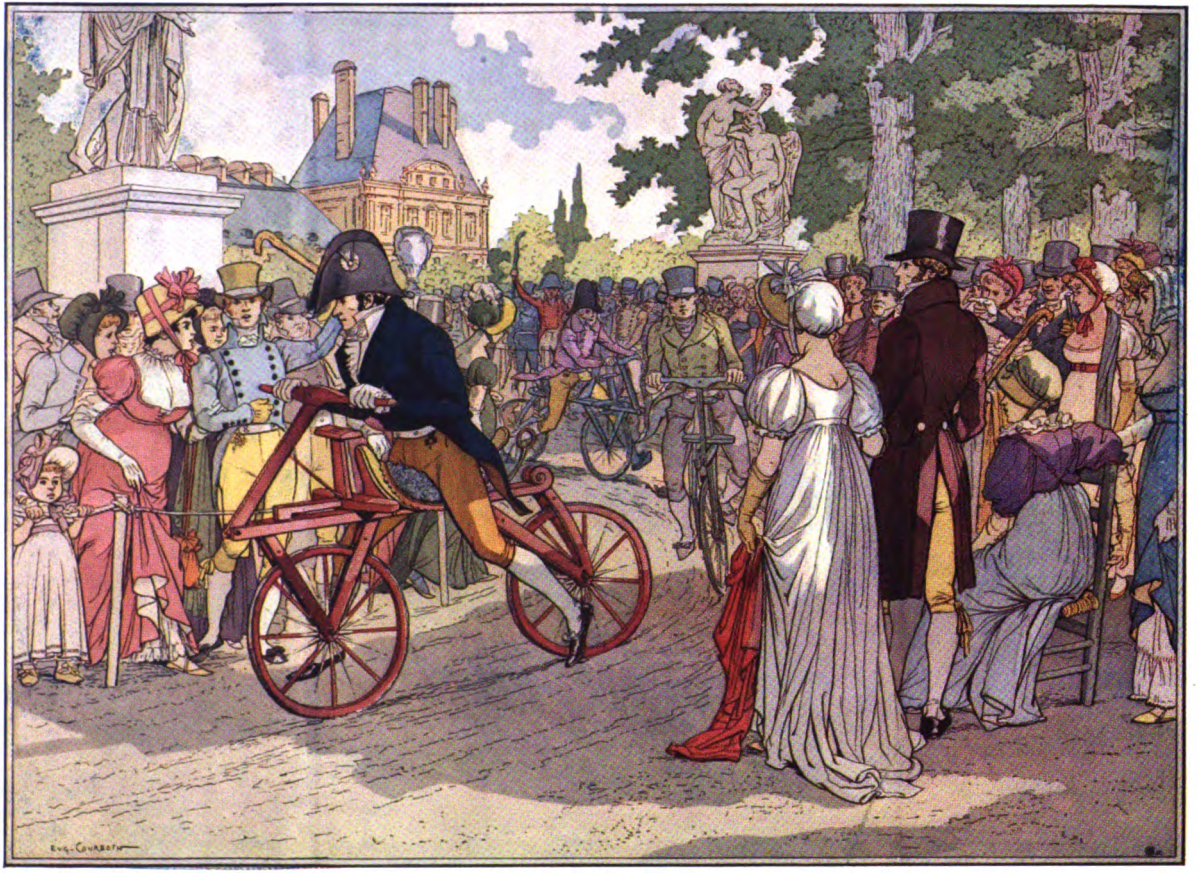
Provided, then, you have, or your *mécanicien* has, started the engine by means of the hand crank—the hand brake being first put on and secured in the notch—you mount into your seat first and depress your clutch pedal so as to hold the clutch out of gear, then you put your speed lever to what your *mécanicien* will tell you is the slowest, or 'first' speed (or, if you must start the car backwards, to the position for reversing), release

[1] On some cars there is a separate lever for throwing the gear out.

your brake, and, all being ready to start, release your clutch so that the engine engages with the road-wheel gear and starts the car. You must always start with—or, as the term is, 'on'—the first speed, and never attempt to put in the second, third, or (on a big car) the fourth speed until the car is moving at the maximum pace possible with the lower speed, because if you attempt to start with the second or third speed in, or to increase the speed too soon, you will stop the engine, and have to get down and start it again with the hand crank, as well as—in all probability—damaging the mechanism.

These preliminaries being committed to memory, by means of experiment before starting, the most important point of all has to be impressed upon the learner: to wit, how to 'change the speeds' without either stopping the engine or damaging the gear; and to understand the importance of this it is needful to appreciate the action of the clutch and the change-speed gearing. The engine being started, but not connected to the road wheels, would quickly get up a furious pace of its own were it not that it is furnished with a 'governor'—a piece of mechanism which automatically prevents it from racing beyond a certain number of revolutions per minute. It may suffice for the beginner to know that the governor effects this, without studying the precise series of movements whereby the operation is performed. Assume, therefore, that the engine is working up to the full speed which the governor is set to permit, when you release the clutch pedal the revolving engine shaft is (through the gear) brought into contact with the counter-shaft carrying on its ends the two chains (or in chainless cars the other transmission gear) conveying the movement to the road wheels. Changing the speeds is a task calling for great nicety of judgment, because the mechanism whereby the road wheels are made to revolve relatively slower, in proportion to the revolutions of the engine shaft, usually consists of a train of cog-wheels of varying diameter; and to shift one pair of cog-wheels out of gear with each other, and another pair into gear with each other, must be done with such a gradual amount of force and caution in one case, and with such prompt decision in another, as to avert the danger of injuring the edges of the teeth or cogs at the moment they engage. It would never do to try to shift the gears when the engine was driving hard; the clutch must be momentarily released so that the gears shift without grinding against each other's edges. When about to put in a higher gear—to make the car go faster—with gears of

the usual construction it is desirable to shift the lever from one position to the next quickly, so that the car's pace is not reduced during the momentary unclutching; but when shifting from a fast to a slower gear it is preferable to pause a moment until you feel that the engine, freed from the clutch, is driving fast and that the car's pace is already retarded, then slip in the low gear and let the clutch into engagement. The general rule is, however, subject to frequent exceptions, so that the novice must ascertain beforehand precisely what are the peculiarities of his particular car, and must adopt those tactics which his *mécanicien* tells him are best suited to its idiosyncrasies. Despise not your mentor! Humble though his station may be, recollect that he understands the one particular thing that you do not, and that the wise man will not experience any false feeling of humiliation at acknowledging, for the time being, that he is only a beginner at this particular art of motor driving. Pump your man, therefore; ask him endless questions. Insist upon being told what to do, why you are to do it, what happens when you do it, and what would happen if you did otherwise? Thus, and thus only, can you become an efficient motor-car driver.



THE ANCESTOR OF THE BICYCLE.

UNIV. OF MICH.

DEER-STALKING WITH A CAMERA

BY THE HON. E. CADOGAN

A THOROUGH knowledge of photography is no longer a necessary complement to satisfactory results in that branch of science. With the invention of the Kodak and the numerous hand-cameras now so much in vogue it became merely a question of—'You press the button, we do the rest.' Experts who are well versed in developing, printing, fixing and toning despise these *dilettante* methods, but, whatever arguments there are on the side of those who reckon thus, it must be admitted that this 'snap-shotting' is not only a source of infinite pleasure, but of distinct use to the many who indulge in almost any form of sport. Let men who intend to carry these cameras with them while out stalking be warned that it is not only a question of pressing the button. There are innumerable natural disadvantages which are continually hindering any interesting results. In the first place, all cameras add to the weight which one's unfortunate

legs have to carry up to the tops of the heather-clad mountains ; and this brings me to the question of the choice of a camera.

The Eastman's folding kodaks are the most satisfactory so far as my own experience goes. They are the lightest and the easiest to carry owing to their convenient shape. The fact that they will easily go into an average-sized pocket dispenses with the necessity of wearing a strap across the shoulders. This latter may not at first seem to be a disadvantage, but when it is taken into consideration that most stalkers also carry some

form of spyglass attached to a strap over the shoulders, the advantages of the folding kodak become more apparent. There is another and still more important reason for wearing as few straps as possible. When you are crawling after deer you will find that, however much you try to prevent it, the camera will always slip round and drag along the ground by your side. As in every stalk you will be more or less crawling over rocks, the trailing camera will bump against them ; the noise thus caused is quite sufficient to put off the deer, and all your trouble and exertion will then have been spent in vain.

Some stalkers and gillies regard cameras with great suspicion as the harbingers of a blank day. For a long time I felt almost

inclined to believe that some providence was at work to hinder me in the accomplishment of any material result. Day after day I persevered, and at last my efforts were in some way rewarded by a series of photographs, some of which appeared a short time ago in these pages.

The reasons of my continued failure were these. In the first place, a deer is not so large that it is impossible to miss it; in the second place, it has been known to rain in Scotland; in

the third place, it often happens that, even if you get your beast, the day may be no longer in its infancy. Often have I seen a shot in the failing light. Frequently, therefore, a camera is of no service; in fact, it is only a useless encumbrance. But perseverance is indispensable; the camera must be taken out in all weathers, fair and foul. I remember one instance of a dull and threatening day; so bad was it indeed that I found it impossible to locate the sun. There was only one bright interval; but, as luck would have it, during that interval I was able to take some interesting photographs of a wounded stag within a comparatively short range.

Some would argue that it is cruel to stand by and in cold

blood photograph a stag in its dying agonies, but surely it is no more cruel than merely standing and watching, which is most necessary in the case of wounded deer. If it comes to that, many will say that shooting deer is cruel at all and under any circumstances, and that this is the case with all sport. But to such argument there is no end.

Those who have read Mr. Kearton's interesting books will realise what an important part photography plays in the study

of natural history. His works are illustrated by his own photographs, but he is himself a past-master in the art of the camera, and the trouble, difficulty, and even risk, which are involved are certainly worth the great service he has rendered to lovers of Nature. He has confined his exertions in this direction chiefly to the study of birds and their ways, and this being the case, conditions natural and otherwise must constitute more of an obstacle even than they do in the case of deer-stalking ; and therefore it seems surprising that more trouble is not exerted to add to the interest of books upon the subject by photographic illustration, which, owing to their accuracy, must often teach us more than pictures even by experienced hands. If the

novice goes out on the hill and expects to shoot just such another as the stag depicted in the famous picture *The Monarch of the Glen* he will be grievously disappointed. Such a stag as this may be met with in the Rocky Mountains of Canada or even in the densely wooded slopes of the Carpathians, but I will answer for it there is not one of his dimensions at the present moment in the whole width and breadth of the Scotch Highlands. He would do well to study some humble quarter-plate

photographs, from which he would earn that every stag is not a 'Royal,' nor are stags of the same dimensions as the American wapiti.

Among the many interesting and useful appliances which have been invented recently there is one which has come as a boon and a blessing to all photographers, and that is called telephotography. By the means of some telescopic apparatus adjusted to the camera, objects which appear to the naked eye in the far distance can be reflected on to the plate as if they were in the near foreground. This invention confers a double advantage upon the sportsman, for in the first place those objects may be inaccessible, and in the second place it may

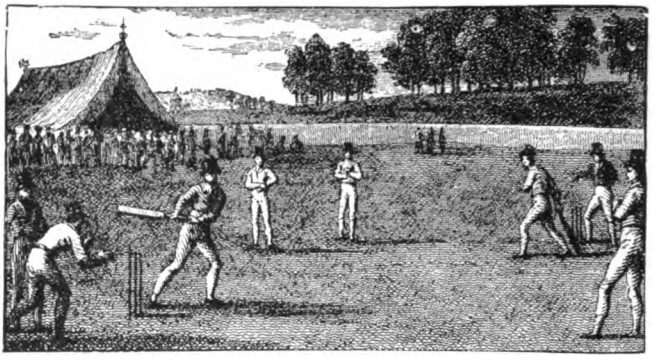
save several miles walking. A short while ago I felt the need of one of these instruments acutely. I was taking part in an annual deer drive in a forest which possessed a peculiarly large sanctuary. It sounds a paradox to drive out a sanctuary, but the deer with their exceptional cunning soon learn that they are sure of peace and quiet in this quarter. They therefore accumulate in incredible numbers and take up their residence in this haven of refuge. If there is a large sanctuary, therefore it

is essentially necessary to drive it out at least once a year. Often when this takes place the *coup d'œil*, if you are fortunate enough to be sitting in a place of vantage, is impressive to a degree. It was the case with me on this particular day. Hundreds upon hundreds of stags and hinds poured in a continual stream out of the corrie. They were not clearly to be seen with the naked eye, but with the aid of a telescopic spy-glass you might have been among them, so close and so distinct did they appear. In this instance a telephotographic lens might have produced a fine and impressive picture, whereas the ordinary lens might transmit a reproduction of the landscape, but in the photograph no deer would be visible.

I remember a certain friend who was much bitten with the idea of obtaining a complete series of photographs depicting a day's stalking in Scotland. The result was beyond all expectation. There were photographs of the spy, the crawl, the shot, and the dead stag. But here his enthusiasm did not stop. He thought it necessary and essential to a complete series to photograph the post-mortem rites. Every one who has shot a stag knows that these operations are in no sense poetic or beautiful, and this particular photograph portrayed the disgusting operations with terrible realism. This is going too far; but many are the photographs I have seen taken on the hillside in Scotland which for the beauty and interest of the subjects could hardly be surpassed.

The accompanying pictures are some of the results of my many exertions to obtain adequate results. The brilliance and clearness of the atmosphere on the occasion I secured them were quite exceptional. The pictures were taken with one of the Kodak Company's No. 2 'Bull's-eye,' a more awkward camera to carry than the folding variety.

In conclusion, I may say that with the advance of science in connection with art by the invention of the process of reproduction the best effects of the pen in illustrated papers and in books are often run hard by the art of the camera, though, of course, the subjects are of no service whatever, and photographs are hopelessly behind pictures and drawings unless they are clear and good. Success in this direction can only be obtained by the utmost trouble and care, not to say skill. It is an infinite source of enjoyment to those who love sport and natural history for their own sakes, as the pictures taken are not only a reminder of enjoyable days passed in the pursuit of sport, but they are also aids to the study of the birds and beasts which share with us our home.



AUSTRALIAN TOURS IN ENGLAND

BY HOME GORDON

THE advent of another Australian team to our shores will intensify the interest in the coming cricket season. Some critics may assert that these tours interfere with the importance of county cricket, but the mass of the community are not of this opinion. The Test Matches and other fixtures of our kinsmen from the Antipodes excite an enthusiasm excelling even that locally displayed when the eleven wearing the red rose as its badge meets that other eleven with the white rose on the cap. The Australians have fairly earned the warmth of their reception by the high standard of cricket they have exhibited. To a great extent they revolutionised our methods of playing. They taught us to abandon a long stop for fast bowling, to modify the position of the field for the idiosyncrasies of each batsman, to use individual discretion as well as implicitly to obey the captain—this last has some grievous exceptions among colonials on tour—and also they demonstrated to us that the last batsmen in the order of going in might prove as difficult to dislodge as the first. In the earliest Test Match, that at the Oval in 1880, when Mr. Murdoch played his superb innings of 153 not out, eight colonial wickets had fallen for a hundred fewer than the final total of 327. It was Messrs. George Alexander and W. H. Moule—the former playing in the enforced absence of Mr. F. R. Spofforth—who achieved this remarkable result.

In 1878 the idea of the visit of an Australian team was treated as somewhat of a jest by the English public. Perhaps

it was national prejudice which refused to believe in the success of an incursion of colonial cricketers. Our national self-sufficiency ridiculed the notion that our kith and kin could really have any chance against even one of our county teams. When the news came that the touring side had won seventeen out of the eighteen preliminary fixtures before sailing for our shores, no serious apprehension was excited. Moreover the team was not absolutely representative because Mr. Evans, the best all-round man of Australia, and Kendall, the slow left-handed bowler who had discomfited Lillywhite's eleven, were absentees. So the hospitable reception prepared for our guests was not attended with any immediate fear of rivalry. Shaw and Morley dismissed them for 63 and 76 at Trent Bridge five days after they had landed and nobody evinced surprise. It was only when the M.C.C. were routed and defeated by 9 wickets in a match which lasted about four and a half hours that English cricketers realised that they had met an equal at the national game. The premier club put a capital eleven in the field. Almost every man—possibly there were four exceptions—might then have played for England. Of those four, Mr. Clement Booth was a really fine bat, Mr. G. F. Vernon had not then ripened to the zenith of his commendable skill, Wild was efficient with the bat as well as with the gloves and George Hearne was thought to be absolutely the most promising young cricketer in England. The wicket was as abominable as the pitch at Lord's can sometimes be after a really wet spell. Out of the 33 of the home side, Mr. A. N. Hornby made 19, the last 7 wickets adding 6 runs. Mr. Spofforth once and for all demonstrated his right to the title of 'demon bowler' as he took 6 wickets for 4 runs, including a 'hat trick.' Shaw and Morley sent back the visitors for 41, Shaw claiming 5 wickets for 10 runs. But the climax came when on third hands M.C.C. went down for 19 of which Wilfred Flowers scored 11. Mr. H. F. Boyle delivered 33 balls for 3 runs and 6 wickets, and with Mr. Spofforth at the other end, nine out of the ten were clean bowled. The victory by nine wickets once and for all established the renown of the Australians, and made well nigh the greatest sensation ever experienced on an English cricket-field.

The most eminent judge of the game in England has furnished me with this memo. on the 1878 team: 'As bats they were rough and unpolished, with one exception—Charles Bannerman, whose off-driving I have never seen surpassed.

Mr. Murdoch was nothing like the bat he became in 1880, and you may note that, except Messrs. Massie, Darling, Noble, and Trumper, very few Australians have come up to colonial expectations as bats on their first visit. This is due to difference in light and to the wear and tear of our protracted cricket season. Observe that "Billie" Murdoch was then considered their chief wicket-keeper, Mr. Blackham standing down for the M.C.C. match. The tune was rather different in 1882, when "the one and only" could not keep against Middlesex and Mr. Murdoch let 29 byes in the first innings, the biggest score for the side. The Australians owed a lot of success to the fact that 1878 was a wet year, for their batting could not have stood the test of a dry season. Their fielding and bowling were superb. Never let figures deceive you into thinking that any one else was quite equal to Mr. Spofforth. He bowled fast medium, with an occasional electric ball which absolutely beat everybody. Mr. Boyle had his days, but his length and artfulness were always marvellous. He certainly bothered "W. G." more than Spofforth did. Mr. Allan was the earliest colonial disappointment over here. But it was the superb fielding, that agile, mobile backing-up, which did more than all else to win the Australians their matches.'

I do not propose to follow the ten tours through. Rather would I give a few observations on notable points. One question propounded a few days ago among a group of cricketers may be worth discussing: 'What was the best catch made by or against the Australians?' Probably the majority would say the deep field catch by which poor G. F. Grace dismissed that mighty giant, Mr. Bonnor, in the first test match—1880. On the other hand, an able judge retorted that Mr. Bonnor himself made the finest catch when he dismissed Mr. A. P. Lucas in 1882. I can recall a marvellous 'c. and b.' by George Ulyett, bowling at the nursery end at Lord's. As for the catches at slip by Mr. Hugh Trumble, they make for absolute perfection. I have seen Mr. C. T. B. Turner take some astounding returns, and poor George Lohmann reaching out to a sharp snick so wide of his right hand that he sprang sideways off both feet to clasp it—perhaps the nearest legitimate approach to catching the swallow, the pseudo-mythical feat so often mentioned. However brief the allusion to Australian fielding, the warmest commendation must go in the direction of Mr. Sidney Gregory, whilst the courageous way in which Mr. Boyle used to creep in until he almost took the ball off the bat of even hard hitters

was a revelation still unparalleled. A point which was also raised on the same occasion was whether the Australians ever brought a really bad field. The answer is emphatically in the affirmative. Mr. W. H. Cooper, the luckless bowler who came in 1884, and Mr. F. H. Walters, a stiff batsman, who went back to the Antipodes before the conclusion of the tour in 1890, are two flagrant examples to which might perhaps be added several more. But on the whole their fielding has been far ahead of what we can show either in representative teams or in county elevens. The Yorkshire eleven of 1900 and Mr. MacLaren's team now in Australia, however, furnish brilliant examples that do credit to the Old Country.

Part of the popularity of the Australians with the English crowd is due to their big hitters. Mr. Bonnor had a wonderful success until his last tour, when he had degenerated into a pokey, sticky bat of the feeblest stonewall type. But Mr. Bonnor was not at his best in the most important fixtures. It is a remarkable fact that in Test Matches in this country he visited the wickets 18 times for 95 runs, of which 41 were made in two innings. On the other hand, he had his days of sensationalism. His 66 at Portsmouth in August 1882, against Cambridge Past and Present, was a marvellous display. There were movable wooden screens behind the bowlers, and I remember him hitting Mr. C. T. Studd repeatedly full pitch against the echoing frame, which splintered up at the contact. However, his 66 out of 79 in half an hour with 4 sixes and 6 fours is now surpassed only by the hurricane hitting of Mr. Jessop, There was an afternoon at Scarborough, too, when the doughty giant fairly paralysed the field. The most famous innings of this type played by an Australian is perhaps the memorable one at Lord's by Mr. J. J. Lyons. Whether Dr. Grace was in error in not putting on J. T. Hearne at the pavilion end does not affect the astounding display of the burly South Australian. There was a minority of 181, and in an hour and thirty-five minutes these were hit up, the superb share of the mighty tapper being 149. It was fast-footed forcing play, and perhaps Attewell was never treated with such absolute lack of respect. But the grandest display of all was that of Mr. P. S. M'Donnell at Manchester in 1888. The wicket was as slow as it can be even on that rain-attracting ground, and the highest scores in the first three innings had been Sugg's 24 and 27. The Australians wanted 109 to win, with Briggs, Attewell, Barnes, Barlow, and Flowers bowling in their best form. Mr. M'Donnell forced the

game in phenomenal fashion, actually making 82 out of the first 86, and the power of his hitting was pronounced by so acute a judge as Mr. A. N. Hornby to be quite unique. There have been other gentle tappers, the most notable being Mr. H. H. Massie, who actually scored 202 the first time he ever appeared in England. This was at Oxford. An innings of immense value was his 55 in the Test Match. He scored his runs out of 66 while at the wickets, and then Mr. Spofforth took 7 for 44, Australia winning a rarely notable game by 7 runs. When the last successful tour took place in 1899, a veteran in the person of Mr. Worrall gave the fearless hitting which had become a tradition. Somehow he never 'caught on' with the crowd, but oddly enough, and valiantly too, he did best of all in the Test Matches, though he was not included in the side at Lord's.

The country type of bat perhaps had its apotheosis in Mr. Worrall when he first came, for he trained on considerably after his first appearance in 1888. But one or two less successful examples could be given. The elder Gregory, who captained the first team, Mr. J. Slight and Mr. Moule in 1880, are notable instances. Some one must fail on every tour—that seems to be the law of accident—and we have seen some of our best disastrously out of form at the Antipodes. So there are men like Messrs. J. D. Edwards, P. C. Charlton, C. J. Eady, and A. Coningham on the roll of colonial visitors. The case of Mr. W. F. Giffen was a little different, because his elder and famous brother made his own support to the 1893 tour conditional on his taking the trip. Far more strange was the story of Mr. Kenneth Burn, a crude and commonplace batsman, specially selected from far Tasmania to be reserve wicket-keeper. But when the 1890 team were on the high seas bound for England, it was found that he had never put on the gloves in his life! Mr. Evans came long after the prime of his skill was past, but far too little use was made of him by Mr. Scott. On that same tour Mr. M'Ilwraith proved a dire disappointment. He had come forward with a rush at the Antipodes just as Mr. Garnett did last season for Lancashire, but in England he never showed any skill until the shortening days of September. It is in no spirit of captious criticism that I put Mr. Frank Iredale in this category. With his beautiful style he played several long innings, notably against the Players at Leyton and England at Manchester. But he was such an uncertain beginner that he never scored a tithe of the runs he should have accumulated.

Australian captaincy alone presents strange contrasts. In 1878 Mr. David Gregory established a sort of martial law. Mr. Murdoch had at times a tougher job, but by dint of good-natured pertinacity he kept his men up to the mark. With the best of intentions, and the greatest sincerity of purpose, Mr. H. J. H. Scott failed to impart to his team confidence in his judgment or pull together through their long programme, when disconsolate over the comparative failure of Mr. Spofforth. Matters were worse under Mr. M'Donnell. His idea was to put on Messrs. Turner and Ferris, and to let them bear the whole brunt of the attack—each sent down over 2000 overs, and only one other cricketer exceeded 300. It need be no secret now that the muffled mutiny nearly burst out, an untoward event which actually happened in 1894. Next came an altogether ideal captain in poor Harry Trott, one of the ablest administrators of authority, on and off the pitch, who ever donned flannels. In 1899 the responsibility of his position affected the batting of Mr. Darling, but when he recognised the confidence his men rightly placed on his ripe quiet judgment, he regained his great ability and played as finely as ever.

What grand bats some of these Australians have been, apart from the sensational sloggers! Will any one ever forget the moment when Mr. Murdoch, in 1880, beat 'W. G.'s' score of 151? Never for Sussex did he bat as on so many occasions for those touring teams. Mr. H. J. H. Scott was another magnificent bat, and perhaps we did not altogether realise the ability of Mr. Bruce. Then those two midgets, Messrs. S. E. Gregory and Harry Graham played wonderful cricket. Those who witnessed their partnership at Lord's are not likely to forget the way in which spectators in the pavilion and in the crowd alike testified their approval of their plucky efforts. Earlier in history came that brilliant cricketer Mr. S. P. Jones. When in the mood he could bat with fascinating facility, but if matters were not to his satisfaction he would not exert himself. Latterly Messrs. Darling and Clement Hill of course have been the great players; but though Mr. Hill commands as many strokes as almost any living player, yet as a rule he is content with as few varieties as are used by Mr. C. B. Fry. The very latest telegrams from Australia show that his great ability is only ripening, for 99, 98, and 97 are a wonderful succession of scores in Test Matches. Youngest of all the Australian bats, Mr. Trumper has a great career before him.

That he should have made the highest score by an Australian in England—300 not out *v.* Sussex—is not so important as the impression he gives of sterling ability. His style is unusually attractive, for Australians do not cultivate grace and ease such as Mr. L. C. H. Palairet has brought to even greater perfection than Mr. G. B. Studd in the early eighties. His 135 not out at Lord's in the Test Match proclaimed him a master of batting, possessing an engaging variety of strokes.

There have been some noted stonewallers in the past and a few cavillers complained that all the 1899 team were dogged defenders except Mr. Worrall. They could hardly remember the dreary, if invaluable, pertinacity of Alec Bannerman if they called Mr. Hugh Trumble or Mr. Noble 'mere stickers.' Little Alec was a veritable Scotton, but for sheer defence he was excelled by Dr. J. E. Barrett, the very stiffest and slowest bat who ever scored largely in a Representative Match. A good many of the colonial wicket-keepers were pretty obstinate bats. Recollect the bearded Blackham sauntering to the wicket with one hand in his pocket absolutely indifferent, so long as things went well with the side if he was out first ball or kept up his end for an hour. But at a crisis his was one of the hardest wickets to capture, for he never knew when he was beaten—nor did any one else. The monarch of stumpers had hands so gnarled and misshapen from injuries that it was a wonder they could do their duty. Yet not even poor Pilling ever was equal to this unobtrusive but deadly custodian of the sticks. At times Mr. A. H. Jarvis was marvellously fine in his department, and oddly enough could often be relied upon when his batting had degenerated to such an extent as to provoke the unruly mirth of a section of the crowd. To succeed Mr. Blackham was a severe ordeal, and, on the whole, Mr. J. J. Kelly came out well. He was not to be compared with his illustrious predecessor, but he was far better than we in England at first believed. Modelled on Mr. Blackham, he could not impart that sense of confidence which the very attitude of the other would always inspire. Yet his dogged unimpressive style has gradually become associated with Australian cricket quite as much as was the case with Mr. Blackham. He has many a time defied all sorts of bowling just at the critical hour, though like Mr. Donnan, whose batting was much after the same type, his cricket was neither orthodox nor prepossessing. It was the sheer inability of Mr. A. E. Johns to bat at all which has kept him from a share

in important cricket. Behind the wickets he was neat and remarkably quick in his movements.

On Australian bowling whole volumes could be written, for a succession of wonderful trundlers have come over here. Anecdotes suggest themselves by the score. Mr. T. W. Garrett at the Orleans Club saw Mr. A. G. Steel neatly caught without scoring: 'Seems to me the leather rubs a bit' was his terse observation. Mr. G. E. Palmer whenever he captured a wicket with his leg-breaks, the ball he liked best to bowl, used always to observe: 'There's one less to bat.' This recalls old Arnold Rylott who invariably remarked, 'So!' when he sent back an opponent. Midwinter in the old four-balls-over time used to say he always muttered to himself, 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John,' according to which ball of the over it was. This suggests another tale. An express bowler—I think it was Mee —was bowling out a village team in some nobleman's private ground in Notts. The eleventh opponent was obviously from the Emerald Isle, and as he walked to the wicket was heard saying, 'The saints preserve us, Mary have mercy,' and so forth. As luck or lack of skill ensured, he obstructed the wicket and received a singularly fast ball on the shin. 'May the devil beat you with his broomstick,' he shouted to the astonished professional, and the bystanders had hard labour to prevent a fight in the tent. Some one remarking to Mr. E. Jones that his balls shot a good deal, that hearty ex-miner retorted, 'It's nothing to what they do at home. You should play my balls on a cocoa-nut matting wicket, especially if a bit of flint has been slipped in where they are likely to pitch!' I give this story as it was told to me, but can append no personal warranty for the veracity.

Definite criticism of colonial bowling is not within the scope of this paper. But for historical purposes I would suggest that in future the Australian attack of the nineteenth century will best be dealt with in sections chronologically arranged.

Group A.—Messrs. Spofforth, Boyle, Garrett, Palmer, and Giffen.

Group B.—Messrs. Turner and Ferris.

Group C.—Messrs. H. Trumble, E. Jones, Noble, M'Kibbin, and Howell.

It is only in this last section that any illegitimacy of delivery has been discoverable. Up to that time, the purity of the action of the Australian attack had been above reproach. Until

then the friction had been about the amateur status of many of our visitors and consequent disagreement about remuneration with English professionals. But when the Board took in hand the management of the cricket so far as this country was concerned, there arose this bugbear of doubtful delivery. Of course Australia had not, unfortunately, the monopoly in this matter; but the county captains who delivered the famous denunciation in December 1900 would never have hesitated about Mr. M'Kibbin had he been under their jurisdiction. Happily, so far as can be ascertained, the present Australian season is being marked by as satisfactory an attention to fair delivery as was the case last summer over here.

Thus far statistics have been sedulously avoided. But here must be appended a batch specially sought for the present article, and they will be worth recalling in the next few months.

In ten tours the Australians have played 320 eleven aside matches, winning 149, losing 74, whilst 97 have been unfinished. In Test Matches over here, our visitors have four times been victorious, whilst we have won on a dozen occasions, six games being drawn. Fifty-nine cricketers have participated in the ten tours—exclusive of Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Mr. R. J. Pope, and the dozen or so of minor importance who have played as stop-gaps. Of the fifty-nine, twenty-seven came only once. Mr. Blackham has visited England on eight tours, Mr. Alec Bannerman has come here six times, whilst Messrs. George Giffen, Boyle, and Bonnor have each come five times. Mr. F. R. Spofforth, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, and the late William Midwinter are the only cricketers who have played for and against the Australians over here. But Mr. W. R. Gilbert, Mr. R. Wood, Mr. R. C. Ramsey, Mr. C. W. Rock, and others have played against the Australians here and against our touring teams in different parts of the new Commonwealth.

Wicket-keeping too often obtains no tabulated statement. So here is one of the leading triumvirate who donned the gloves for Australia in England:

	Stumped.		Caught.
Mr. Blackham . . .	126	...	163
Mr. Jarvis	39	...	39
Mr. Kelly	25	...	74

The best batting average by any Australian in England has been secured, as will be seen below, by Mr. J. Darling, and the

six whose figures are also given are the only ones who have scored more than 4000 runs in this country.

	Runs.		Average.
Mr. J. Darling . . .	3496	...	35.31
Mr. W. L. Murdoch . .	5332	...	27.67
Mr. S. E. Gregory . .	4409	...	23.154
Mr. G. H. S. Trott . .	5278	...	22.108
Mr. George Giffen . .	5867	...	22.235
Mr. A. C. Bannerman .	4785	...	19.149
Mr. J. McCarthy Blackham	4067	...	14.203

Against this no adequate comparative table of English batting can be set, but taking a minimum of 250 runs, the following have the highest figures :

	Runs.		Average.
Storer	286	...	57.1
Braund	270	...	54.0
Hayward	822	...	41.2
K. S. Ranjitsinhji . . .	1143	...	40.23
Mr. C. B. Fry . . .	725	...	38.3
Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower	362	...	36.2
Dr. W. G. Grace . . .	4228	...	32.100
Mr. C. L. Townsend . .	581	...	30.11
Gunn	2267	...	29.5
Mr. C. T. Studd . . .	410	...	29.4

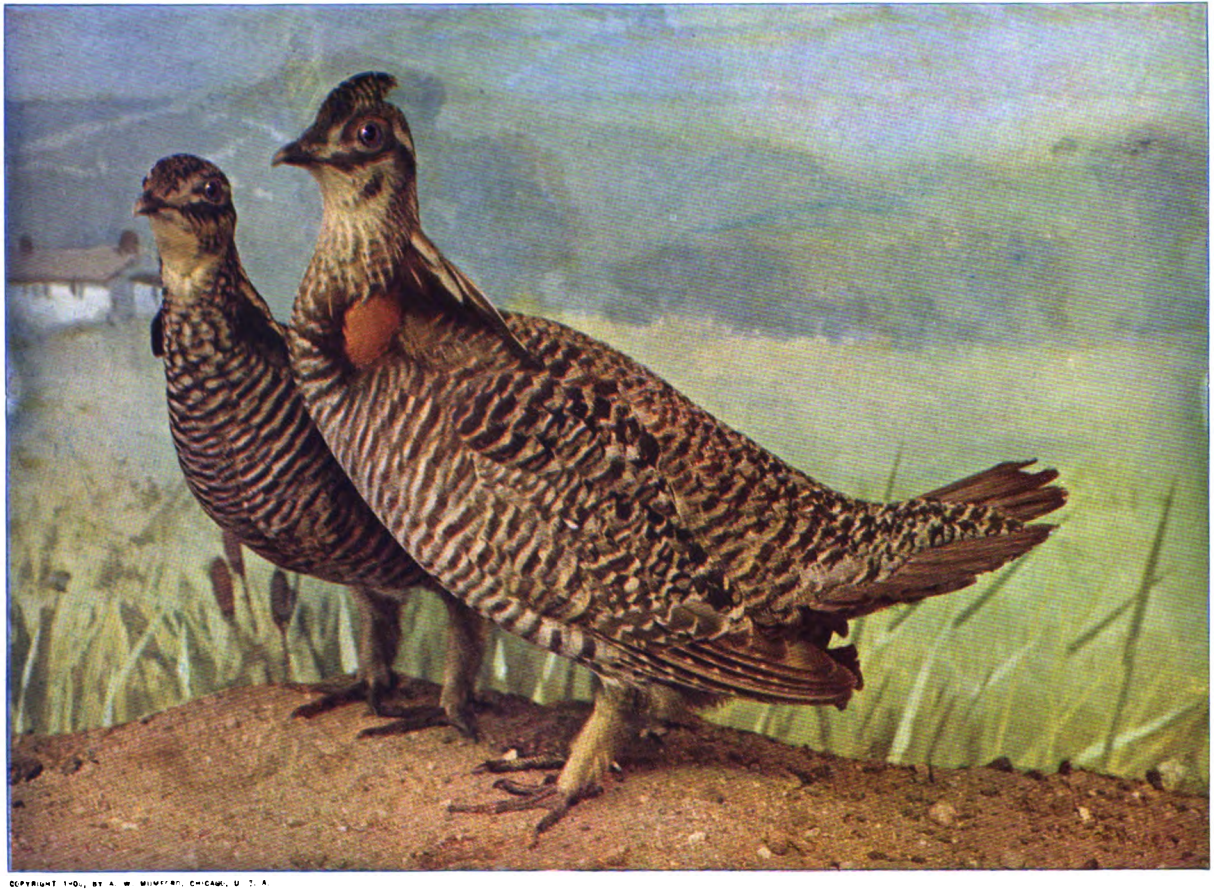
In bowling, nine Australians have captured over 250 wickets : .

	Runs.		Wickets.		Average.
Mr. C. T. B. Turner .	8419	...	689	...	12.151
Mr. F. R. Spofforth .	8045	...	647	...	12.281
Mr. J. J. Ferris . .	5941	...	435	...	13.286
Mr. H. F. Boyle . .	4228	...	315	...	13.133
Mr. T. W. Garrett . .	4437	...	295	...	15.14
Mr. G. E. Palmer . .	7128	...	460	...	17.308
Mr. H. Trumble . .	8112	...	466	...	17.190
Mr. E. Jones . . .	4789	...	256	...	18.181
Mr. G. Giffen . . .	9999	...	541	...	18.261

Taking 100 wickets as the minimum for English bowling, the following are alone qualified :

	Runs.		Wickets.		Average.
Peate	1797	...	135	...	13.42
Peel	2272	...	166	...	13.114
Attewell	2422	...	157	...	15.67
Hearne (J. T.) . .	2009	...	116	...	17.37
Richardson . . .	1827	...	107	...	17.8
A. G. Steel . . .	2267	...	109	...	20.87
Dr. W. G. Grace . .	3171	...	150	...	21.21

Finally, we are anticipating the advent of the eleventh Australian team. My friend Mr. Alcock tells me that in a letter received from Major Wardill, the manager, by the last mail before going to Press, no forecast of the side is given. Still conjecture can approximate the side which will take the field in May under Mr. Hugh Trumble, for in Australia there is not the same large supply of fairly capable cricketers to be drawn upon. The merits of over forty individuals were impressed on Mr. A. C. MacLaren from various sources, but from the Antipodes about five and twenty at the outside are in the running. We may expect to see Mr. Duff over here, and possibly Mr. Armstrong, with Mr. MacKenzie as second wicket-keeper. Of the 1899 team, besides Mr. Hugh Trumble, we can count as certainties on Messrs. Hill, Noble, Trumper, and Kelly, whilst Mr. Gregory is a likely candidate. Of the chances of Mr. E. Jones it is presumptuous to speak, as we cannot estimate his contemporary form, only be it noted he stood down for the third Test Match at Adelaide. Mr. Poidevin would be a welcome selection, and Mr. Howell in a wet season might far excel his former excellent figures. No new bowler of the highest rank seems to have been developed in Australia. But we shall welcome with enthusiasm the best team which can be brought, and shall cheer with sportsmanlike sympathy both losers and winners in the Test Matches of the coming summer.



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PRAIRIE HEN.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE FIRST RABBIT

BY H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD

Once more he saw within the tunnelled bank
His ferret vanish with vindictive shiver,
Then a brown form sped through the herbage rank,
And made the dead fern quiver.

IT is one of life's ironies that a man may enjoy a thing in retrospect long after the actuality has ceased to charm. To stand for hours on a wind-swept sandbank on the off chance of a shot at a reluctantly bolting rabbit may no longer be our ideal of human happiness final and complete, but looking back we see that some of the old radiance lingers about the spot. Kit, too, may have faded to an everyday under-keeper, but we are glad to remember the time when his leggings suggested romance, and something hardly to be distinguished from a halo surrounded his dingy shooting-cap.

Kit it was, indeed, who entered us to rabbits and ferrets, and showed us something of the higher possibilities of life. Even then he was old—nearing thirty, perhaps—but he had contracted none of the vices of old age. He kept ferrets in his bedroom, a course to us forbidden, but obviously most sensible, because you could see them the first thing in the morning. Then, he spent his life joyously in making and setting traps and cleaning guns, and ignored Latin and Euclid

and similar foolishness. Yet, notwithstanding his manifest superiority to all the adults of our acquaintance, he was never puffed-up nor self-sufficient : he taught us how to set wires for rabbits and bait traps for magpies, and frequently let us hold his ferrets when he muzzled them with thin string ; in fact, he treated us in a spirit of frank equality and brotherliness to which we were altogether unaccustomed, and our reverence for him was naturally blended with deep affection.

Every man's book of life is divided into chapters : some long and tedious, some bright and brief. We had just concluded a portion of our history headed 'School,' and a new page lay open before us. Christmas was near—an unbroken spell of holiday stretched ahead. Furthermore, the chief home authority was on a visit, and in any good and sufficient cause the minor powers might be ignored. Temporarily, the world was at our feet.

There was a wood behind Kit's cottage, with gnarled and twisted trees and deep mossy dells in it. Grey boulders loomed amidst the trunks which, in our childish days, we had taken for fabulous animals lying asleep, and had found dangerous delight by escaping from them in terror not altogether simulated. Now that we knew them as they were, their witchery was by no means banished. Chasms yawned at their sides, too big for rabbits, and we speculated on possible foxes. There was a rumour that a badger had been seen hereabouts, but this we always felt to be too good to be true.

Our new chapter opened propitiously all round. The heavens were clear and blue ; there was a touch of frost in the air and no wind, and when we drew near to Kit's cottage we saw that preparations were already afoot. Kit himself was invisible, being busy with his breakfast after his morning's round, but his gun rested against an angle of the wall, and the old wooden fishing creel, strangely patched, in which he always carried his ferrets, had been taken down from its accustomed peg, and stood near the door awaiting its occupants.

Kit was eating when we entered : alternately biting a huge piece of bread, and drinking from a blue chequered mug. In his demeanour there was nothing of excitement nor of haste. We felt this to be strange, but we allowed no sign of impatience to escape us. At length he brought the ferrets—two whites and a polecat—holding them affectionately against his breast, and we proceeded to muzzle them. It was a wonderful thing to see Kit's strong fingers tie the dainty knots beneath the furry jaws,

measuring the length of loop with certain eye, and making all snug and tight without the least undue stress or ruffling of hair. He dropped each on the cottage floor as he finished, when it went nozzling around the furniture, now and then staring up at us, its pink eyes looking pale and glassy in the sunlight, until all were ready. Then with the creel slung on his shoulder and gun in hand he passed from the cottage, climbed the fence and entered the wood.

As we pressed on at his side we knew that the time for

action had come. Great thoughts must now be translated into deeds. We were pale but resolute. Still how to approach Kit taxed all our diplomacy; his orders in relation to boys and firearms were clear and peremptory, and Kit, above all things, was a law-abiding man. We began tentatively by asking to be allowed to carry the empty gun, thus breaking the letter of the commandment only. Then we insidiously attacked the spirit. We pointed out that we were alone, that the law-giver was far away, that the law itself was rot, and concluded with a stirring appeal to Kit's sportsmanlike instincts. He resisted; he argued, not without force, that his character and livelihood were at

stake, but we saw his heart was with us; he listened and he fell. We knew that a great turning-point in our career had come when his hesitating hand went into his velveteen pocket, and two blue cartridges—are blue cartridges made nowadays, we wonder?—were slipped into the vacant chambers.

With Kit's cautions in our ears and the loaded gun in our hand we took our place. For the moment we asked not nor desired quarry to shoot at. New wants might soon arise in our shifting heart, but for a while at least we stood on the very apex of our ambition. If only certain eyes—we named a few in our mind—could rest upon us now, gun in hand, calmly indifferent, it would be well, but even this consummation of our glory hardly pressed upon us as a need as yet.

In the meantime Kit was busy with the ferrets. 'Now, you *will* be careful, Master Chris,' he kept on murmuring, as he moved with a white body hanging limply in his hand, to a hole at the foot of a great stone in the clearing. Then he dropped, or rather gently threw the ferret in the direction of the hole, and came back on tip-toe.

The ferret, after moving to and fro in a dazed kind of way, struck the scent, and with a little vindictive shiver disappeared in the hole. A slight wind stirred in the trees; the frost glistened on the bracken. The strained moments passed. We glanced at Kit, but his eyes were fixed upon the hole near the stone. A sense of injustice pressed upon us. We were prepared for desperate things—for anything in which action had a part, but this waiting got upon our nerves. Suddenly, without warning, we saw something grey stealing rapidly up the bank. The apparition came so silently that a fatal hesitation held us spell-bound. Then Kit said, 'Now, sir,' and we fired. We were conscious of a terrific shock, thunder-like roar, blinding smoke (the rabbit had vanished in the undergrowth some little time before we pulled the trigger, as we subsequently learned), but a sense of calm triumph possessed us. We had been tried and not found wanting. At any rate, we had let it off.

Then we waited again and our surroundings took on a more familiar aspect. There was no longer a portentousness in the air which affected the very trees. We held the barrels with a more familiar clasp, and our eyes, freed from their previously strained glare, rested more easily upon the rabbit-hole.

We had not remained long before we heard a sound—a thumping sound—and Kit whispered 'Look out.' A grey head with great eyes appeared at the hole's mouth. The rabbit came

out and hopped round the stone, where it waited as though in doubt. We stood still as death. Then the ferret appeared nosing around curiously, as who should say, 'I'll swear it came out.' The rabbit scented danger, bolted towards us, hesitated, turned and made for the opposite bank, and we fired again. The smoke cleared slowly and a beatific vision greeted our eyes. The grey form was rolling down the bank, kicking, the underparts showing white as it turned over. Oblivious of everything, even of the gun, which we threw down in our haste, we were upon it almost before it reached the bottom. We had thought to appear cool, even indifferent, but excitement swept all affectation aside. We appealed to Kit: had he grasped all the points

of the situation—our self-restraint in refraining from a pot-shot, the speed at which it was going, the admirably timed aim? He was enthusiastic, but his adulation was dimmed by a note of warning. Even the greatness of the occasion failed to justify the hurling into space of a gun at full cock. Still, we felt the comment was not offered in a carping spirit, and on the whole we were satisfied.

All after events of that great day were in the nature of an anti-climax. Although we have searched our memory we find few imprints remaining. We remember that Kit would have put the rabbit in the bag, after the manner of others, but this we could in nowise permit. So we carried it ourself to our detriment, its head and ears trailing on the ground. From this and the further circumstance that Kit occasionally took us, rabbit and all, in his arms and lifted us over hedges, we infer that we were small of stature.

The rabbit, from motives of policy, was left at Kit's, and we

remember when we approached the house that, in place of being the cynosure of admiring eyes, we were curtly admonished on the state of our boots.

But, after all, glory lies not in the plaudits of the mob, and it is in his own breast that the hero finds his triumph and defeat.

THE GOLF CURE

BY THE HON. A. BLIGH

WANDERING aimlessly along the Marine Parade at Whitlingsea, I was trying to console myself with a long cigar for being condemned to endure, in such a place, two hours of waiting before the next train to London.

Whitlingsea had been recommended to me as a quiet seaside town with a good hotel. This combination is rare, so I had thought it prudent to leave my luggage at the station while I inspected the Royal. I soon found reason to congratulate myself upon this precaution. Long before I had finished a wretched luncheon, I became aware of a surly, inhospitable manner in the waiters, which seemed to reproach the chance customer for prolonging needlessly the existence of a doomed house.

Whitlingsea has never recovered favour since the great epidemic which attacked it some years ago. There were a few people on the 'front'; but to whatever class they belonged—invalids in bath-chairs, retired officers, or school-girls—one could see that they were different from the frequenters of the more popular resorts. They looked about them with a depressed, querulously-contemptuous air, which seemed intended to convey that it was not their fault if fate had for the moment condemned them to a cheap, unfashionable watering-place.

It came as a surprise when at last I saw walking towards me a man who seemed to be at Whitlingsea by his own free will. Trailing his stick behind him, he came slowly on, with the fixed, downward gaze of one occupied in some complicated problem. As we were about to pass each other, he looked up, stopped, and inquiringly uttered my name; at the same moment I recognised him as Spencer Whitelaw, an old Oxford friend.

Beyond chance meetings in the street, all I had heard of him for some twelve years had been derived from that useful

exchange of gossip which keeps one from undue ignorance about the affairs of others. In this way I knew that he was well off, belonged to no profession, and was not specially devoted to any form of sport.

'Well, and what are you doing down here?' he asked, after the first greetings.

I described my reconnaissance and its result.

'Ah, I wish I'd known you were coming. . . . But this can easily be put straight. We've got a very decent little club down here: fair cook and excellent bedrooms. Come and dine there with me to-night. Send for your luggage; I'll put you down as my guest for a week. Then, if you like the place, there'll be no trouble about becoming a member.'

This was a startling change of fortune. I promptly accepted the invitation.

'I don't stay there myself,' he went on; 'it so happens that a quiet house suits me better just at present; however . . .' Then, changing the subject: 'Whitlingsea isn't a bad sort of place, though it looks a bit dull at first. Good air; not so exciting as Brighton, but quite bracing enough. Then that ridge of down keeps off the worst of the east wind. And it's a great point, for any one who has to live quietly, the town not being too big. Of course, I have to study this sort of thing a good deal—but I don't know why I should inflict my troubles on you.'

He paused, giving me a suspicious glance. It was obvious that he had plenty to say, but was uncertain—perhaps on account of discouraging experiences—as to how it would be received.

If it were only out of gratitude, I could not well refuse to listen to my host's disclosures. Moreover, I was curious as to what it was that compelled him to be so careful; for he was a tall, well-made man, and, although rather pale and hollow-eyed under a forehead wrinkled by anxious lines, he had scarcely the look of an invalid.

'Well,' he began, with what might have been either a sigh or the deep breath of an orator starting upon a great speech, 'I got on well enough up to about eight years ago; but then——'

What followed outlasted the remainder of my cigar; also the whole of a second.

All that I could make out from Spencer Whitelaw's minute and complicated story amounted to this:

For some years he had found reasons for suspecting weak

points in the heart and other important organs—symptoms which the doctors could neither explain nor cure. He had thus been driven to study these matters for himself; and had finally ascertained that he was suffering from a rare, but not unknown, form of nervous debility, which, although not in itself necessarily dangerous, might easily develop, if neglected, into more than one serious malady. The great secret was to keep a sharp look-out for the characteristic symptoms—nervous dyspepsia, for instance, or insomnia—and to nip them in the bud. Ever-increasing knowledge of his constitution had enabled Spencer to carry out this system with some success; and latterly he had found it possible, by the help of vigilance, good air, and a quiet, regular life, to maintain tolerable health. Whitlingsea had been a most fortunate discovery.

'Yes,' he concluded, 'I've lived here for two years, and I began to think that I had found the right place at last. But now—only just lately—I don't know how it is—there's nothing really serious—but things are not going on so well. I don't like the idea of it, but I almost think I shall have to consult Sutro.'

I had heard of this Dr. Sutro, a new man, not well spoken of by his own profession, but in high favour with those who suffered from ill-defined maladies and were nervous about them. He dealt in the most modern forms of treatment—electricity, hypnotism, and so on—and kept his name before the public by frequent articles in the reviews.

I expressed a hope that this desperate step was not yet inevitable. Spencer shook his head gloomily and said nothing. It seemed to me that I should do well to go to the station for my luggage and give my host time to forget these sad thoughts before dinner.

On arriving at the club I soon saw that Spencer had not praised it without cause; no detail of carefully-organised comfort was wanting in my large, cheerful bedroom overlooking the sea. The dinner was good, and a welcome change in my companion's mood helped me to appreciate it. Not many others were dining; but afterwards, in the smoking-room, the members began to assemble for their nightly gossip. It was easy to know the regular frequenters by their confident entrance, their offhand nod to friends and, above all, by that stern scrutiny of a new face which makes his first appearance at a club an ordeal to the shy man. Spencer made me known to some of those who were to be my companions for the

coming week. There were the retired colonels and generals found at all seaside places, one or two London business men, and a few natives. I was chiefly interested by a little red-cheeked, sharp-eyed man of about fifty, Fairclough by name, who, as I afterwards learned, was the leading doctor of the town. His profession was not to be guessed from his dress or his conversation ; there was a hint of the racecourse in his flat-topped hat and the rigid folds of his white scarf ; while his brief, authoritative remarks were all devoted to athletic topics : the day's cricket to begin with, then golf, which I soon found to be the question of the hour at Whitlingsea. The links of the newly-formed club had just been opened, and every one was in the first stage of the fever.

There were fierce discussions as to what weapon should be used to surmount certain obstacles, known by special names suggestive of their dangers—'Hades' and the like. Dr. Fairclough usually had the last word ; particularly when, jumping up from his chair, he forced his opponents to retreat by illustrating his theories with a freely-swung umbrella.

There came a pause ; for the moment the doctor had outtalked all opposition. With a significant smile to the others, he turned to Spencer Whitelaw.

'Why don't you try the great game ? Just the very thing for you.'

Spencer shrugged his shoulders. For some time I had observed that he was becoming irritated with Fairclough. Like many depressed men, he resented unnecessary enthusiasm as a kind of personal insult.

'I'm afraid I can't understand the fascination,' he said.

'Never mind,' chuckled Fairclough, 'you'll come to it in time ; they all do—they all do !'

Spencer said nothing, and soon afterwards went off to bed. One by one the others followed him, and I was left alone with Dr. Fairclough, who, having doubtless detected that my knowledge of golf was somewhat superficial, promptly dropped the subject. But, after one or two casual remarks about the town and the club, he impressively declared :

'I was not joking just now, when I advised Whitelaw to take up golf. It would be the making of him ; I shouldn't wonder if it cured him absolutely.'

He paused, considering me shrewdly, in evident uncertainty as to the prudence of speaking out.

'You've known him for some time, I suppose ?' he asked.

'Yes ; we were at Oxford together ; but I haven't seen

much of him for several years. By the way, what is this mysterious ailment of his?'

The doctor drew a long breath, puffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling, examined the ash of his cigar, smiled, hesitated a moment, and then, waving off responsibility with widespread fingers, turned to me with the air of one who means to be candid at any cost.

'Well, I'm going to meddle in other people's business—but no matter! . . . I've only known Whitelaw since he's lived here; but I like the man, and I can't bear to see him wasting his life and making himself miserable for nothing.'

'Ah! so there's nothing seriously wrong?'

'Nothing—and everything! . . . He's not my patient, but I should be prepared to bet a moderate sum that he's perfectly sound. . . . He's in a fair way to become a confirmed hypochondriac—that's what is the matter. He thinks of nothing but his health; he watches himself for symptoms; then, when he fancies he's discovered something, he nurses and exaggerates the possible consequences until he's frightened out of his life. No sooner is he reassured about one imaginary ailment than there is another ready to take its place. . . . I knew my man from the first: that anxious look in the eyes, that mildly-querulous tone of voice—quite enough for me!'

The doctor smiled at the recollection. It was easy to see that he set some store by this faculty of summing up a character at the first glance.

'Yes,' he continued, 'we often have to deal with this type. I'll tell you a sure sign: when a man of this sort knows a doctor in private life, he's always trying to pump him on the sly; he wants to have his symptoms explained, but they're so trifling that he's ashamed to consult one openly. For instance, when our friend first came here, he used to row every day on the sea—special treatment for some fancied trouble, no doubt. After a time, some one tells him—at least that's what I suspected at the time—that rowing might be bad for the back; accordingly he takes every opportunity of buttonholing me and artfully leading the conversation up to the dangers of rowing, and spinal injuries—always in the abstract, of course. Well, I confess I was annoyed; one doesn't want "shop" at the club, and one doesn't like being pumped. So I looked grave and said nothing. I suppose he got alarmed at this; for, soon afterwards, he gave up boating, and he's never been on the sea since.'

'He seems to think of consulting Sutro,' I remarked.

'A truly brilliant idea,' said the doctor, imparting, through

the nose, an ironical twang to his words; 'Sutro's a specialist in cases of that sort. Why, our friend would be worth £500 a year to him for life! . . . No; there's only one remedy: occupy his mind, make him forget himself. . . . Now, look here, you're an old friend—you wish to help him?'

I nodded.

'Well, get him to take up golf—he must be really keen, mind you—and blame *me* if he isn't all right in six months.'

'But is he the kind of man to become enthusiastic about anything like that?' I objected.

'Yes, I know; there's the rub. Has he still got the power of taking interest in anything outside his own health? . . . Never mind, have a try—golf's a wonderful game; it looks tame enough to outsiders, but I've known very few who could resist the charm when once they had felt it. . . . Of course, Whitelaw may never get that far; but if once he gets keen—really takes the golf-fever—I'll tell you what I'll do.'

The doctor rose, settled his sporting-farmer's hat on his head, and looked fiercely down upon me.

'Well, then, if he's not cured of his fancies in six months, I'll—I'll never play golf again as long as I live! . . . Good-night to you!'

The next day I was to go to luncheon with Spencer. He had thought it necessary, when giving this invitation, to explain why he had not asked me to stay at his house. His health, it appeared, and the enforced regularity of his way of life, made it impossible for him to be an efficient host. I was still undecided, when I reached the door, as to how I should best carry out Dr. Fairclough's advice. It was assuredly useless to recommend golf to Spencer as a remedy for all his troubles. I should have to start the subject casually, taking care to avoid enthusiasm.

Mr. Whitelaw would be in directly, the servant said; and meanwhile, should I like to go upstairs to wash my hands? I was ushered into a room which at first sight might have been taken for a laboratory or a workshop. Against the wall was a large table, covered with bottles of every size; upon another table were various instruments and vessels of glass or metal: cups, measures, scales, a bath-thermometer, a clinical thermometer, and so on. Above was a bookshelf. Looking at the back of a thick, unwieldy volume, I saw that it was Quain's 'Medical Dictionary.'

I was about to examine an apparatus of cords and bands, presumably gymnastic, when Spencer, looking confused and not well pleased, hurried in.

'How are you? My fool of a man has taken you to the wrong room. Come this way, will you?'

When he had shut me into a spare bedroom, more conventionally fitted up, I heard him scolding the servant. I began to understand his scruples about the admission of guests.

The luncheon was excellent, well chosen and well cooked. I observed, however, that my host's share of the meal differed from mine: little dishes, each designed to hold a certain measured portion, were placed before him; my cutlet was *à la Reform*, his plainly grilled.

He began to talk of the various amusements and occupations of Whitlingsea.

'My difficulty, you know, is to find something that gives one just the right amount of exercise. At first I used to hunt; but I found I couldn't stand the long days—always up and down hill, too. And then walking isn't much good; it may exercise your legs, but tramping along without an object is dullish work.'

I thought I saw my chance.

'Well,' I began, 'I daresay golf may be an overrated game——'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'—but, anyhow, it's better than a "constitutional." If it's not very exciting, there's a certain amount of variety. I don't suppose you would care about taking it up seriously; but I wonder you don't have a turn now and then, just for the sake of air and exercise.'

He did not seem impressed by the idea. I tried an appeal to disinterested sentiments.

'The fact is, I rather thought of having a hit myself. Why not get Fairclough to make us both temporary members, and have a quiet round to-morrow? I'm no golfer myself; but I daresay we can amuse ourselves for an hour or two.'

'All right,' said Spencer with resignation, 'I don't mind, if it's any pleasure to you. I suppose in these days every one must play golf and ride a bicycle at least once, if it's only to stop inquisitive idiots asking why you've never begun.'

The weather did not favour our first visit to the links. On this exposed strip of down the hot sun and strong wind were very baffling to a beginner. Spencer was soon expressing doubts as to this being quite the day for dawdling round a hole in the grass in the intervals of hard exercise.

He did not start well; and I, while able to beat him easily,

had neither the skill nor the knowledge required for a teacher; for holes which should have taken five strokes, I had to play seven, and Spencer eight or nine. Sometimes, with an exasperating jar running from wrist to elbow, he hit the ground under the ball; then, in attempting to correct this error, he missed altogether, and found himself helplessly brandishing his club at the sky. The caddies looked on with the doubtful grin of servants who hardly know whether to feel amused or ashamed at their master's discomfiture.

The round dragged on in gloomy silence. Spencer had given up all efforts to improve; and I could see that he was angry with me for having lured him into this humiliating display.

'The last time you catch me at this infernal game,' were his only words as we walked back to the club-house.

Doctor Fairclough was just starting for a 'foursome.' He looked at me with an inquiring smile; I shook my head, fearing that he was about to add the last straw by congratulating Spencer on having at last found the true panacea. But I had underrated the doctor's subtlety.

'Glad to see you up here, Whitelaw,' he remarked. Then, dropping his voice confidentially: 'I hope you're going to let us make you a regular member. In a new club like this, you know, it's half the battle to get some of the right sort to start with.'

Spencer refused to promise; but the asperity had gone out of his voice.

A tall man in a red coat came out of the club-house and 'opened his shoulders' by a few imaginary drives. I recognised Blair, who had been at Oxford with us, and was now a famous golfer. I suggested to Spencer that we should renew our acquaintanceship—it had been but slight—and ask leave to follow Blair round the course. Even though Spencer were never to play again, he ought not to neglect this chance of seeing what real golf was like. Blair was extremely civil: glad to see us after all these years; delighted to have our company during the round; interested to hear that Spencer was a beginner.

It was really exhilarating to watch Blair's play. He had a splendid style: a firm attitude and a long, easy swing which gave confidence to the onlooker. There was none of that painful hesitation which makes the contortions of some golfers so irritating a spectacle. Spencer, a little contemptuous at first, soon began to follow every movement with interest. I

could see that he was already experiencing that delusion which is part of the charm in watching a great player, be it Grace at cricket or Roberts at billiards: the conviction, delightful though destined to vanish at the first test, that one has caught something of the expert's facility. Blair was in good form and good humour. He explained to Spencer the peculiarities of the different strokes, where to use certain clubs, and the rest. When the round was over, Spencer admitted that there was more in the game than he had believed; but he was still doubtful as to its suitableness for himself.

Blair would not hear of any one giving up golf after so short a trial.

'Come and have a knock round at the back,' he said; 'I'll soon tell you whether you'll ever be a player.'

Spencer's first stroke missed the ball altogether.

'Good natural swing,' remarked Blair, without a smile; 'but don't take your eye off the ball at the last moment.'

The pupil tried again, this time digging his iron club into the ground and moving the ball some two or three inches.

'Never mind; that's a step nearer. . . . Look here, this is more the sort of thing.'

Spencer failed totally in his effort to follow the master's illustration. He threw down the club in disgust.

'Once more,' entreated Blair, 'I can see you're getting into it. Why, many fellows never fairly hit the ball for weeks after they've begun.'

Spencer, as if anxious to end the farce as soon as possible, picked up his club and made a stroke, a little carelessly, but with less hesitation and less conscious effort than before. There was a full-sounding click, and the ball, flying low at first, rose gradually and fell some eighty yards away. Spencer, following its course with intent eyes, stood quite motionless, his club still unlowered. He was under the spell of a new sensation.

'Aha! what did I tell you?' chuckled Blair. 'Satisfactory feeling, isn't it?'

'He thinks he's made a convert to his beloved game,' Spencer remarked, when Blair had left us. 'It's distinctly comic, you know, the keenness of these golfers. How careful they are about their attitude—and then that "preliminary waggle!"'

He imitated Blair's preparations for a stroke, and then made another rather successful drive.

'It seems to be a downright mania with some of them,' he

continued, as we walked after the ball; 'I can't understand it myself. . . . Of course, a clean hit is satisfactory enough—but to make a profession of it! . . . I dare say I may come up here now and then, just to get a little exercise; but as for matches and tournaments and medals, and that sort of thing, I don't think I could ever take the game so seriously as all that!'

And, talking in this strain, he continued, for nearly two hours, to drive his ball up and down the spare ground behind the club-house. On the way home, and during the whole of dinner, he laughed and wondered at the incomprehensible enthusiasm and grotesque ways of the golfer. But I observed that, sharp as his satire of the game might be, he seemed for the time to have lost interest in all other subjects.

When, a few days later, I left Whitlingsea, I felt satisfied that Doctor Fairclough's prescription would be given a fair trial.

During that summer and autumn I saw nothing more of Spencer Whitelaw nor of Whitlingsea. Spencer's name, however, appeared with steadily-increasing frequency in the golf columns of *The Field;* first at his home club, then on more distant links. Keenly interested and amused, I followed from week to week his surprisingly rapid progress, for which the handicappers seemed quite unable to make due allowance. The Whitlingsea monthly medal fell to him time after time.

One night in December I met Doctor Fairclough in the smoking-room of a London theatre. I hastened to ask after our friend. The doctor's eyes twinkled, and a prolonged 'A-a-ah!' expressed the completeness of his triumph.

'Is he any better, you say? Why, it's the most miraculous cure, the most astounding transformation in all my experience—or in any one else's! The man you saw last summer has simply ceased to exist. . . . Come here, and I'll tell you all about it.'

He drew me into a corner where there were two arm-chairs.

'Now, I dare say you remember what I said the very first evening I had the pleasure of meeting you?' he began, with an impressive air which did, in fact, remind me at once of that occasion. 'I never had the smallest doubt about our friend's complaint—morbid concentration of thoughts on his own health; and nothing else whatever. The treatment was obvious enough: the one essential was to turn his thoughts outwards and, *ipso facto*, he was cured. The difficulty was to find something that would interest him. Well, as you know, I

took a shot ; and, as luck would have it, I hit the bull's-eye first time. It's the acutest case of golf-mania on record ; he plays better every day ; he's in perfect health, and I should guess he weighs a stone heavier.'

'And what does he say himself ?' I asked. 'Does he confess to feeling better ?'

'You simply can't get him to talk about anything of the sort ; I've tried myself, as an experiment. The subject doesn't interest him ! No, golf has walked into his mind and taken the place of health. And the curious thing is that he treats the new hobby exactly as he did the old ; the object has changed, but not the method.'

'How do you mean ?'

'I'll give you an instance. You remember what I told you about his dodge of getting an informal opinion out of me now and then ? Well, one night at the club, I saw Whitelaw had got his eye on me. He waited till the others had gone ; then he buttonholed me and gradually led up to bad habits in golf. At last it came out that he had got into a way of "hooking," and was rather worried about it. You know what I mean, of course ?'

The doctor had not forgotten my shortcomings in golf-lore. However, I was able to satisfy him that I understood that 'hooking' meant a faulty stroke, causing the ball to curl to the left.

'Well, I should think he cross-examined me for over an hour. How had he got into the habit ? What was wrong—arms, legs, or attitude ? What was he to do to get out of it ? &c. &c. This time I didn't mind being drawn ; I was too pleased at the way my treatment was working. So I pretended to enter into it all very seriously ; I asked him questions, and took time to think, and hum'd and ha'd. Finally, I traced the trouble to gripping too tightly with the right hand. Original cause of malady : bad habit acquired when a cricketer at school. Treatment : increased use of left hand at golf and otherwise.'

'And what was the result ?'

'The oddest performance you ever saw. For weeks afterwards he never gave his left hand a moment's rest ; he ate with it, drank with it, read with it, carried his walking-stick in it. I shouldn't have been surprised if he'd put the other in a sling. And the best of it was that the charm worked ; he got out of his "hooking" and won the next medal.'

'I suppose he didn't send you your two guineas ?'

The doctor chuckled.

'No—but I'll tell you what, if Spencer Whitelaw were to pay all he owes me for putting him on to golf, I should never have to earn my living again. And I've known fortunes less deserved, let me tell you! . . . Yes, that *was* an inspiration, though I say it as shouldn't!'

And we returned to our stalls.

A long frost set in with the new year, and there was little golf-news in the papers. In the spring, Spencer's name began again to appear with the same regularity. He had now reached the first class among Whitlingsea players, so it was not surprising that he had to be content with holding his own; the unceasing progress of last year could not go on for ever. Then I observed that he seemed to be losing ground. This, however, did not greatly alarm me; so long as golf gave him exercise and occupied his thoughts, the winning of prizes was of little importance. But at last, towards the middle of summer, his name was missing for a whole month. Had he grown tired of the game already? I felt like a magazine-reader whose serial story has been suddenly broken off without notice, and I decided that the time had come to make use of my membership of the Whitlingsea Club.

I did not warn Spencer of my coming. The first evening, after dinner, I met Doctor Fairclough on the stairs. He had been called away unexpectedly and had little time for talk.

'Whitelaw? Well, to tell you the truth, I've hardly seen him lately; doesn't go up to the links, doesn't come here; creeps about by himself, and looks rather down in the mouth.'

'Surely the golf-cure hasn't failed?'

'Pooh! no fear of that. Impossible for a man like him to have too much golf. If there's anything wrong, it's because he's got slack about the game and gone back to his old fancies.'

And the doctor hurried away.

The next morning I went to see Spencer. I found him in the garden, his head bent over the Golf volume of the 'Badminton Library.'

'Oh, I'm *well* enough,' he said in answer to my inquiry; and his tone seemed to imply that a man may be in perfect health, and yet have plenty to trouble him.

A year's golf had worked great changes in Spencer. His face was bronzed and ruddy; his whole frame had filled out and grown more erect. But he seemed preoccupied and nervous. He had caught a strange habit of looking at things downwards

out of the corner of his left eye. It was in this way that he had been reading his book when I arrived; and, as we shook hands, his oblique glance made me look down to see what was wrong with my boots.

For some time I could get hardly a word from him, but a question about his form at golf at last gave the opening he had evidently been waiting for.

'I can't make it out at all. I first noticed it about two months ago. . . .'

And he told me the whole story from the beginning: mysterious falling-off, vain search for the cause, conflicting observations, various theories, steady increase of the evil notwithstanding, and so forth.

'But I think I've got to the bottom of it at last,' he concluded. 'The fact is, I've invented a sort of machinery. Of course, you'll laugh at it, but I can assure you it's uncommonly useful. Come in and I'll show you.'

He led me to the room which his servant's indiscretion had revealed to me the year before. It had been completely transformed; the bottles and thermometers were gone, and certain strange contrivances had taken their place. How, precisely, all this apparatus was used, I should have been puzzled to say; but its general purpose could be guessed from full-length mirrors and diagrams of correct attitude, a captive golf-ball tied to the floor on three feet of string, and clubs lying about everywhere.

Spencer, half ashamed, half proud of his ingenuity, did the honours of this golf-school.

'You see that thing?' he began, pointing to what looked like a wooden bread-plate, suspended by cords and pulleys from the ceiling. Standing under it, he lowered the disk until it touched the top of his head. 'Now you understand, of course?' he exclaimed triumphantly. 'You stand like this; then you swing away at the captive ball, and you soon find out whether your head and shoulders rise during the stroke.'

I expressed my admiration of this remedy for a habit strongly condemned by all authorities. But no golfing vice or weakness was neglected; each was provided against by some mechanism, skilfully adapted to detect or cure. What most struck me was a sort of adjustable crate, into which the legs could be screwed, and so accustomed to any desired attitude.

'But this is what I confess I do take a little credit for,' said Spencer, pointing to a number of bells, hanging on wires from

the ceiling or on rods projecting at various angles from the floor and walls. 'The crate has been done before, but I think this is really original.'

He took some sand from a box, made a little heap on the floor, and 'teed' the captive ball; then, picking up a club, he posted himself carefully, and 'drove off' with a full swing. The club-head whirled through the forest of wires and bells; but there was not a sound.

'There! you see: that was a perfect stroke. Now, this time, I'll swing a little short.' There was a shrill tinkle. 'Now I'll reach out a bit too far.' The fault was at once announced by a sort of funeral-knell.

Then he showed me how a clear lane had been left for the correctly-wielded club; while, upon any deviation from a true course, some bell must be set ringing, and indicate by its note the nature of the error.

'Rather neat, isn't it?' he asked, giving me, however, a keen glance which betrayed some doubt of my sympathy. 'Well, you know, with all this there ought not to be much difficulty in finding out what's wrong. But I've worked away for hours, day after day, and I haven't fixed it yet. This morning, however, I had a sort of inspiration before I got up; and the more I think of it, the more sure I feel that I've hit upon the meaning of all this loss of form. The fact is, I believe I've got into a habit of unconsciously taking my eye off the ball at the last moment; and that's absolutely fatal, isn't it?'

'Certainly; and how do you account for it?'

'It's not easy to say; it might be caused in several ways,' he said thoughtfully, taking up a club and putting himself in position. 'It may be that I stand wrong, so that, when I get to the top of the swing, my left shoulder comes between my eye and the ball; or it may be a sort of nervous contraction of the eyelid; or—but the real difficulty is, that one can't detect this sort of thing for oneself. Now, if only you would help me?'

I assured him of my readiness.

'Well, then, would you mind lying down on the floor on your back? . . . Yes, that's right. Now, shut one eye and keep the other fixed on my left eye.' He raised his club threateningly. 'Your open eye, you understand, represents the ball.'

'Only up to a certain point!' I protested.

'All right, I won't hurt you,' he said gravely, thoroughly

absorbed in the experiment. 'Now watch carefully to see if you lose sight of my eye at the last moment.'

He went through the swing preparatory to a drive. I did as I was told, but could detect nothing wrong; the anxious, oblique gaze, which I had noticed in the garden, held me steadily throughout. Then he began again, and it was only after some twenty minutes that I obtained leave to rise from my uncomfortable position.

'You're quite sure you never lost sight of my eye for even half a second?' Spencer asked. 'Well, that's very disappointing; I really did think I was on the right scent. Now I suppose I shall have to start all over again.'

He became once more silent and preoccupied, and soon afterwards I thought it well to leave him. On one point, at any rate, I was reassured: there was no foundation for Doctor Fairclough's fear that Spencer had lost interest in golf.

It was an admirable afternoon for a walk. A fresh breeze drove the clear-cut, solid looking white clouds across a brilliantly blue sky, and the sunlight chased their shadows along the steep hillsides. After luncheon I made my way to the old Beacon, the highest and loneliest spot on the Whitling-sea downs. Here, lying full length on the turf, I could watch through my field-glass the big steamers, miles out in the Channel, that rarely come within sight of the shore below; to right and left, the view was so wide that some ships could be made out only when the sun caught their sails. Close at hand, larks, wheatears, and other small down-land birds, flitted about among the gorse-bushes. I was waiting for a clear sight of a pink-breasted linnet, in full summer plumage, when far below, at the other end of the narrow valley, I caught sight of a carriage coming towards me. What could this be? There were neither roads nor houses to be reached in this direction; the gorge led to nothing; ending, in fact, in a *cul-de-sac* formed by the Beacon Hill. I fixed my glass upon the carriage and watched it creep nearer. Suddenly it stopped. A boy, carrying a long and thick bundle under his arm, jumped off the box; then a man got out, and seemed to be carefully surveying the surrounding hillsides, as if to make sure that he was unobserved. Peeping over the brink of the slope, I was, of course, practically invisible.

The man took something like a stick from the boy's bundle; then, with many gestures, he appeared to be making a long explanation. At last, taking up an attitude with great care and raising his arms in a hesitating, laborious manner, he made what

was unmistakably a golf-stroke. Then he turned to the boy and consulted him for five minutes.

This performance continued for more than an hour ; then the two drove away. They were half a mile distant, and my glass was not powerful enough to distinguish faces ; but it had not taken me long to recognise this solitary golfer. I guessed that the investigation was taking a new turn ; for the boy, although otherwise filling the part which earlier in the day had been mine, had not been required to lie down and impersonate a ball.

Spencer still avoided the club ; so, a few days later, I again went to see him. I was scarcely inside the garden when I heard a jangling of bells and what sounded like an angry man demolishing furniture. Was my friend, driven to despair, 'having it out' with the gymnasium ?

Breathless and wild-eyed, his hair rumpled and his collar awry, Spencer wasted no time in preliminary greetings.

'It's all over!' he groaned. 'I've gone utterly to pieces at last. Yesterday, I thought I'd traced all the mischief to gripping the club too tightly ; but this morning everything seems to have gone wrong at once. It's really maddening. I can't swing—I can't keep firm on my feet—I lose sight of the ball—my head rises——'

'My dear fellow,' I protested, 'don't take it so much to heart. Give yourself time ; leave off altogether for a day or two, and then begin again as if nothing had happened.'

'No! I can't stand the suspense any longer. I'm determined to know the worst at once.'

He looked me in the face, like a man who has decided upon some desperate expedient.

'Look here : I'll write to Blair—he came down last night—and ask him to go round with me this afternoon ; not to play, of course, but just out of friendship, to see if he can make out what's wrong with me.'

He paused. Then, giving me a cunning glance :

'Now, I want you to come too. You see, if I've got into any really fatal habit—anything incurable—I dare say he won't like to tell me. But you might get it out of him on the quiet.'

Having decided to face the worst, Spencer now became comparatively calm, and I was able to persuade him to prepare himself for the trial by a comfortable luncheon at the club.

We found Blair awaiting us on the links. He consented,

very good-naturedly, to give all his attention; but he soon cut short Spencer's preliminary statement of symptoms.

'Tell me nothing, my dear fellow. Let me see you play and find out what's wrong for myself.'

Spencer played worse than ever. It was the same cramped, hesitating, laborious stroke that I had observed in the lonely valley below the Beacon. Blair looked on in silence; but, before half the round was over, I could see that he had made up his mind.

'There's no great mystery about it,' he said, when Spencer had 'holed out' for the last time; 'no particular vice to fix upon, and yet the stroke is a little wrong everywhere. I've often known the same thing happen before; it means that you're not quite yourself—a bit below par, in fact.'

I tried to convey a silent warning to Blair, but in vain.

'I don't suppose it's anything so very serious,' he went on, 'but, if I were you, I should go to my doctor and ask him for a tonic or something; then you ought to go for a change of air, and give golf a rest until you feel perfectly fit again. That's the whole secret, take my word for it.'

And he left us, evidently well pleased at having been able to relieve Spencer's mind.

Spencer did not speak. He was standing quite still, staring at the ground, as if these last words had suddenly enabled him to read his fate in the blades of grass.

Horrified by Blair's unfortunate suggestion, I could find nothing to say. For several minutes neither of us moved; then, as if his vision were ended, Spencer gave a start and, without a word to me, marched off towards the town.

Next day I heard that he had gone to London.

Two months later I met Spencer Whitelaw walking in Piccadilly. I saw at once that, although somewhat melancholy, he had recovered from the agitation caused by his golfing failures and by Blair's explanation of them. He was once more the depressed, quietly-anxious man whom I had seen during my first visit to Whitlingsea.

'Oh, I'm getting on as well as can be expected,' he said; 'but, of course, it takes time to get over such an utter breakdown as I had in July. . . . It was all through that infernal golf, you know.'

'But I thought golf suited your health so well?'

'H'm—perhaps just at first it did me no great harm, when

I only played a little,' he admitted; 'but from the moment I got really keen, it was quite another matter. I've no doubt I had been gradually undermining my health for months: but I was so taken up by the game that I never noticed anything was wrong, until Blair luckily put me on the right scent. At first I didn't understand it all; and, like a fool, I consulted Fairclough.'

'Surely *he* didn't lay the blame on golf?' I asked.

'Pooh!' said Spencer, 'what can you expect from a country doctor, gone mad on a game in his second childhood? Of course he said that there was nothing the matter with me; that I had got into low spirits through thinking too much about my health and not enough about golf. And when I explained that, on the contrary, I had been neglecting my health and thinking about golf all day long, he simply wouldn't listen to me. Can you conceive such an obstinate old blockhead?'

'And you couldn't make him change his opinion, I suppose?'

'I saw it was useless to argue with such a man. I went straight off to London and consulted Sutro. He understood the whole case at once; and so did I, when he put things clearly before me. The whole cause of the trouble was this: I'd been overtaxing my strength and neglecting my health. . . . For many years I had had to be careful; but when I became mad on golf I forgot to think about that sort of thing; I rushed about all over the country—tiring railway journeys, hotel beds, all kinds of food at irregular hours, and the rest of it. In fact, the most suicidal life for a man of my constitution.'

'Then you've given up golf?'

'Absolutely forbidden. I take a fixed amount of exercise every day; one hour's walking in the afternoon and an hour's work every morning in Sutro's gymnasium.'

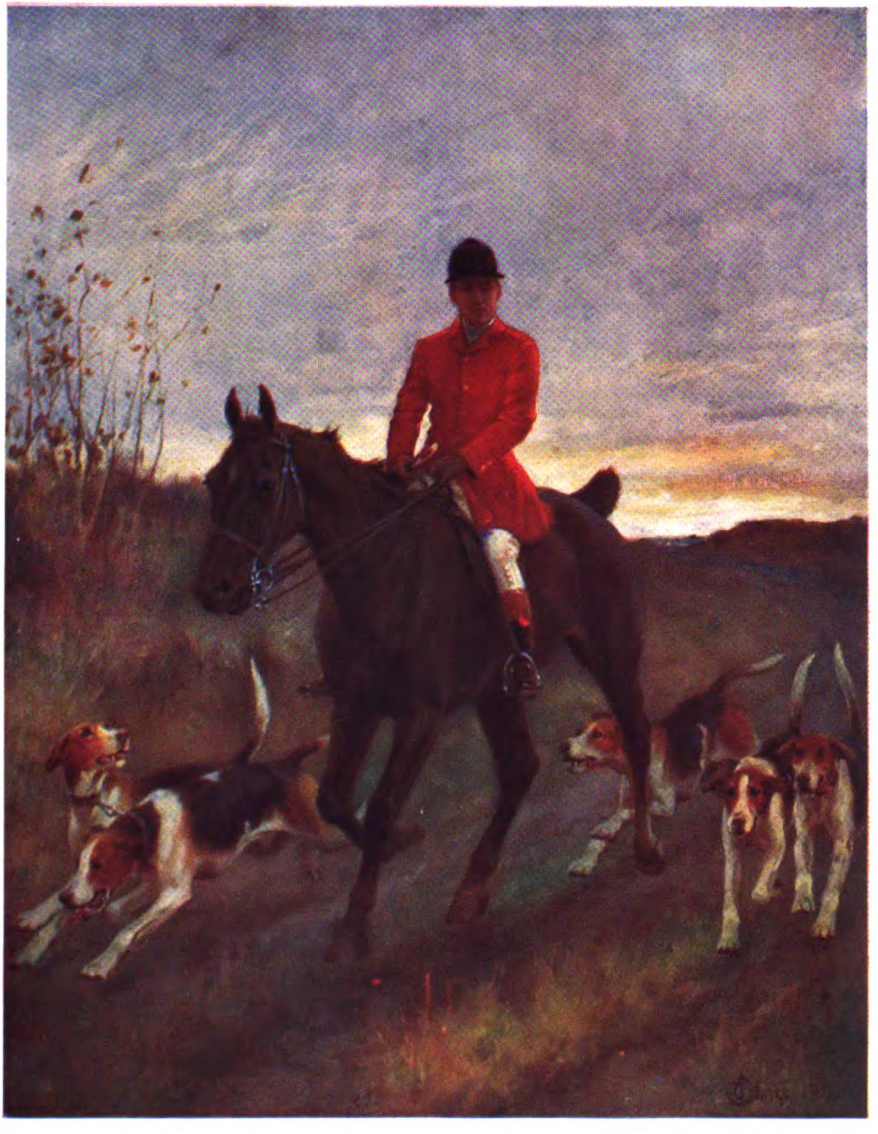
'And you're satisfied with Sutro?'

'Certainly; not only is he a clever man, but he takes a real interest in his patients. He examines one thoroughly every day, after the gymnasium.'

'He's rather expensive, isn't he?'

Spencer looked down, a little confused.

'Well, ye-es, I suppose his fees *are* a bit high. . . . But then,' he went on, brightening, 'what does that matter when you've got a doctor who really understands you?'



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STRAGGLERS.

From an Oil Painting by T. Blinks.

SPANIELS, RETRIEVERS AND FIELD TRIALS

BY G. T. TEASDALE BUCKELL

'THERE is a toy in the kennel of every sportsman, from his honour to the rat-catcher.' So wrote a good old sportsman in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, long before dog shows were thought of, and therefore before the sportsman's toy became king of the kennel and of as much value as the less beautiful worker. I am careful to say 'less beautiful,' on the ground that every dog, no matter how common, is beautiful when doing beautifully. Dogs that are taught to stand in the ring to catch the judge's eye, much as carriage horses are taught to spread themselves for appearance sake in Bond Street and Piccadilly, no doubt do catch the eye of sportsmen as well as of dog-show judges, but in the former case it is not always with approval. I think it might fairly be argued that what is beautiful in animated nature is movement; and if so, the very worst way of judging of horse, or dog, is at a show, at least it is so as regards those breeds that are required in work to go faster than a man can lead them, and when I read the reports of pointers and setters 'moving well' in the ring, I wonder at the make-believe that would convert 'his honour's' or 'the rat-catcher's' pet into a workman on such slender evidence as can there be exhibited.

Personally, I think dog shows are very objectionable insti-

tutions, but there can be no possible harm in holding them avowedly for pet and other non-working dogs. I know it is thought (and therefore may as well be stated in so many words on the part of the grouse and partridge drivers, to say nothing of the covert shooters) that pointers and setters and spaniels are a hindrance rather than a help, and that therefore broken dogs are a good deal worse than the 'toys' most breeds have been converted into for show purposes. These do, at least, refrain, by their absence, from interfering with the bag of game and the temper of the shooters. That, however, is not quite a fair statement; for when it is admitted, as it must be, that to use a dog where he injures the prospects of sport is not sportsmanship, yet it must also be granted that on nearly every moor in Scotland dogs are, and must be, used from August 12 to August 25, if guns are to be employed during that period.

As a matter of fact, the first two weeks' shooting on the moors recorded in the sporting papers included but one driving bag. Again, dog moors always make more money per bird killed than driving acres do, and the average price per brace in Yorkshire is about 10*s.*, whereas it is at least £1 in Scotland on the dog moors.

I am very well aware that there is a great deal of clap-trap talked and written about the beauty of dog work, and loving the sight of it more than the shooting. My own experience points to the fact that dogs are a constant source of anxiety, but at the same time there are pleasures in compensation. In driving the birds either come near you or they do not. In dog-work you either get near the birds or you do not; but in the latter case your attention is kept occupied from start to finish; you are reading a language that only a sportsman can read, and you are so engrossed in it that the worries of life and the thoughts of business are banished as if by magic. If the truth could be known, perhaps half the people who rush to the moors in August from all the big towns and leave their clerks behind them to bungle the affairs of men, consciously or unconsciously go for no other purpose than to get the entire rest that nothing but fresh occupation can give a jaded mind. I am aware that on this ground it might be argued that the worse the dog the more thoroughly that purpose would be fulfilled; but then, most people would object that they go for pleasure too, and that there is no pleasure to be found in dog-torturing.

Possibly this was the first season in which retrievers made more at Aldridge's Sporting Dog Sales than pointers and setters.

Seventy and ninety guineas respectively were paid for retrievers that came up with good characters, and were also very handsome on the chain ; but there was always a demand for pointers and setters, though at prices based, perhaps, on the knowledge that if the birds could not be killed over points, there would be a second chance at them. The writer has himself designed the breeding of, broken, won at field trials with, and painted a dog for which he has seen £800 refused ; but this was an American offer, and possibly represents what the values for the best would be in this country if no such thing as driving game had been invented. This dog was the outcome of field-trials for pointers and setters, and it is no fancy price either ; for one of his sons served at the stud in America at 100 dollars (£25), and was always full for years. The former was a very beautiful show dog, but the outcome of field-trials, and no one ever really saw him who had not followed him over rough peat hags on a bad scenting day. Given these conditions, comparisons became absurd ; where ordinary good dogs could not gallop, he glided ; and where they flushed he stood his game a long way off ; but on the chain he was merely a big dog and a handsome one, and there are many who answer to this description.

That suggests the value that field-trials may be to retrievers and spaniels—would have been to the former if the old Vaynol Trials had been kept going—for there we had retriever trials which produced curiously similar results to those held on Mr. Warwick's place last season. But there, as everywhere, the difficulty always is to get enough wounded game down to try dogs satisfactorily. No doubt there was more wounded game at Vaynol than at Compton, as there always is more in shooting at the tail of game than in driving. In the former case the shooting was done over pointers and setters, and runners were not infrequent ; in the latter, there were both, but all the winged birds were got by walking up, and it would form a very interesting study to find out why game is so rarely winged in driving. It is a point of the utmost importance to retriever trials in a partridge-driving country, for it may be said that the better driving is understood, and the more brilliantly it is accomplished, the smaller is the proportion of runners, always.

To try retrievers properly there must be runners for all, and when there are a dozen dogs in a stake, even three runners each means a great many wounded birds, and by proportion of dead to wounded game in driving, an enormous bag of game.

That is the theoretical way of looking at it, but in practice it comes out rather differently. It is probable that on Mr. Warwick's shooting last season there were not more than half a dozen real runners brought down, but, nevertheless, I think it is quite undoubted that the best dog was found and almost exclusively by the ability shown on runners. Very likely a few of the dogs were thrown out of the stake because they did not do simple things quickly and well, and, after all, this is of the most importance to the shooter, even more than the brilliant hunt after the runner, who, gone five minutes, has neglected no time in putting distance between itself and pursuit. At Vaynol, thirty years ago, the principal winner was a liver-coloured, rough-haired dog, with a slightly hard mouth, and no doubt the judges were wrong in giving a prize to a dog with the most hereditary fault there is. But the view of field-trials taken in those days was different from that now prevailing; for it was considered merely as a sporting outing, and no doubt the judges considered that a crushed partridge was better than no game. The liver-colour, which had been in reference to his looks called 'The Devil,' did find the game, whereas this was not always accomplished by the rest. Last year another liver-coloured one, called Rust (possibly also in reference to her appearance), was winner in a class of fashionably-bred and shiny black ones. The majority of these had required help in finding birds and rabbits that could in no sense be regarded as difficult; the three that came to the top had been able and quick assistants in these circumstances; that is to say, after one retriever had fumbled about for five minutes or more, it was taken up and another was called for. As everybody knows, the second dog has vastly inferior chance to the first on the soiled ground, and consequently when the second does instantly what the first could not do at all, the gap is so pronounced between them that a very few occasions of the sort serve all necessities.

The judges at Compton were lucky enough to have just such wide gaps between their dogs, but what would have happened had there been a class equal to Rust (not a wonderful stretch of imagination) I do not know; clearly, several more days would have had to be spent in bringing the best to the top. Twice, at least, Rust exhibited an enormous superiority to an immediate predecessor; once it was a wounded hare that had travelled the whole length of a sixty-acre field in sight, and further; after the drive was over a retriever was put

on the line, but he could not run it and fumbled about for five minutes. Then Rust was put on where the other had been and went away, without the smallest hesitation, hunted the line without an over-run as fast as foxhounds when it is 'heads up, sterns down,' was lost to view a few minutes and then reappeared carrying the hare. 'A very simple affair,' it may be said, and one that happens every day in shooting; to which I assent in everything but the five minutes of scent-spoiling fumbling. Again, it was a pheasant in turnips, when an even longer period was occupied by a dog that never struck the line of the runner at all, or if he did was called off it, and was therefore unlucky. Then Rust was sent, struck the line before she reached it, examined it for an instant to see which was 'forward' and which 'heelway,' and was off without the smallest hurry, but fast for all that; again she never over-ran and was back with the runner in a couple of minutes. Not that these were the only runners got by any means; the second dog got one admirably in heavy turnips, and a side wind, a most meritorious and quick performance, but Rust's were the only occasions when good runners were quickly recovered after other dogs had failed to touch the line.

The winner was a keeper's dog actually, and by looks, belonging to Abbott, keeper to Mr. A. T. Williams, of Neath, in South Wales. It cannot be said that it was a lucky ending, for naturally what everybody wanted to see was some handsome animal that could go to the stud, and be relied upon to improve the race. The second dog was that to look at, but he was a street behind the other, whose quiet method of being quick was a pattern for breakers and keepers to remember. I believe it must be possible to find as good workers amongst the handsome ones, but how that might be done I must leave until a word has been said about spaniel trials. These were seen to perfection in November last on Mr. Arkwright's place at Sutton Scarsdale. This gentleman has solved a very difficult problem quite satisfactorily. The difficulty was how to see spaniels at work when in covert, and it was solved by making them do most of their work in long grass which had been left ungrazed and uncut on purpose; then after it was settled which had done the best on game they were put into thick gorse and brambles to find out whether their hearts were in the right places. In such admirable circumstances, with plenty of pheasants and rabbits to find it was easy to discover the true qualities of the dogs. They may be at once stated to have all

been well enough broken to prevent their doing damage, and it looked, therefore, rather unnecessary to award the prizes almost entirely on breaking. In these early days of spaniel trials when the Working Spaniel Society says that the shows have ruined the breeds what we want to bring out first is surely natural ability. When we have got that, I think, will be time enough to go into the nice questions of breaking. But against this view must be put another : spaniels are used now in many places, by the Duke of Portland, for instance, exclusively as retrievers ; in this shooters are following the lead of the late Sir Fred Milbank, who used a team of clumbers for retrieving the wounded, and quick gathering of the dead, in grouse driving, and as retrievers their breaking must be absolute.

What struck me most at the spaniel trials was that there was a very great deal of lee-way to make up in breeding nose and vitality. It took so very long to hunt a small piece of ground, and game never appeared to me to be found any distance off, so that short noses and poor motive power made the spaniel work appear very slow indeed. When last year's champion—second this year—took the best part of ten minutes to find a fresh-killed pheasant, not quite dead, lying within 10 to 15 yards of her, it became obvious that the scent must be very bad, or noses not good. The winner, 'Hoar Cross Duchy,' belonging to Mr. Watts, certainly was quicker about her work than most of them, was more clever and better broken, and retrieved winged pheasants well, although but eleven months old ; but, and this is the point I want to make clear, the special prizes for the dogs 'which, in the opinion of the judges, were equal to a good day's work,' fell to neither of the first or second prize dogs in the winners' stake, but to dogs they had beaten for breaking. Unfortunately, the dogs that got these specials were both without pedigree, and looked it, which I am afraid rather confirms the view that the shows have ruined the natural qualifications of the sorts they have touched. It is just those that have the natural gift of finding game and the true fire of the spaniel, with its fierceness to hunt, that it is necessary to spot in order to restore the spaniel as a useful game-dog. Under the rules, no doubt, the stake prizes were given rightly, but as it is beyond question that not much more than one in a hundred of these dogs are broken well enough for these trials, it is obvious that ninety-nine are being excluded from competition ; amongst these probably are to be found the very dogs one wants to perpetuate the spaniel instincts. The same

argument precisely applies to the retrievers; few people will send their dogs to the trials, because a dog that requires speaking to at heel has practically no chance. If there are handsome show retrievers, or spaniels, that have the quickness that makes good gun-dogs we want to know it before either breed has time to sink lower as dogs for the gun. The Working Spaniel Society mentally depict the show spaniels, famous for their fleeces, as emulating Abraham's ram which was caught in the thicket, and their absence from trials lends colour to this. But there are probably hundreds of natural good ones about the country: at any rate, it may be said that when field-trials for pointers and setters first began to be held the demand for high breaking that now prevails would then have crippled, or killed, those institutions which, run in rather a loose way in regard to breaking and almost wholly on natural merit, brought together all the best breeds in the country, and picked the best workers from each; so that now every kennel that shows at field-trials has the blood of those old winners of thirty to thirty-five years ago.

In buying retrievers the novice goes for looks and steadiness at heel; he can have them very easily, for the shows have produced the looks and any keeper can produce a dog that will not run in; but in ninety-nine cases in one hundred he has reduced the vitality of the dog in doing so. Take any shooting-party as a guide, and where there are led dogs and loose ones, the major part of the dead and wounded will be retrieved by the led dogs. They have not yet had the natural hunt knocked out of them. What I particularly want to see is a class for retrievers that are admittedly unbroken. I want to see the stud dogs tried in public; there are only three qualities that need be looked for, quickness in recovering game, mouth, and courage. All the rest is only a matter of breaking, and it is of no public interest who has the best breaker. What every sportsman is interested in is to discover the best natural ability; by doing so he can, in a couple of years, ensure himself the possession of a first rate retriever, not one that is only good at stopping to heel, but one that can be relied upon to get any wounded bird that stops above ground when once he has been put on the line.

I have often thought how very much private shooting-parties could help in that direction if they would take the trouble. It is not at all unusual for the keepers of the neighbourhood to put in an appearance at big shoots on other

ground than their own; they bring their retrievers when asked to do so, or when they know that help will be thankfully received, and very useful they are in saving time. It would not be difficult to arrange that all these strange retrievers should help each gun in turn, and at the end of the day a vote by the shooters might be taken as to the best of the strangers; and half a crown or five shillings per gun would make a nice little prize along with a written testimonial. It would, by this means, soon become known who had the best retriever of the neighbourhood, and then, when the International Gun-dog League held its annual trials, it would be strange indeed if the local cracks did not meet. But in order to assist these views there would, of necessity, have to be a class for led retrievers, otherwise the best natural ability would never be discovered. It goes without saying that the presence of six or a dozen invited keepers from the neighbourhood would greatly ease the duties of any head-keeper, and enable him to move his own under-keepers away from the firing-line into the line of beaters.

It may be thought somewhat foolish to suggest anything new to such conservative people as game-shooters; perhaps it is; it certainly would be useless to do it if the dogs were set before the shooting, but that is not so here; indeed, present arrangements would be assisted rather than disorganised by the change, for now it happens that a game-preserver has to keep more retrievers than he ever really requires, except on his one, two, or three, big shoots; they eat their heads off, and get worse instead of better from too occasional work. By this plan half of them could be dispensed with entirely. It is about thirty years since I acted as hon. sec. of the Vaynol Retriever Trials; nearer forty since I broke my first brace of retrievers, and I am strongly of opinion that the breed has been getting harder to break, and worse when broken, ever since, or I should not have ventured to put forward any suggestion for restoring them as a useful help in sport.

SNIPE-SHOOTING NEAR CALCUTTA

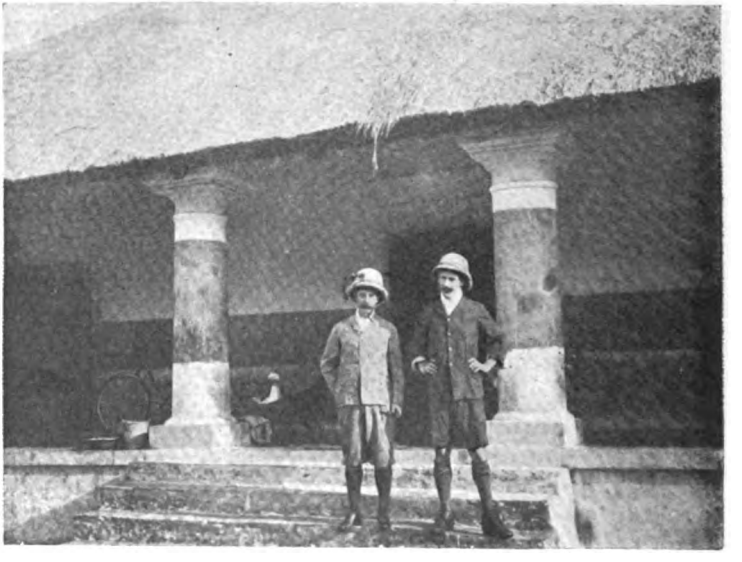
BY ARGYLL FARQUHAR

IN the short space at my command I do not intend making any attempt to describe how the *burra sahib* shikares the wily snipe. He has a large *bundo-bust* (arrangement) of ponies, tents, &c., and in fact has things made as easy for him as possible. Just how comfortable he may be depends entirely on the state of his liver. No; it is about the way in which the *chota sahib*, the youngster who has just come out, shoots that I wish to give an idea, and perhaps a few hints may be useful.

Let me begin by a word of warning to any such who may be going out to Calcutta. If an acquaintance mentions that he is going out shooting on no account ask him the natural question—Where? This is a terrible sin against the rather peculiar etiquette of the snipist; your friend will be shocked; and in any case you will get no satisfactory answer, the usual reply on such occasions being, 'Up the line'—'Down the river'—or 'Oh! just going out in a ticca.' Never, never will he say just where. It is a secret hardly to be told even to one's best friend. Ridiculous as it may seem, I have, in fact, known men who were living together starting out separately, and not,

of course, having told each other for what particular spot they were bound, being naturally not a little surprised and disgusted to meet each other at the same place.

The best weapon to use is, I think, a 12-bore, although some use a 16, and No. 8 or No. 9 shot, the former for choice. The *shikari* (huntsman literally), really a man who is supposed to search for places where birds are, usually comes into town on Monday, as often as not with a long face and a still longer story to the effect that his crops have been washed away and his large family—they seem always to be numerically strong in



this respect—starving, and 'Would your honour, &c. &c.' The old hand puts this down at once as an effort of the gentleman's brain, and requests him to shut up, asking what *khubar* (information) he has? He has none, never has, but knows of course where snipe are sure to be very numerous—might he have some money to pay his train fare, &c., so that he may go thoroughly over the ground? He gets a R 1 or so and sets off highly delighted at having made something out of the sahib. Many shikaris may, of course, go and really search for birds; more do not, but trust to luck, knowledge of the ground, and years of experience. Honest or not, however, one and all turn up on Friday with wonderful tales. 'The best shooting I have ever come across, no sahib has ever been there before,' and so on. The number of birds he has seen varies according

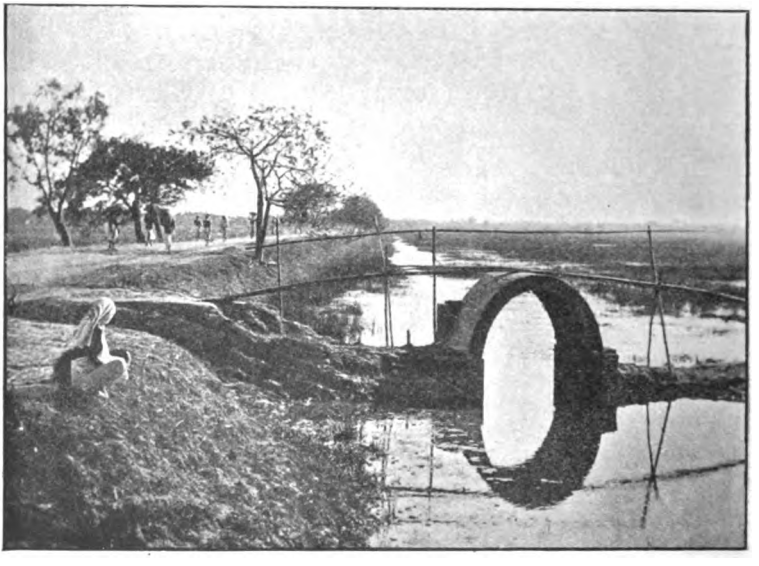
to his ideas of the meaning of figures and the elasticity of his imagination. I have known many shikaris, but never yet one who could tell the truth. One man used distantly to approach it sometimes, but could never just quite do it. In some cases, however, the shikari may be wrongly blamed and unjustly abused, according to the irate and disgusted sportsman's knowledge of the language ; I say unjustly, because at some parts of the season, and, strangely enough, in some particular places, snipe seem to wander about in the most extraordinary way, never remaining a day at a time on the same ground. I have

PLOUGHING

at times walked over miles of the most perfect ground without flushing a single bird, and then come on them suddenly in the most unlikely spots. I remember a friend being lamentably taken in by a shikari, who induced him to go out by promises of extra good sport. He was walked almost off his feet and was getting more and more out of temper, when suddenly the shikari crouched down behind some reeds, and, with a warning glance, whispered: '*Dekko, sahib, burra pakhi hai*' ('Look, sir, there are big snipe') pointing to some innocent paddy birds. This brought things to a climax, and the scene that followed can be left to the imagination of the reader.

If the station you agree to visit be far away it means travelling overnight ; if near at hand the first train in the morning will do. In the latter case everything is got ready over-

night, commissariat being the first thing, and, as it is often too hot to eat much, I have always found a good box of sandwiches and some fruit sufficient to take, arranging to have a good meal waiting one's return. As regards the important point of liquid refreshment, cold tea is a most excellent thing; it quenches the thirst wonderfully and seems to help to keep one going. As to clothes, as one is wading about in mud and water the whole time, a good pair of stout boots, with strong stockings and shorts, are best as regards the nether portion. I like shorts, they leave the knees bare and therefore freer, for knicker-

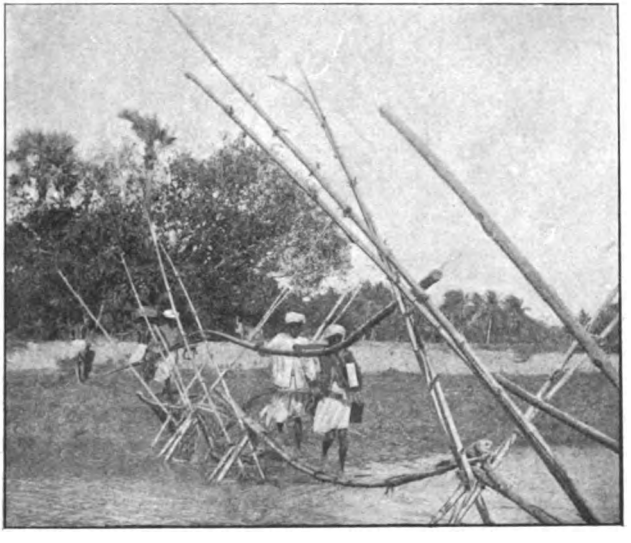


THE HOME OF SNIPE

bockers get wet there, consequently heavy, and they cling. Shorts are also infinitely cooler. A light under-vest, cotton shirt, old coat, and a good big sola topee, such as one buys in Rhada Bazaar, complete the outfit. Never wear a cartridge-belt—they are the invention of some fiend and calculated to upset the temper of the most patient of mortals. A coolie carries the cartridge-bag, and you put a few in your pocket to keep you going, replenishing when necessary. The great aim should be to have everything as light and loose as possible on account both of the heat and heavy walking. Always take a complete change.

Getting up at five in the morning is a terrible business. The cold—that raw cold which seems to go straight to one's

bones—is something more than unpleasant. Everything is dark and miserable generally, and the servants more than usually stupid. One has breakfast off poached eggs and toast, dressing as often as not between mouthfuls by the flickering aid of a small lamp. You dare not show much light, because even the prospect of a snipe dinner will not appease the wrath of the remaining members of the household should they be disturbed, and the dawning day is like to be greeted with the sounds of violent language, always an unfortunate beginning. Once ready to start, see that your gun and everything else is in order;



SHIKARI AND COOLIES CROSSING A BRIDGE

if left to themselves the servants are almost sure to have forgotten something between them. A man with whom I once shot a great deal was sent off one day minus the fore-arm of his gun, but being a genius, and careless, he proceeded to subject himself to a risk I am sure no respectable insurance company would have taken, by manufacturing one in some marvellous way out of a newspaper and string. He had some shooting, and is still alive. The journey to Sealdah station is undertaken in a *ticca gharri* (a hired carriage), the wheels and timbers of which threaten a dire break-down at any moment. Nothing that I have ever seen is more disreputable than the Calcutta *ticca gharri* and the wretched ponies that draw it—they are almost past description.

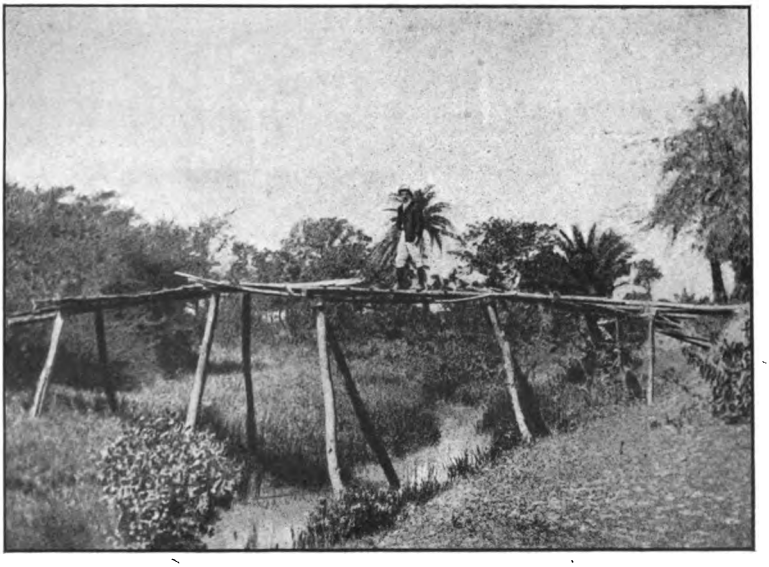
I wonder if there is anything in the world more dismal than this station on a cold weather morning? Howrah is bad, but is but a poor second to it. Dirt and confusion reign supreme, everywhere you have to pick your steps for fear of stumbling over sleeping forms that lie in profusion, huddled up and entirely covered in dirty white clothes which smell only as Calcutta can, the concentrated essence of all the smells of the East. The *babu* in the ticket-office is more than usually dense, and it is hardly possible to make him understand anything under five or ten minutes. At last you get safely off, and as

ON THE JHEEL

your journey will probably take an hour or two, it is a good thing to put in some extra sleep if possible. Your shikari and coolies are waiting you on your arrival, one coolie to carry the tiffin-basket—never let him get out of sight—and either one or two to help to flush the birds. In case there may be other sahibs going to the same place as yourself you hurry off immediately: once on the *jheel*, and having fired a shot, the place is yours for the day according to the rules of the game, and none other may follow you without your consent. Some enthusiasts will even sleep on the *jheel* (marsh) edge overnight, so that there can be no chance of any one forestalling them. They usually, however, have doctors' and Darjheeling hotel bills to pay sooner or later.

As often as not it is a good long walk from the station to the

shooting-ground, and once there, and having ascertained that no rivals are about, a short rest and a sandwich are not out of place before starting operations. This also gives the first chill of the morning, when the birds are usually very wild, time to wear off. I am sure that many a good day's sport is spoilt by starting too early. In some places the natives are a most intolerable nuisance; no amount of telling and past experience will induce them to keep away until they get badly peppered, and then there is, of course, a howl. I have seen fathers throw



A TYPICAL BRIDGE

their children, who *will* follow after one to pick up empty cartridges, on the ground so that they bleed. They are then produced, you are informed that you hit them, and *baksheesh* is demanded. Abuse is all they ever get from me. A very usual dodge of the shikari is almost to walk you off your feet looking for a few odd birds before he really brings you to the spot where he knows there are, or hopes there will be, snipe in numbers. Result—when you get there you are tired. I know of nothing more trying than walking after snipe when there are none to be seen, and should you ultimately find birds you cannot shoot at all, or do so badly. This, of course, suits the shikari down to the ground, because he knows where he is pretty sure to find birds again next week. A good temper is often badly wanted, for

often and often you will be lured on and on with promises. Half an hour goes by and never a bird to be seen, then just as you have allowed your attention to wander, speculating perhaps as to what will win the Cup, or some other problem equally difficult of solution, up get a dozen or so. Shikari and coolie yell, Mark! As likely as not you shoot in a hurry and miss the lot. You are disgusted with yourself, and your vanity is not in any way soothed by remarks you cannot help hearing the coolies exchange. The mere fact of having seen birds gives one energy to go on. I have often been dead beat at the end of a long

day, just felt as if I could crawl home, when up gets a covey and all your weariness seems to drop as if by magic. I remember one day going on in this way from 6 A.M. to 5 P.M. for five couple and then to cap all losing the only train home, having to walk some six miles along the line and then trolly twelve miles more before I could get to the main line, and so back to Calcutta. But this is exceptional, and if your shikari is any good, and you are a fair shot, ten to fifteen couple in a forenoon may be called very fair sport.

Some men will shoot all day, and birds are often very plentiful just before dusk, coming as they do out of the jungle, where they have gone during the extreme heat, to the feeding-grounds. To do this, however, you must have tents or sleep in

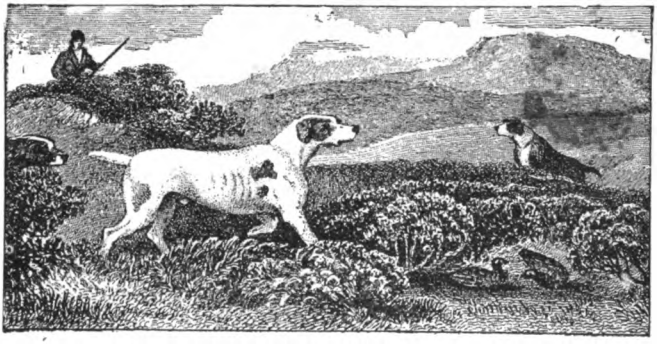
the station should there be no Dâk-bungalow, as the train services are so bad that to be home in time for dinner one has to stop about two o'clock, unless, of course, you are very close to Calcutta. In any case, the ordinary mortal will find he has had just about enough of it by this time, excepting perhaps in December and January when the weather is cool ; but with the usual contrariness of things, snipe seem very scarce during those months, coming in again on their way to the breeding-grounds beyond the Himalayas in February and March.

Occasionally quite a good afternoon's fun may be had by driving out seven or eight miles in a gharri, but this is not much

good on Sundays as you are sure to meet several other men, who cannot be said to play the game fairly, going to the same place. Back at the station you have a wash, a change, and some tiffin, and you feel once more fit for anything—or you should do. I know of no better sport in the world than snipe-shooting, despite all its little discomforts, such as sleeping on station benches or on the edge of *jheels*, gun close to hand ready to start off the moment your coolie gives the alarm that other sahibs are coming. It gives you an appetite for dinner such as no sea air can, and you are in fact set up for the week.

When in India I have shot every week end and as many odd days besides as possible from September to March, and thank these Sunday outings for the fact that I have never had a day's illness. Hard work it is, and you must be strong and

fit. The reader can imagine what it means trudging day long half-way up to the knees—sometimes further—in mud and water, and the Indian sun is not quite gentle, especially in September, October, and March. In concluding this short sketch, which may, I trust, have been of interest, I may say that snipe-shooting is like golf—once start and you will go on. It is most fascinating.



OXFORD RE-VISITED

BY C. S. NEWTON

'ETON, *November* 1901.

'DEAR OLD DAD,—Three other fellows are going up to matriculate next month, and it would be a good thing if I did—get used to the course, and if I don't win outright this time it is sure to come off next outing. They are all going to the Mitre: will order a bedroom and sitting-room for self, and a bedroom for you if you will let me know. We just didn't win the House Cup.

'Your only
'HOPEFUL.

'P.S.—I'll bring my *own* cigarettes.'

The above was handed to me as I was reading a sporting paper and wondering if the open ditch were done away with, or ridiculous forecasts of the coming Oaks were barred, how the columns would be filled up in the dull season. I had received my sailing orders, and in due course arrived at Oxford; on inquiry was informed my room was No. *x* and my son's room No. *y*, with sitting-room adjoining, and that they dined at 7.30. To my joy, another father had been invited, and he an old friend of school and Oxford days. We dined fairly well, the champagne cheering (not *quite* the flavour it used to possess) and the boys most abstemious—this pleased me vastly; but I do wish those nasty cigarettes were not the fashion. The boys had all done

fairly well in the schools that day, and did not forget to run over some of the likely passages in their books for the next before going to bed. My old friend had to start for London, and I was left to amuse myself as best I might, on the following morning. No undergraduates in the High—could not make it out—times changed, I suppose; all at lectures; hard readers nowadays! A stroll down the High; old friends' ghosts in all directions. Undergraduates and old tradesmen chasing each other through one's brain. A tramway! No cobble stones—how they used to punish one's dandy boots! Brasenose looking out on the High in place of the old fishmonger's shop—Tester's; a most respectable new street opposite, must surely be full of solicitors?

All the shop-windows plastered with white letters, after the manner of Birmingham, and other centres of commerce, advertising their wares: Cycles, motor-cars, *et hoc genus omne* (Latin seems a bit shaky, but it was laid by in the 'sixties, and hasn't come up quite sound).

'Goundrey's,' a new shop, but an old and respected name; did he not at our request bail out one night Randolph, scion of a noble house? And did I not lodge with him, with two old friends, and didn't we really like the old man? How funny it was when the Count, B. and I met at breakfast one morning. 'Well, and when did you come in last night, Count?' He had been assisting at a bump supper. 'That's just what I can't quite tell you; for the life of me, I couldn't see the hands on Carfax clock. It seemed on fire, and I know *I* was all right. Sarah bring some more teapots, there's nothing for breakfast this morning.' B. and I had come in early, and had noticed the clock; it had just been cleaned as to its dull and very dirty face! Then there was the night E. and I put the sweaters on after a light supper, and ran out five miles to see a fire, hoping to get off an extra pound or two for the next day's Grinds; and, oh! what a cropper I got at the water! Mooning on, the Old Bank catches one's eye. Does the cheery senior partner still see the best of every run, and kindly try to help others to, as he invariably did? Only he didn't break those binders! What a run it was when he led us all with Selby Lowndes' hounds in that good and great fifty minutes from High Havens, over Denham Hill, in the Bicester country, bordering on the Creamy Vale; and where is that fox's brush, and does the possessor of it still remember (*altâ mente repositum*) the gallop; what a cold, dull day it was, and what a pig of a horse I rode!

In vain did I look on the old walls of University College for the 'F.P. 7 ft. 6 in.' of Verdant Green's days, and later on of mine; can they have been Goths enough to remove it, or are my spectacles a bit dim? Anyhow, I saw not the old-time jest. Gone, too, is Halford's Yard, best and kindest of dealers, and on the site is raised University College Hall; two boxes still remain; and didn't my very first purchase, afterwards winner of the Christ Church Open Race, and a Welter Plate at Aylesbury, dwell in one, and old Joker of the lame feet lie down in the other? He, a winner of the 'Whip,' and a Welter Plate in the Grinds, driven to victory by our present head handicapper, Mr. 'Arkay.' Is it not possible that at this very meeting our Bishop S. Oxon. may have from an upper chamber of the Palace, all unknown to us, seen the primrose and rose hoops of a future Prime Minister carried to the front by the Fawn over the Cuddesden course? Does Dalmeny's lord remember that beautiful filly, Levant, Jemmy Dover's pride? A faint heart had this ladye fayre, the charming Athena; honest and hard-working Target (the evergreen George Hodgman has not forgotten him!), schoolmaster to Ladas the first, by no means the 'swift-runner' his namesake proved in after years? And can the member for Canterbury (quad:) supply the context?

See they come,
Pretender, Pedro Gomez,
. . . .
Ladas, and Belladrum.

Farther on, towards Magdalen Bridge, a fine building stands, where the Angel once sheltered weary wayfarers in the coaching days; but of more recent times the kennels, unknown to the Authorities, of the Oxford Draghounds. Was it not about this epoch the hard-reading and light-hearted Lord Lansdowne helped to keep us going? Well indeed does his gamecock-like bay horse stand out as one of the boldest.

Does the Ex-Viceroy remember the Abingdon line of country; and can he still, in his mind, float over those rails into Radley Park, as I can still in mine, and anticipate the certainty that was in store for me? And wouldn't we give a year's keep to ride once more that line with the same gusto, 'free from care'; taking all risks? 'Slavery' and 'Tapster,' are you still pursuing a very strong drag, and is dear old B. lying up alongside of you, in the Elysian Fields, beyond the unjumpable Styx? And so back to luncheon!

The boys had done well in their papers of the morning, and, after a glass of burgundy, were full of confidence as to the results of the afternoon; then, after throwing them into covert at the New Schools, I turned, passed All Souls, and on through the Parks, at a slower pace, I fear, than when last there, to the Banbury Road. What a lot of new houses in all directions! Anyhow, I'll walk on to Old Charlie Symonds' Farm; and walk I did, but I couldn't find the farm, and the only landmark of the past I saw was one of the heavy and solid, white telegraph-posts: the villas probably reach to Banbury; it was too dark to walk *there* that night.

On this road is Sturdy's Castle; one remembers it as a Heythrop meet—the world was very young then—one used to go there, even there, anticipating such a run as no one had ever ridden before. A cheery evening with my old friend—a few runs ridden over again, the merits of certain good horses referred to, and the first joy of actually putting on a silk jacket to ride in 'the Grinds.' Having got the jacket and cap on, one was hesitating as to whether one would be a George Fordham or a George Stevens if the choice were given one. The cap, being as a rule insecurely fixed, came off the novice at the first fence, and took the small amount of intellect he rejoiced in with it, and the rider knew no more until he was told he had won—or knew that he had fallen off. Who was it who rode two fields beyond the winning-post (he had won), and then had to jump two fences back again on a gallant little grey to weigh in?

Awaking next morning with a confused idea of 'Keep your stroke long, No. 2!' and wondering whether one really had just won the Grand at Henley, brought the river to my thoughts; so after breakfast a stroll through Christ Church walks seemed likely to make an hour pass pleasantly.

Sallying forth I turn out of the High down Oriel Lane; those stones always were slippery (what a fall that bulldog took when in hot pursuit one night!); on past Merton (who would believe any one ever jumped in and out over those spiked railings for the wager of a sovereign?); and so into the Christ Church meadows. 'Show Sunday,' does it still exist? Are the girls as pretty and as English as they used to be, and is there still a lot of fun in dancing from 10 P.M. till 5 A.M., and then, after a parting glass with Dan Godfrey, dashing off to bathe in the Cherwell?

The Loder's barge! Nobody can have forgotten how thirsty it made him in the days of the long ago, when going down to

start for the eights, seeing them all drinking their claret cup! The 'Varsity barge, yes—there is the old chair Tommy Randall had made out of the coxswain's seat in the famous 'seven-oar' boat and gave to the Club. Where are those Sèvres vases, the gift of the Emperor, won in Paris by us old Etonians? Brasenose, Exeter, University, Christ Church, Magdalen, old friends, but what a host of barges below the Cherwell! An old waterman I come across seems somewhat astonished when, still wool-gathering, I ask what time the 'Varsity crew will be out in the afternoon. 'Why, bless you, sir, it's vacation—they all went down last Saturday, 'cept a few who had to go in for examinations; there won't be any one on the river to-day. You remember David, sir, he was my brother; why it must be nigh on forty years ago!' Surely it was somewhere near this tree I saw that green woodpecker at work early one glorious spring morning; and wasn't it opposite to us a 'Varsity President followed his punt-pole somewhat reluctantly into the river; and a little lower down one of our present judges capsized out of a canoe (he had never been in, or out of, one before) and went under water using forcible expressions (for which he would now be fined), coming up with his mouth full of water and language, the latter by no means diluted? And was it not near that gate—where *is* the gate? that's gone—we bumped, after much toil, Exeter? And so—well, may all the young ones have as good a time; and as few regrets!

P.S. 'OXFORD, 4.45 P.M., *December* 1901.
'Passed.'
(Signed) CLERK OF THE SCHOOLS.

There's something in telegrams, after all!

THE STATUS OF AMATEURS IN CRICKET[1]

BY HOME GORDON AND H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER

WE desire to offer a few suggestive observations on the vexed question of the status of amateurs in cricket. It is probable that the ordinary spectator does not appreciate the tension of the relationship on this point between certain amateurs and professionals. There is neither necessity for attending to individual cases nor for giving names. The general aspect of amateurism is sufficiently momentous to justify discussion in print, for there is no scope for debate outside the closed doors of various committee rooms.

The point on which—in our opinion—stress has not yet been laid is the way in which many of the best professionals take the matter to heart. Much has been done to improve the status of this fine class of men and in modern pavilions their needs are carefully satisfied. Many of these admirable cricketers are not only capital fellows, but men of considerable education and refinement, whose opinion is worth having and whose good word it is an honour to possess. We are aware that these men feel acutely the separation, which is in vogue according to the present *unwritten* regulations, between themselves who avowedly earn their honest living by the game and certain others who rank as amateurs. The definition of an

[1] On the vexed questions discussed in this article it must be understood that the writers are expressing only their own individual opinions, and no necessarily the views of the Magazine.—ED.

amateur is a gentleman who receives his bare out-of-pocket expenses whilst playing cricket. The professionals regard askance certain cricketers whom they see enjoy all the privileges of amateurism and who are, they believe, deriving emolument from the game.

The first suggestion we would make is that the professionals should be officially satisfied on this point by the county secretaries acting on instructions from the committees.

The second suggestion we would offer is the removal of restrictions in the pavilion.

On the field all are equal. The side consists of a captain and ten men under him, and no one cares whether they are professionals or amateurs. But to enter the field, professionals and amateurs have to emerge from different gangways, and—except at the Oval—from different gates. This, in our opinion, might be altered with advantage. Let every man who goes out to play cricket leave the pavilion without invidious distinction. The moral effect would be far greater than those who are away from the traffic of county cricket can estimate.

The third suggestion is that proximity in the pavilion would tend to improve cricket. Much of the success of the Australian cricketers was due to their incessant consultations and the fact of the out-going man being able to tell the next batsman what the wicket and the bowlers were doing. This is absolutely impossible, at present, when an amateur follows a professional to the wickets or *vice versâ* owing to the distance between their dressing-rooms, and the same reason often prevents the professionals from benefiting by judicious hints from the county captain.

The tremendous pressure of modern cricket has materially affected the status of amateurs. At present, a prominent amateur is asked to give his whole time between early May and late September to the game during the very years in which he ought to be commencing his career in the profession he has selected for life. Amateurs must, except in the few cases of ample private means and ability to lead an idle life, look upon cricket almost as a profession. We see no reason against this. But if they do, surely there ought to be no distinction as far as cricket is concerned between the professionals and such amateurs. No one would think the worse of them, and the present professionals are far too good a set of fellows ever to take liberties. There would be the same pleasantness as in country matches, where all play together however different

their social status. We, therefore, strongly advocate the sweeping away of all possible distinctions. At the same time let us recall to mind the number of fine amateurs who have been obliged to cease participation in good cricket directly they left the University because they neither became professionals nor chose surreptitiously to accept remuneration at a far higher rate.

Let it be clearly understood—as by our definition of an amateur given above—that we do not wish any gentleman to be out of pocket because he plays first-class cricket. In recognition of his services every amateur is entitled to get his travelling expenses, and the cost of living during the days he is playing for his county. Such remuneration is justifiable and reasonable, and if not exceeded the status of an amateur is maintained. But anything apart from this, whether it be retaining fees, the creation of imaginary posts with comfortable salaries, winter pay, remuneration for the sacrifice of prospects as well as any discrepancy between expenses as first defined and the amount of the cheque received for them—any or all of these ought to constitute professionalism, and should be generally recognised as withdrawing the individual from the amateur ranks.

Though it will possibly be advanced that by the exercise of such ruling we should be ruining the annual match of Gentlemen *v.* Players, such is not our view. Of those who represented the Gentlemen between 1880 and 1887 only two, by our definition, would have become professionals, and as the present Lord Chief Justice once observed, 'the case of those two ought never again to find a parallel; a professional in 1902 will tell you that paid amateurism is now rampant. But if all those were eliminated to which any professional might object it is probable that in most years the Gentlemen could make an excellent fight with the Players, supported though these latter were by a few enforced secessions from the opposite ranks. It is also probable that if the professionals were reasonably satisfied officially—as already suggested—they might learn that more than one stigmatised amateur would emerge from the scrutiny in quite unexpected fashion as *bonâ fide* what he claimed to be.

In our opinion, genuine amateurs and professionals form an absolutely essential combination for the maintenance of the high standard of first-class cricket. Under present circumstances amateurs are yearly dropping out of county ranks owing to the pressure of the struggle for life. Many of these ought to be

retained, but retained by the honest legitimate nomenclature for which we are pleading in the true interests of the game. It would be more satisfactory if the arrangement we have suggested were carried out: namely, that amateurs and professionals should be as freely permitted to meet together in the pavilion as on the field, and that all who receive more than mere out-of-pocket expenses should be recognised as professionals. So long as this is openly done, the cordiality with which the game is played would be materially enhanced; there would be no suggestion of derogatoriness in any way; the present mistrust of the contemporary professional would be permanently allayed, and the honesty of first-class cricket could be a standard for all the other sports of England.

THE STATE OF THE TURF

BY 'THE MAN ON THE COURSE'

THE year of grace 1902! A year that is to be memorable in the annals of the Nation for the Coronation of his Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. A year that, as we hope and believe, is to be memorable in the annals of the Turf as the first year within living memory, or perhaps more accurately within the memory of any but the oldest inhabitant, wherein the Turf shall receive the support and countenance of the actual and titular head of the State. A year wherein, as we hope and as we are all willing (at a satisfactory price) to wager, his Majesty may win 'The Liverpool' (if the opposition is strong and not cut down) and many another race, and wherein more than one racecourse may be able to add to its already eventful history the proud boast that on the — day of 1902 its meeting was honoured by the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen. Surely that unincorporated, unlimited company that we call 'The Turf' should set its house in order to welcome such distinguished guests, aye, and not its house only, but its house and stables.

In this connection it has occurred to me that some remarks upon the present condition of that which the accredited sporting writer proudly calls 'Our National Pastime' may interest the readers of the *Badminton Magazine*, and that they will not be aggrieved if the views of a casual contributor are not identical with those of that personage whom I have just referred to as the accredited sporting writer. And first as to the point of view from which they are written, let me say at once that they come from a Turf nobody, a horseless nobody, an informationless (using the word in its Turf sense) nobody, a man who watches the play from in front of the footlights, whenever he has the time and luck to watch it, but to whom the green-room and the wings and the weighing-room and the stewards'-room are *sancta sanctorum*, sacred to the actors and their parts; to these he has not the *entrée*, behind these scenes he takes no peep.

Whose wit was it that invented the term the 'Man in the Street' as typical of a political force? It is a splendid expression! There is about it a touch of contempt, more than a touch, a wealth of contempt for his official ignorance and insignificance, and yet it carries with it a sense of a majority before which even a Cabinet Minister must bow. I am only one of the 'Men on the Course,' and I write only from the point of view from which they see the play. And a very good point of view too, when eyes are keen and glasses bright and memory is tenacious, and when the favourite corner on the stand gives a good and uninterrupted view. I, at all events, ask no better; the combination has helped me to make many an interesting discovery, and to store away many a piece of information, resting only on the evidence of my own eyes, for future use.

At how many other games does the onlooker see most of the play? When the happy day comes and I feel my feet pressing the springy turf I meet thereon many another of my order, drawn there by the same magnetic influence which draws me: to us racing has attractions for so many reasons that if I enumerate a few I shall leave out nearly all. The day in the open air, the gentle exercise from paddock to ring and ring again to paddock, the horses and the sport they afford, the fact that the outing and the amusement are not expensive, and that there is a possibility of paying even those moderate expenses if one has some luck, and especially if one has the pluck to ask the loud-voiced millionaire on the other side of the rails what may be the smallest sum to which he will condescend to lay his well-regulated prices. And now if you understand who I am, and what class of race-goer I represent, and where I take up my position to watch the game, let me try and tell you what I see.

Probably the first item of interest upon a race card is the list of the stewards of the meeting; and upon the card they make a most imposing show. One steward or ex-steward of the Jockey Club itself, three local property owners—I had almost written territorial magnates—two well-known owners of horses, and a sporting soldier. Could anything be more satisfactory than that the control of the meeting and of the players of the game should be in the hands of these gentlemen? Gentlemen of the highest position, who have at heart nothing but the interest of the sport and its proper conduct, who want for no powers, whose very will is the law of the meeting, who are responsible to no tribunal, except perhaps by way of appeal by a person aggrieved at a decision. Did I say they were responsible

to no tribunal? I was wrong; they are responsible only to that tribunal which we are all content that they should satisfy, their own consciences. If an English gentleman satisfies his own conscience, he may not satisfy his most exacting critic as to facts, but no one will venture to suppose for an instant that he has not acted as he thought best. I am told that there is a legal maxim: 'Delegatus non potest delegare'; but probably it does not apply to Turf matters. Why should it? From my point of view an acting steward is an excellent person, and just as good as the steward himself; but, after all, he is not the person whose name is on the card. That name upon the card I can read in all its pomp without even spectacles. Shall I see with my sharp eyes and my glasses from my favourite corner on the stand all the stewards themselves? or how many shall I miss among the crowd? or what sort of price will the resonant-voiced millionaire across the rails lay me that I catch a glimpse of e'er a one? Whatever the reason may be, I think it may be taken as certain that a large majority of race-meetings are less well managed from a racing point of view, and less closely looked after, than the names of their sponsors upon their race-cards lead me to expect, and I do not go racing for long before I discover the result.

Among hundreds of acquaintances among 'men on the course,' I number one especially who has a fine command of colloquial expression, and a breezy gift of exaggeration to which I often listen with amusement; and him I met not so long ago at a little jumping meeting which I will not name. 'Well,' said I, 'how is it going?' 'Ah, sir, I come to watch them, but I can't afford to bet. Why, at the other game they do a ramp once a fortnight, but here they do 'em at the rate of three a day.' I said he had a breezy gift of exaggeration, but 'three a day'! Here's a margin! One thing seems to me to be certain, and that is that Turf matters will not go as they ought until the Turf is effectively ruled by its real rulers. Legislation is, of course, out of the question, and, moreover, is not wanted by any one. All necessary powers exist, and the persons to wield those powers exist, and I, at all events, ask nothing better than that they should wield them, and wield them effectively. The stewards of race-meetings considered collectively control a business and a market which is certainly not dwarfed by the business and the market of the Stock Exchange; they are the arbiters of a game at which there is every temptation and opportunity for the players to cheat and defraud; they know,

moreover, exceedingly well that there exists a section among the players who will yield to temptations and seize opportunities whenever they see a chance. Is it too much to ask that, as the first step towards putting the 'Turf' house and stables in order, the stewards should be, each and all, real effective, wideawake rulers, and not, for the most part, fictitious figureheads? My own belief is that nothing satisfactory will be accomplished until the wit and wisdom of the rulers is as keen to discover and to punish as is the wit and wisdom of the coper to plot and devise.

My excellent friend the accredited sporting writer will have it that the condition of the Turf was never so excellent as at present; that nowadays four-year-olds do not run in and win the Derby; that the days for nobbling and poisoning favourites for the great races have gone by; that every turfite is so honest as to be even humdrum. He is an excellent soul to make the best of all things, but I don't agree with him. It may be that some of the sensation of earlier days is absent from our roguery (just lately I have seen cause to wonder if even that is so), but is not roguery deeper seated, more widely spread? Does it disdain to tamper with £100 plate or an ordinary selling race? Is it not even impudent and aggressive? Does it get its deserts the first time or the second, or even after frequent repetitions?

Here am I, up against the rails, after taking my gentle exercise from the paddock to the ring, listening eagerly to what is going on. Probably the best account of notable incidents will be that written for the next morning paper by my excellent friend; let us glance at it in anticipation; it is only a few lines about the betting on a very ordinary insignificant plate. 'Early backers declared on Blessington, and the colt opened a sound six to four chance, but money for other candidates kept him steady, and when at the last moment there was a rush to get on Will-o'-the-Wisp, the original favourite dropped out to five to two, and at actual flag fall was on offer at three to one.' As I go to my favourite point of view, there hurries by me my colloquial friend: 'Have you been in the ring, sir? Blessington fair stinks in the market!' And so I go to see the race and a very excellent view I get; it always helps one to see a race well when one knows what to look for. But I am no use at describing races; my excellent friend the accredited sporting writer (not the market one, another one) has seen it too, he has heard the remarks about it that have been made around him, and his account for the next morning paper is being written even while we look over his shoulder; here it is: 'Blessington was the mount of Abraham

Grimford, but I should do that famous horseman an injustice if I suggested that the race was one of his happiest efforts; his horse probably began slowly, as he seemed to be somewhat out of his ground at the bend; by the time the distance was reached, however, he was well up at the heels of the other four, and when for want of an opening he had to come round his horses to make his effort, he failed by a neck to reach the leader despite the vigorous calls of his rider.' I shut up my glasses, descend placidly from my perch, take my gentle exercise again to the paddock and meditate upon the uncertainties of racing; but when next I have occasion to refer to the form and see that race in print, there rises up between my eye and the page a tablet of my memory upon which is written, 'Blessington might have won this race quite easily; Grimford rode a finish that was, in a sense, really artistic.'

And so the sport goes on and nothing happens—what can happen when an acting steward, even if he takes my view, finds himself face to face with a combination of such circumstances? —and in the next race Grimford earns golden opinions—and fees—by a brilliant finish, in which he nurses a wayward mount, times his effort finely, and is there to the tick.

How all these remarks will get me into the black books of my accredited friend! It can hardly be worth his while to take any serious notice of such general charges from a writer who remains anonymous, who gives no chapter and no verse, who throws mud in all directions and cares not whom he may bespatter if only he may air his theories and draw upon an imagination that is only diseased. To such criticism I can only say: My friend, neither you nor I may deal with the chapter and the verse; these things are for the powers that be and not for the likes of us; if you differ from me say so, but do not, as the lawyers say, confess and avoid. Tell me that what I see does not happen, that it does not happen often, that it does not bear always or even generally the interpretation which I put upon it; then we shall join issue, an issue that I am perfectly content to leave to the judgment of the racing world.

Fraud there will always be, it is ever present in this wicked world; even in that highly respectable, carefully audited, well watched business of banking they 'do a ramp' now and again; we need not concern ourselves too particularly over the accidental and elaborate piece of chicanery in Turf matters; with all such cases the powers that be will get level in the long run. That which does concern us is the presence among us of a fraud

in which our everyday performers are concerned, that fraud which cannot be carried out without jockey assistance.

It ought to be so perilous to give such assistance as to be not worth the while of any established jockey to undertake it on any terms; is it so? And what sort of terms at present offer a temptation that some jockeys do not resist? Here are a few men and youths, limited in their number, having a monopoly of an extraordinarily highly paid calling, most of them born to earn groom's wages, many of them already earning, and all of them having the reversion of, an income at least equal to the official income of one of his Majesty's Ministers. Is it too much to ask that they should all go straight? Is it even too much to ask that no one of them should ever lie under the reasonable suspicion of going otherwise than straight? As soon as there are set up real effective rulers, it is easy to point out where their rule should begin, and over whom they should exercise a real and stern control. A control that shall teach youth and inexperience and foster youthful talent, but which, higher up the scale, shall be the control of experienced men over experienced men. It is not one man's work, no acting steward can take it on, but if the Turf house and stables is to be put in order it should be begun and begun quickly, even if it may involve the cumbersome arrangement of a steward of the market, a steward of the start, a steward of the bend, and another of the distance.

After all, says a very able accredited friend of mine, the owners pay the piper, surely they may call the tune; and if the owners do not complain and go on employing, what has the ordinary man on the course to do with it, and why should he revile at large? No! say I, with emphasis; I pay the piper,[1] even I with my sovereign entrance or fiver subscription; if the owners like to race for sweepstakes in each other's private parks, there they pay the piper, and there they may call the tune, let it be any slow march they please; but when they race in public and the public pay to watch, the public is concerned to get racing for its money, and if the public may not back its fancy without thought of anything but the fair chance of the race, the public is seriously aggrieved.

This year we all hope to see racing as it should be, as it is, a real 'Sport of Kings.' I drink 'Success to the Powers that be,' and may they make it impossible for copers to play.

[1] A vexed question on which opinions strongly differ, but we let the writer have his say.—Ed.

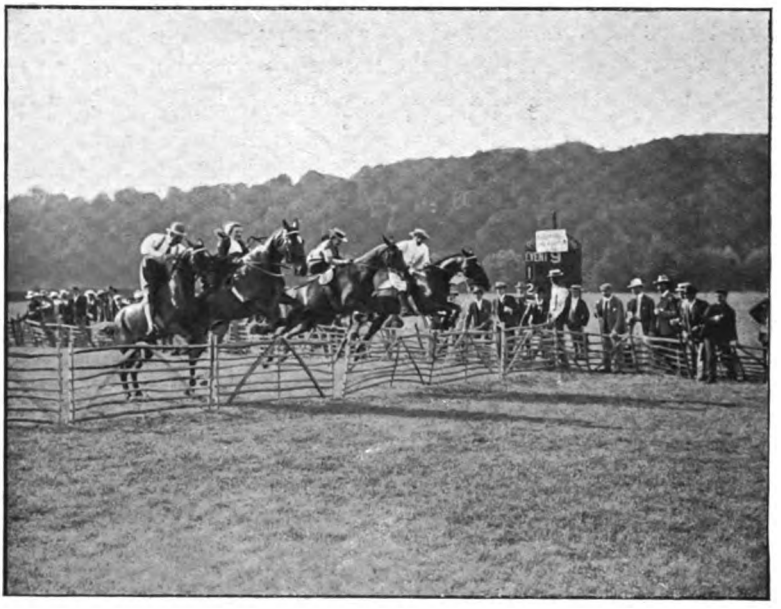
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE JANUARY COMPETITION

The Prize in the January competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Rev. G. H. Lusty, Ranchi, India; Mr. R. F. Lambe, Kensington Mansions, S.W.; Mr. W. D. Croft, Lucknow; Mr. Ch. Le Maire, Nice; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down; Mr. H. H. M. Harris, Jamestown, Cape Colony; Captain A. Lee, Brampton, Cumberland; Miss Cana Bacon, Earlstone, Newbury; and Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



'A CLOSE RACE.' BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS' HORSE GYMKHANA, JULY 1901
Photograph taken by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath

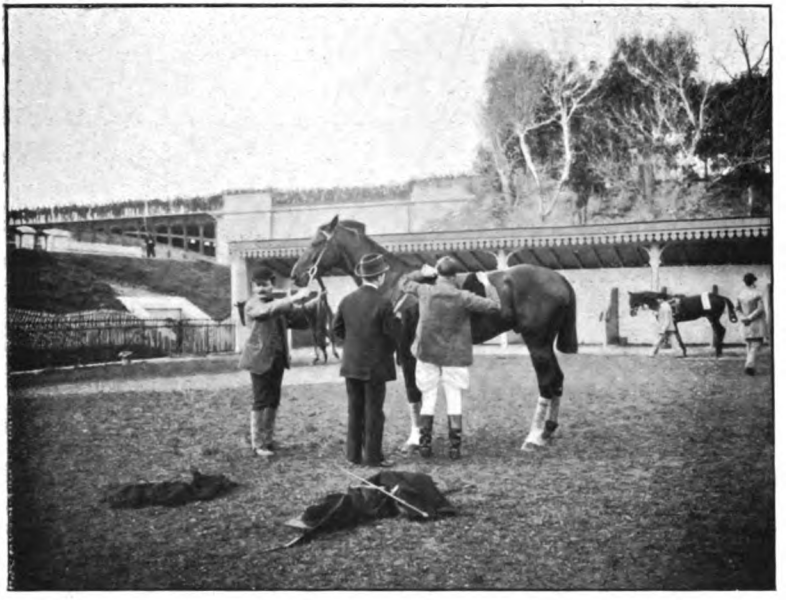
MUNDAS FISHING

The Mundas are an aboriginal tribe dwelling in the more jungly regions of Chlotá Nagpur. Their method of fishing is to use a huge square net, stretched by two bamboos bent into the form of a bow; it is let down into the stream, while men with poles agitate the water to drive the fish over it. The photograph shows the net in the act of being raised out of the water.

Photograph taken by the Rev. G. H. Lusty, Ranchi, India

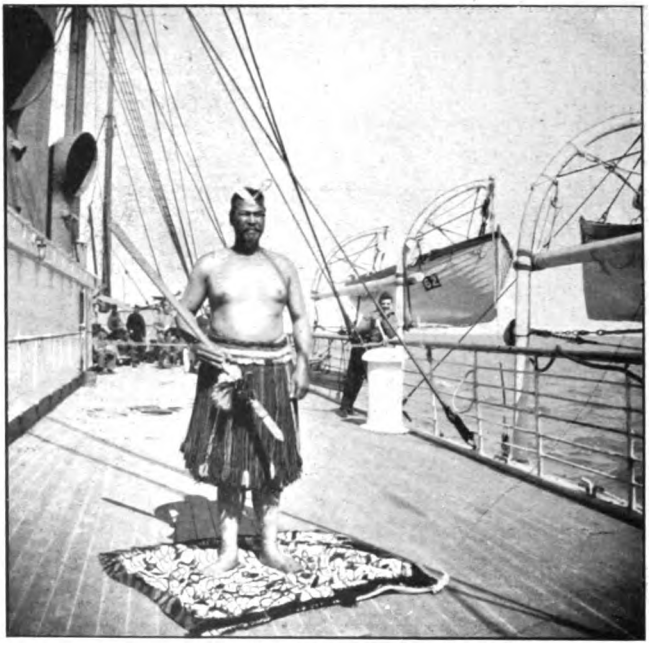
CALCUTTA RACES, CUP DAY. ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY
Photograph taken by Mr. R. F. Lambe, Kensington Mansions, S. W.

YACHTING ON NAINI TAL LAKE, IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES, INDIA
Photograph taken by Mr. W. D. Croft, Lucknow



A CORNER OF THE PADDOCK AT NICE, JANUARY 1902
Photograph taken by Mr. Ch. Le Maire, Nice, France

NORTH DOWN HARRIERS CROSSING A FORD
Photograph taken by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



MR. TARANKI, 2ND LIEUT. NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED RIFLES, A MAORI CHIEF DRESSED IN THE NATIVE WAR COSTUME, ON BOARD A TRANSPORT SHIP

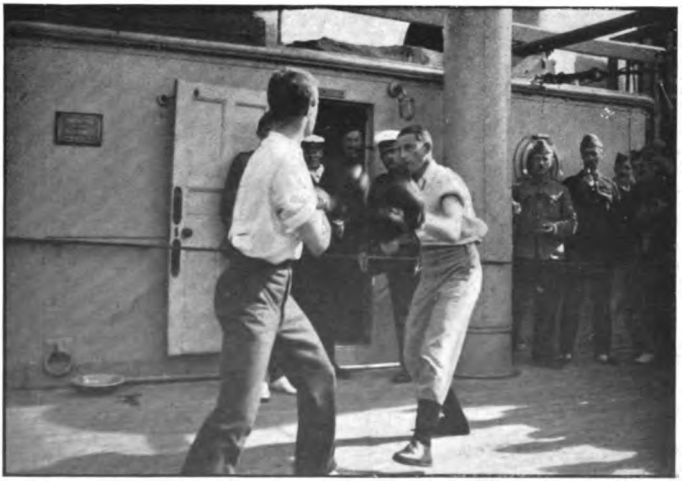
Photograph taken by Mr. W. F. Fuller, Chiswick, W.

GYMNASTICS ON THE VELDT BY K COMPANY 1ST BATT. H.L.I.

Photograph taken by Mr. H. H. M. Harris, 1st Batt. Highland Light Infantry, Jamestown, Cape Colony

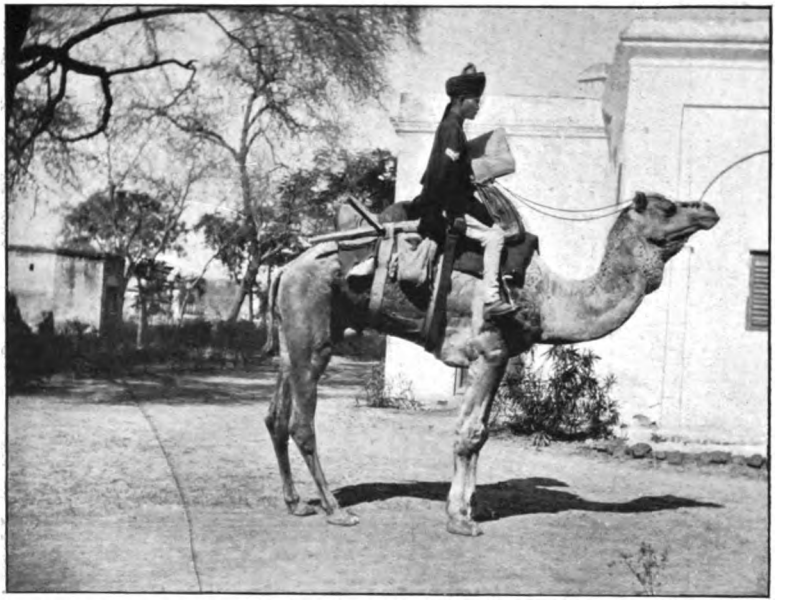
A SHOOTING-PARTY IN CASHMERE

Photograph taken by Mr. B. G. Peel, 1st Somerset Light Infantry, Rawal Pindī



OFFICERS' BOXING COMPETITION ON BOARD H.M.S. 'ASSAYE'

Photograph taken by Capt. A. Lee, Brampton, Cumberland



CAMEL ORDERLY AT SIALKOTE, PUNJAB, INDIA

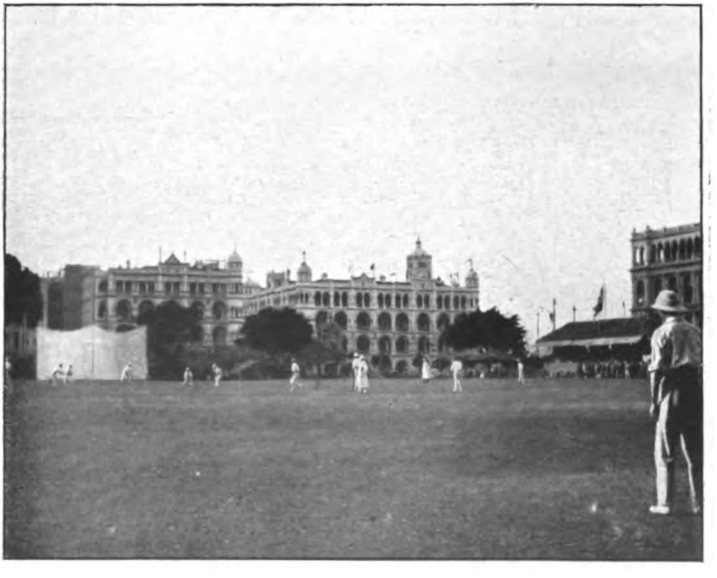
Photograph taken by Mr. W. A. McDougall, Jedburgh, N.B.

START FOR KAFFIR HORSE RACE, SETTAGOLI GYMKHANA, BECHUANALAND

Photograph taken by Capt. A. Lee, Brampton, Cumberland

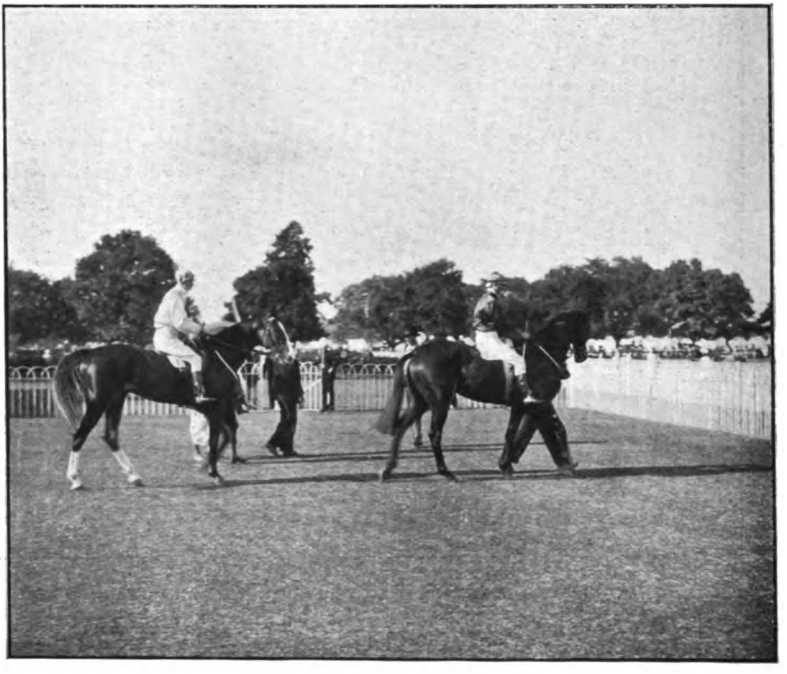
OFFICERS LANDING AT LAGOS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN AND CHANNEL FLEETS

Photograph taken by Mr. J. Tovey, H.M.S. 'Majestic,' Portsmouth

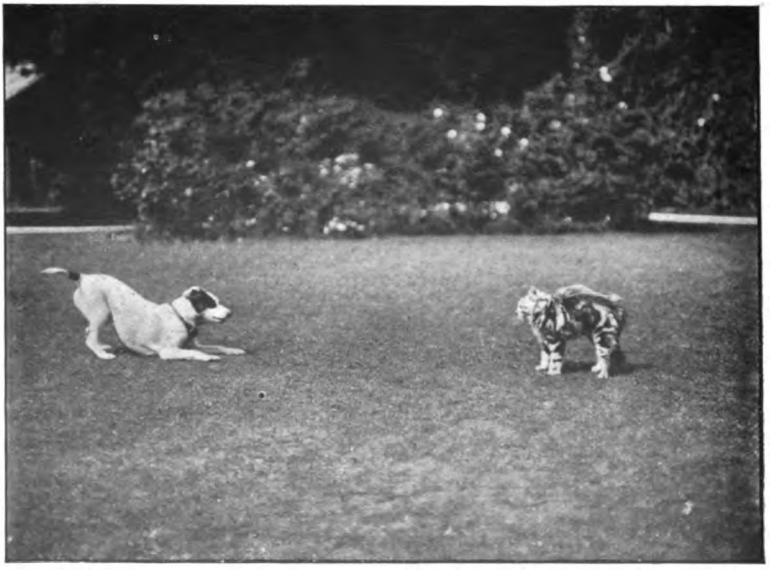


INTERPORT CRICKET CARNIVAL, NOVEMBER 16, 1901
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS *v.* SHANGHAI

Photograph taken by Mr. H. Moorhouse, China Field Force, Hong Kong



CALCUTTA RACES. 'NORTH BRITISH' AND 'STRATHROY' LEAVING THE PADDOCK
Photograph taken by Mr. R. F. Lambe, Kensington Mansions, S. W.



'DRAT THE DOG'
Photograph taken by Miss Broughton, Cornwall Gardens, S. W.

SIR JOHN AMORY'S STAGHOUNDS

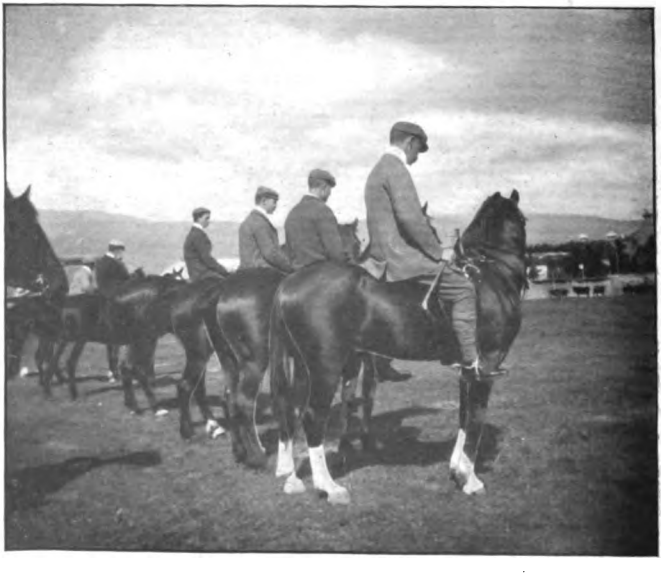
Photograph taken by Mr. Wallace Masland, Tiverton, Devon

'READY FOR HOME.' DEER-STALKING IN ROSS-SHIRE

Photograph taken by Mr. T. W. Russell, Trinity College, Cambridge

PEARL SHELLING BOAT AT PORT DARWIN IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Photograph taken by Mr. M. V. Hamilton Campbell, Westertoun, Ayr



START FOR THE TROTTING MATCH, LOCHABER AGRICULTURAL SHOW, FORT WILLIAM

Photograph taken by Miss Cana Bacon, Earlstone, Newbury

WINNING THE WIRE-JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP AT AUCKLAND, NOVEMBER 1901

Photograph taken by Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS GOING TO THE MEET AT ALLESTREE HALL

Photograph taken by Mr. J. B. Brooks, Derby

MANIFESTO (Man-of-War—Væ Victis), whose portrait is reproduced from a picture kindly lent by Mr. J. G. Bulteel, his owner, won the Lancashire Steeplechase as a six-year-old, carrying 11 st. 3 lb. in 1894, but not till two years later did he enjoy much reputation. He was supposed to have a great chance for the National in 1896, but like the majority of the two dozen starters he fell or was knocked over, to take his revenge next year, however, when he cantered home twenty lengths in front carrying 11 st. 3 lb. The next year he could not be got to the post; in 1899 he easily repeated his victory with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back, and in 1900 just failed with the desperate weight of 12 st. 13 lb. Last year he could not run, owing to that frequent cause of failure 'a leg,' and it is only to be hoped that he may be found at the post fit and well three weeks hence; but, unfortunately, there are doubts. Whatever happens he must always remain famous in the annals of the greatest of steeplechases. The Prairie Chicken (*Tympanuchus Americanus*), called also the Pinnated Grouse and Prairie Hen, is an excellent bird for sport and for the table, to the latter fact the present writer being able to bear witness, for a bird shot in Manitoba was sent him by a kind friend in that State, arrived in perfect condition and proved delicious, much like our own familiar grouse in flavour. They are found over a great part of the American Continent; but the extension of farming in the States is fatal to multitudes of eggs and young, and though the wholesale destruction of the coyote or prairie wolf has been the salvation of many, their numbers are diminishing, and the most an authority can say on the subject of the chicken is that 'there is still hope its extinction may be at least postponed.' The earliest velocipede is reproduced from a most entertaining and withal instructive French book called *La Locomotion à Travers l'Histoire et les Mœurs*, written by M. Octave Uzanne, with illustrations by M. Eugène Courboin, and published at the Librairie Paul Ollendorff, 50 Chaussée d'Antin. This is a work which we can cordially recommend to readers who are interested in what may be broadly called traction from the very earliest time to the introduction of the motor-car. It is copiously illustrated in colours and in black and white, and should have a place in every library of sport. Mr. Blinks' picture of *The Stragglers* speaks for itself.

MANIFESTO.

UNIV. OF MICH.

NOTES

'BY RAPIER'

LAST year's Grand National, as those who were at it certainly will not have forgotten, run as it was in a blinding blizzard over a course inches deep in snow, practically signified nothing, for two-thirds of the field failed to get round the first time, most of them slipping up on the flat. I had expressed the belief that the race would be won by Manifesto, Hidden Mystery, or Covert Hack; but the first-named failed to stand a preparation, Hidden Mystery broke his leg at Sandown, and what happened to Covert Hack I could not see—I forget whether he fell or finished—at any rate he did not win. The year before last the little lot I picked against the field all occupied prominent places, and now I proceed to have a look at the race that is to be run on the 21st of this month. About Mr. Bulteel's pair, Manifesto and Drogheda, there is a grave doubt. Each has 'a leg,' and I am afraid the chances of their standing their winding-up gallops are somewhat remote. The King's horse, Ambush II., is fairly enough weighted with 12 st. 6 lb. Considering all things he certainly could only have had, at any rate, a pound or two less, but I am inclined to believe that the weight is more than he will be able to carry with success, though I had a good look at him in his box at Newmarket the other day, whither he had been sent to run, and certainly he is a most attractive animal. I remarked last month that I had a regard for the two 'Drums,' Drumree and Drumcree. Doubts appear to be entertained as to whether the Duke of Westminster's horse will get the distance; Drumcree, however, got it last year; I am told that he has much improved, and at the end of January Mason was engaged to ride him—it is odd that the fact was not mentioned in any paper—no little thing in his favour. There is a story that, with sadly mistaken loyalty, some one has bought or wants to buy him, so that he may not beat Ambush II., but this is incredible. The second

string of the stable, Sarah, who seemed to have a chance with 10 st. 3 lb., is one of those who has paid forfeit, together with Fanciful, who I do not think would ever have stayed; Covert Hack, who seems to have quite lost his form; and, amongst others, Master Herbert, who was surely much overburdened as a five-year-old with 10 st. 10 lb. Sarah is to run at Auteuil in June.

On some of his running Kenmure appears to have a fair chance, and if Buffalo Bill reaches the post in really good condition, and not over done—for his trainer's methods seem to be exceptionally severe—he has shown his capacity for getting the course, as has Barsac; indeed, a great deal depends upon this last old horse's disposition on the day of the race, and if he chose to exert himself—always, however, a doubtful contingency—he ought to be very close up to the finish with only 9 st. 12 lb. to carry, a pound less than he had last year. His trainer, Mr. Saunders-Davies, who has often ridden the horse, is, however, not in the least sanguine, and indeed barely hopeful. Inquisitor has some claims to respect seeing that he has won over the course, but some of his running on the other hand is not at all encouraging. Full Flavour is much better in than he would have been if I had made the handicap, but there was no proof that he lasts for four miles and a half, and he has hurt himself and been scratched. My special fancy is for Drumcree, notwithstanding that it must be admitted his second last year may mean little, in view of the fact that only eight of the twenty-four starters finished. The current ideas with regard to Drumree may be wrong, and as he has accepted, I should be reluctant to leave him out of a little lot to beat the field, which would also include Buffalo Bill and Barsac, in hopes that the latter may be inclined to do his best. From what I hear of Kenmure he would have to be included, and in spite of the doubt about Manifesto, as the winner of two Grand Nationals he could not be excluded, though the doubt is a very grave one and he is fourteen years old. Drogheda again, if he stands, must have an enormous chance, for when he won he was far from his best. In Grudon I do not believe at all, and I could not see that he was going so well at Manchester, a fortnight after the last National, when he dropped out.

Turning to racing on the flat the time has come to make an attempt at picking out a dozen that seem to me likely to dis-

tinguish themselves during the year. The difficulty is rather which to leave out than which to take. Thus if Santoi returns to anything like the form he seemed to have lost, he might once more prove himself a great horse. St. Maclou, again, failed, in consequence of the hard ground, to do what had been confidently expected of him, and when the going is good he might very likely make amends. Minstead has supporters who believe that he will prove the best of the year, and rumour states that Ormelie, the son of Orme and Serpentine, for whom 4000 guineas were paid at Doncaster, has grown into a remarkably fine colt and 'might be anything,' as a once famous old trainer used to express it. Much the same is said of Powerful, who no doubt was very far from his best last year, and Rising Glass created a very favourable impression on many persons, though from something I know of the runners up to him when he last won I cannot entertain a very high opinion of that performance. Some critics believe the best has been seen of Game Chick, others entertain a contrary opinion ; Valiant, Forfarshire, Pistol, St. Windeline, Sceptre, Kilmarnock, and Pekin—if he were only a little bigger he might do great things, and he may be big enough—are other names at which one naturally pauses, but I do not propose to include any of the above, nor Kearsage, in my list.

Considering the 21,000 guineas paid for Duke of Westminster by the advice, or, at any rate, with the sanction, of so sound a judge as John Porter, I certainly cannot omit the son of Orme and Gantlet ; and other three-year-olds that seem extremely likely to win races are Csardas, who would have won the Middle Park Plate had Maher been on his back, and Port Blair, who is in a dangerous stable and sure to be well placed ; nor can I leave out Snowberry, who, it will be remembered, did not appear until late in the season and showed improvement every time he ran. Every man who has experience of racing knows the danger of prophesying before the season begins how the three-year-old fillies may turn out ; but on the chance of all being well with them I am disposed to take Sterling Balm and Mountain Daisy in my little lot. I had at one time picked St. Windeline in preference, but she appears to be skittish and fretful. Mountain Daisy is a sound, sensible filly that gallops as if she enjoyed it, and cannot be put wrong. Of the older horses Lascaris may not improbably do better at Newmarket than he did when trained in the country; 5000 guineas

was paid for the son of Ladas and Seabreeze, and I expect he will manage to get the money back. Volodyovski is another I cannot leave out; with just a little luck he would have had a brilliant record last season, and it will be strange if he does not continue to win. The game, honest William the Third must make my ninth—I like to have Kingsclere-trained horses in the list—and I am unwilling to pass by Osboch, who is very likely to win a nice handicap to compensate for his failure in the Cambridgeshire, which he ought to have won. Sinopi, again, has to make amends for the disappointment he created by his inability to appear in the Cesarewitch, and even though handicappers are sure to burden him heavily I fully expect he will be placed to win. There is only one more to make up the dozen, and, remembering the Oaks of last year, I must take Cap and Bells in spite of the awkward fact that she never ran again during the season after Epsom, and there is consequently reason to imagine that she must have been unsound. If any of these fail to run I should be inclined to fill up their places with Doricles, Pekin and St. Maclou. When the turmoil of the season is over I shall, of course, survey results and see how far these choices have hit the mark or gone astray.

I wanted to review several books this month, but the old difficulty of space is again in the way, and I must be exceedingly brief. Every one who is interested in the Meynell Hunt will cordially welcome two handsome volumes compiled by Mr. J. L. Randall (Sampson Low and Co.) The history of the hunt from its earliest days is carefully traced, accounts and illustrations are given of notable persons who have been connected with it, there are some well-told stories, and though it is true that a very great many pages are filled with accounts of runs cut from local papers, these will often entertain those who have ridden them or who know the country traversed, of which by the way in several cases maps are included showing the course of famous runs. Messrs. Longmans issue an admirable volume by Mr. Paul Fountain, 'The Great Deserts and Forests of North America.' The author is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, he writes well, and has a number of exciting stories of Indians, &c., to relate, as well as giving accounts of the birds, beasts, insects, &c., to be met with. The only complaint to be made is that some of his chapters—that for instance on Cow-Punchers—are too short. The work is of quite

remarkable excellence. Captain M. Horace Hayes has issued a particularly useful little book, entitled 'Horses on Board Ship' (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.), containing full descriptions of the best methods of embarking the animals, feeding, exercising, and treating them during the voyage, together with landing and precautions to be observed when they are again ashore. It is a pity that the book was not ready rather more than two years ago, for it would doubtless have done good service. I have also to note 'New Ideas on Bridge' (The Walter Scott Publishing Co.), by Archibald Dunn, jun., who has contributed on the subject to this Magazine.

A very tiny pamphlet, 'Fox-hunting: What to Do and What Not to Do' (Vinton and Co.), must not be passed over, for the advice to beginners is always sound, and the authors are probably right in believing that their minute publication may 'tend to lighten the cares of Masters of Hounds.' These last and their secretaries will cordially approve of the first hint, about ascertaining the subscription and sending it before the subscriber appears in the field. Some of their pieces of advice may be described as counsels of perfection. Thus they say: 'As to horses, the best plan is to put yourself in the hands of some well-known dealer, and let him supply you with well-trained horses suited to the country you have selected.' Very many lovers of fox-hunting will ardently wish that they were in a position to do this! 'Never ride directly in rear of hounds' is, of course, sound advice, which, however, is only likely to be serviceable to a very limited portion on an average field; for men who can keep their places in a run know this. Some of the hints need perhaps scarcely have been emphasised, for they merely request those to whom they are addressed to behave with the ordinary courtesy of gentlemen. Good feeling, for example, would naturally suggest that one 'should not pass a rider who has dismounted to open a gate, but should let him mount and resume his place'; or that 'one should never gallop past a man in the act of mounting, or in any difficulty with his horse'; that 'one should never leave gates open in fields where there are cattle or other stock, or ride over young grass or sown land.' These latter offences are often due to ignorance; and, as the authors remark, 'If you hunt, it is your duty to learn enough of agriculture to prevent this.' Special advice to ladies is added. They are well warned, for instance, that 'a spur is a

source of danger, unless you know how to use it—or rather how not to use it.'

I do not think that the Lords Committee on Betting will do much good, and I am sure it will not do any if it wastes time on such witnesses as Mr. Peacock, the Chief Constable of Manchester. Some Chief Constables are sensible men, but, as the popular phrase runs, 'there are others.' As to betting, an enormous majority of men who back horses lose money, and know, therefore, that it would be an excellent thing if betting could be stopped. They know equally well that to stop it is impossible, and when Mr. Peacock advances the opinion that 'if you prevent the encouragement of betting in newspapers you will stop betting at once,' he merely shows that his opinion is worthless and ridiculous. The publication of the odds is an item of great interest to multitudes of persons who never bet and have no idea of betting. They like to know what is favourite for the Derby or the Leger or some other big race; if their friends have horses entered they take special interest in seeing in what estimation the animals are held by the more or less instructed public, for this is what the odds mean; and when the King, or a Prime Minister, or some other personage, has a good horse in a coming race, numberless people wish to learn how its chances are esteemed. The state of the odds is a legitimate subject of information, and I am convinced that the public would vigorously support editors and proprietors of newspapers if an attempt were made to exclude such news from their columns. In the incredible event of such an attempt succeeding, the simple-minded Manchester policeman is hopelessly wrong in supposing that 'you would stop betting at once.' You would not stop it 'at once,' or by degrees, or in the end. Those who wished to bet would know quite well where to find the market. Even Mr. Peacock would not try to stop betting on racecourses. Apparently, therefore, he supposes that if the Ring offered 7 to 2 no backer would take it unless he had previously seen this price quoted in a newspaper; which is doubly Peacockian or absurd, because in very many cases the published odds are not obtainable, and also because on about 90 per cent. or more of races there is no betting till the numbers go up, and consequently no odds are published at all. It is instructive to contrast the evidence of such a man as Colonel Fludyer, who knows what he is talking about, and of Mr. Peacock, who does not.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

IV. FISHING

BY THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY

'THE longer one lives the more one learns' is a trite saying which at any rate holds good in the case of the fisherman; and if there be any of the confraternity of anglers who do not benefit by experience and observation, then I fear those unprogressive persons must be classed among the failures of the craft. There would appear to be no branch of sport of which it is so impossible to feel that one has attained to a really competent knowledge, sufficient to make almost certain of a fair amount of success, as trout fishing. Salmon fishing is conducted, as is, perhaps, natural, on broader and larger general principles; and it is far easier to prophesy as to the probable chances of a day's salmon fishing than it is to do so when one goes in pursuit of *salmo fario*.

In either case, however, it is a most unwise proceeding to attempt to vaticinate; as it is equally foolish to be depressed by any atmospheric conditions. The only almost absolute certainties that can be named with regard to a day's fishing

being hopeless are, when a salmon river is in spate and 'drumlie,' when it is 'waxing' or 'waning,' or when there is a thick fog. I have even known stray fish killed after a river has begun to rise or fall, but this is, I fancy, very unusual. With respect to mist or fog, I personally have rarely known either salmon or trout caught when these conditions obtained, but others may have been more fortunate.

It certainly seems somewhat of a counsel of perfection to insist that one should not be depressed or 'put out,' when starting on a day's fishing, by what may appear to be a thoroughly unpromising weather outlook; and yet I have found some of the nastiest, coldest, most down-stream-wind kind of days prove in the end productive of sport. (I am now writing of trout fishing only.) Undoubtedly half a gale of bitter N.E. wind, blowing straight down the stream, is a disheartening element with which to battle, but success often attends an angler on such a day. There are generally *some* bends, twists, and turns in a river which enable one to fish up-stream a little; and should the sun break through the grey clouds for even a few short intervals, it is more than probable that, if it be in early spring time at any rate, a sudden hatching out and rise of either dark olive duns, March browns, or iron blues may occur; the trout then seize both their opportunity and the flies with determination and avidity, and the fisherman is, indeed, well repaid for cold hands, cold nose, and general discomfort. A strong down-stream wind matters less in the earlier months of the fishing year than it does later on in the season; for more liberties can be taken with trout when there is plenty of water in the river, and when consequently less absolute accuracy in placing a fly is essential to success. It is obviously easier to 'force' a fly up against a strong wind when there is plenty of water to cover a trout than it is to do so when hardly any space exists between the fish's back and the top of the stream. Moreover, ample water and a fresh breeze create between them a considerable amount of disturbance on the river's surface; and the most wary of trout are then comparatively indifferent to a fly's falling with a small splash, or to a large loop of casting line striking the water; whereas in June and July, when the rivers have fallen to their summer level, and are daily diminishing in volume, extreme accuracy and correctness of casting is necessary, if fish are to be killed.

The phrase 'daily diminishing,' as above used, applies

merely to the ordinary influence of summer on streams. But in truth the water question as regards England as a whole, whether in respect of fishing interests, farming interests, mill interests, or any other of the numerous considerations affecting country life with which water is necessarily connected, has become a grave matter. It is certain that within the last few years nearly all the rivers in the Home Counties have, owing to the heavy calls made on them by the various water companies, in addition to the more perfected system of drainage, become permanently lower by several inches. In other parts of the country, where deep coal shafts have been sunk and the underground water tapped, large areas have been gradually deprived of the water absolutely essential for supplying houses, farms, cottages, and for carrying on the business of mills, as well as farming operations ; while in some cases where water companies have sunk deep borings, in addition to the amount in their reservoirs collected from the gathering-grounds, considerable tracts of country quite outside the limits legally controlled by those companies—as far as water goes—have become almost entirely deprived of the water absolutely essential for the health and well-being of those living in such districts. These authorities are nearly all local bodies such as municipalities or rural district councils, and no human being can with any appearance of saneness suggest that the great towns or thickly populated districts should not have a proper and full supply of water ; but in view of the steady decrease of that supply throughout the country districts, owing in part to the present system of drainage, whereby the rain-water is run off the land so quickly as to prevent any but the smallest amount being absorbed, as well as to the immense and, as I would venture to think, often somewhat carelessly legalised drain, made by the great cities and towns, upon water-supplying districts, it is to be hoped that private bill committees, both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords will in the future, whenever water bills may come before them, take into their most careful consideration the case of country districts from which it is proposed to draw water, and will see that clauses are inserted in those bills which will protect such areas from being entirely deprived of that essential element to benefit people living possibly a hundred miles away. Of course, as matters stand now, whenever a new water bill is introduced, clauses are drawn by which so many gallons a day are sent down the river which is the one principally dealt with under

the bill, and a regular and constant flow is insisted on. But this provision does not affect the smaller streams, ponds, or springs, in the catchment area—often an immense size—and it is on behalf of those living within hail of these latter water supplies that I would urge consideration and attention by all those who give any thought to that most pressing question, the water supply of this country.

The only apology which can be offered for such a lengthy digression is that fishing and water are so inseparable that any matter of importance affecting the latter must of necessity be of moment to those interested in the former. But let us now for a short time return to that most interesting subject—to an angler at least—of the weather.

I have ventured to advise fishermen not to be too much depressed by atmospheric conditions, but it must be confessed that it *is* disheartening to find a cold unseasonable northerly wind blowing straight in one's face as one drives towards the river on a glary day in May or early June, and realises what heavy work this means for the wrists and forearm if up-stream fishing is to be attempted. As one of my friends, who has fished a particular trout river with me for years, says on such occasions, 'Here's the same old wind and the same old dust we left here last year.'

But it can't be helped, and the only thing to be done is to follow the example of the British army in South Africa—namely, to 'stick it out,' as Tommy Atkins calls it, and see the job through. In most cases it turns out a deal better than seems probable at starting. This same problem of what wind and weather are favourable for fishing, and what are not, presents many curious aspects.

One is this. It has frequently been noticed by one of the best practical fly-fishermen of my acquaintance that trout seem to rise more freely and boldly, at any rate when the May-fly is 'on,' when a *light* down-stream wind is blowing, than on occasions when the breeze comes from the usually more favoured up-stream direction.

It is difficult to account for this, unless perhaps it may be that the wind, blowing the same way as is the flow of the river, renders the position of the artificial fly on the water more attractive to the trout. Possibly the action of the down-stream breeze makes the appearance of the fly approach more nearly to that of a real insect than does the up-stream one. The slight jerking motion imparted to flies by a wind blowing

against the flow of the stream may implant some feeling of disinclination to rise in the minds of the trout: and yet this would apply equally to live as well as to artificial flies. So the matter remains something of a mystery, as do many things connected with fish and fishing. But the fact remains that, during May-fly time at least, there are those who hail with satisfaction rather than dismay a slight wind of a down-stream tendency.

There are times, of course, when the fisherman is grateful to Providence for sending no wind at all. A really calm day is no doubt a delightful one on which to fish. It is then comparatively easy to put the fly anywhere one chooses; consequently one becomes puffed up, and fancies that a really skilful fisherman has suddenly been evolved: but the fall which we are told usually attends undue pride is under circumstances such as these pretty certain to arrive during some part of the day. When in the middle of executing an elaborate cast, intended to captivate the fancy and capture the body of some big trout basking near the top of the clear water, the confident angler will be greeted with a sudden slight draught of wind straight in his face, which will render not only useless, but harmful, the efforts by which he had fondly hoped greatly to enrich his basket. Instead of the fine gut touching the water delicately and straightly, the fly falls with a splash—probably just on the trout's back—while the casting line is in serpentines and coils in a greater or less degree. Consequently, instead of success and triumph, the upshot is hurried flight on the part of the trout, and feelings and expressions on that of the angler which are quite out of character with the peaceful charm of the day. It is not, however, an unfavourable wind which alone brings dismay to the heart of the fisherman. Many seem to take umbrage at the authorities who select and serve out the weather when a very hot and potent sun is shining.

It is true that when this is the case not only does gut glitter more (unless care has been taken to dull it by some method of staining) than on a cloudy grey day, but varnished rods and one's own shadow become painfully evident. Trout are obviously far more easily frightened and 'put down' on a bright than on a cloudy day, but the former brings compensations in its train. A warm sun hatches out many flies well-beloved of the trout. Instead of lying low down in the stream, the chances are that fish will be seen either rising or 'standing' near the top of the water, on the watch for the aforementioned flies.

This being so, the artful fisherman has a fair chance of getting *some* fish, even if the difficulties of catching them are considerably enhanced. While on this subject of sun-brightened days, it is curious to mark that, even amongst some of those whose business it is to observe trout and their habits, there seems still to remain an idea that trout are hardly to be killed by the fly after the May-fly season is over. (This, of course, relates only to rivers whereon this admirable insect exists.) As the May-fly season ends, roughly speaking, about the end of the second week in June, the 'hopeless' time alluded to may be considered to be about July—a month when we are usually blessed with some of the hottest weather of the year.

So far, however, from July being an impossible sort of month for the trout fisherman, it often proves quite the reverse, even on May-fly-producing rivers. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that a reasonable supply of water in the river is essential if fish are to be killed. At seasons such as the one now under consideration not *much* water can be expected, but the fisherman needs a little.

Last July was a period wherein were numbered some of the hottest days of the year; and yet it was during that very time that very excellent sport fell to my share. Absolutely still days, a fierce and at times almost unbearable sun, combined with a midsummer height or lowness of water, together form a combination which would not, as a rule, be regarded as one favourable for fishing purposes. Nevertheless, it was under such conditions that on several occasions trout rose steadily, and, what is still stranger, continuously, in certain rivers running through what are called the 'Home Counties.'

I confess that on two of these days, at any rate, I began fishing with anticipations and feelings quite contrary to those whose value I have been advocating. But to my wonderment and joy I found that by the exercise of the best art at one's command trout could here and there be induced to look at and, what was more to the point, take that king of midsummer flies, the alder. So matters progressed during the hours of those sweltering days. Trout *were* to be killed, as the state of my friend's basket and my own showed when we had struggled home, limp, weary, moist outside beyond all description, a condition only equalled by a phenomenal dryness inside, making one appreciate to the full the admirable chapter in the ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Steevens' book on the Atbara and Khartoum campaign on the ethics of a desert thirst.

On another occasion, a year or two ago, a day in July very similar in character to those to which allusion has just been made, found me by the side of a well-known Hertfordshire river. While I was putting together my rod, the keeper, whom I had known for some years, came up. Quoth he: 'I'm afraid you'll do little to-day; for these trout scarcely ever take a fly after the May-fly is over.'

At that moment I saw a nice fish of about a pound and a half lying close to the top of the water some fifteen yards below me, obviously, from the position he had taken up, and the gentle agitation of his tail—a most significant indication of a fish's intentions—willing and anxious to consider the charms of any fly which might float over him. Therefore, it seemed to me the wisest course to say nothing, but to endeavour, by a practical example, to upset the keeper's theories as quickly as possible.

All things being ready, recourse was made to a wide circuit, so as to get well below the trout, and, sure enough, as soon as ever the fly—an alder, as usual—came over the fish, up he came and was hooked the very first time of asking. The keeper was rather put out, and explained that my trout must have been the exception amongst trout in that river which proved the rule; but by the end of the day the worthy man had it fairly brought home to him that trout were to be killed after the May-fly had disappeared, and in tropically hot weather as well. Now, *why* did this river-keeper so insist that after a certain period of the year it would be of little or no use to attempt to catch fish with the fly? He had been for some years looking after this particular stretch of water, and must have noticed the habits of the fish in July and August. It would seem, because trout do not in those warm months rise with the eagerness and dash that they display earlier in the season and during the May-fly time, that therefore the tiny, dimpling, hardly visible displacements or breaks in the water made by them when taking flies in the later summer months often escape notice, are mistaken for some action of the water itself, or for the movements of some wee dancing insect. As a matter of fact, during July and August —which latter seems to be usually the worst of all the months for fly-fishing, September being generally much better—it is not so much rising fish which must be looked out for, but ones which are 'standing'; by which latter phrase is meant fish that are lying near the top of the water apparently in wait for any floating articles of diet the river may bring to them on its surface.

The mention of September reminds one that at that season grayling begin to get into proper condition, and consequently on some rivers the fisherman has a double chance. He may secure both trout and grayling, should he care to keep the latter fish when caught. For some people appear to esteem the grayling but lightly; thus following in the footsteps of some of the older masters of the piscatorial art. This fish, however, would not appear to be as unworthy as many seem to consider it. Grayling are not bad eating if properly cooked—that is, split open and grilled—and they come into season when trout begin to go out of condition. Consequently, if the fisherman happens to live in the neighbourhood of a grayling river he can prolong the enjoyment of his favourite sport into the late autumn months, going out when the sun has dispelled the mists and the effect of early frosts, and returning home as soon as the warmth of Dan Phœbus has commenced to fail. As regard the amount of sport grayling afford as compared with that yielded by trout, doubtless the palm should be awarded to the latter fish. But grayling are persevering and unfrightened risers, continuing to rise under circumstances which would have driven an ordinary trout half out of its mind, and have sent it flying to shelter after the first minute.

Grayling are to the angler distinctly encouraging fish, and, may I add, most deceptive ones. He—the fisherman I mean, not the fish—often has his hopes raised high by the persistent manner in which grayling are rising, and yet, try he never so warily and skilfully, not a fish can he hook.

The elusive grayling goes on 'coming up' apparently *at*, but in reality just *under*, the fly, and strike he quickly, strike he slowly, or not at all, the result is still the same, which result is *nil!* Under such circumstances I am not at all certain whether the wet fly is not the best method of attacking grayling.

Of one thing I am sure, which is, that to cope successfully with these fish, at any rate when the water is low and clear, the finest possible gut must be used, the fly must be very thoroughly dried before it is thrown, and the whole cast be delivered *most* accurately and straightly, without a kink or loop of the smallest kind. Unless this is done grayling fishing in any river which is much frequented would seem to be fully as difficult as south country trout fishing, if, indeed, it is not more so.

There are, of course, days when grayling seem to forget their usual caution and are easily taken, but I am now alluding

to the average condition of affairs in connection with the pursuit of this fish. Given, however, a brisk, fresh, bright September or early October morning, a fisherman may find himself in many worse places than by the side of some grayling-producing stream.

Before turning for a very short space to the subject of salmon fishing, let us see what Dame Juliana Berners, some 450 years ago, said she considered was the most suitable weather in which to go a-fishing. She recommends that 'Ye schall angle as y seyde be for in darke louryng wedur when the wynde blowethe softely and yn somer seasen when hyt ys brennyng[1] hote. It is from September vn to Apryl and yn a feyr sonne day ys good to angle in. And yf the wynde that sesan have any parte of the oriente northe the wetur then ys good and wen hyt is a greyt wynde when hyt ys snowyt reynet or haylyth thonderyt or lightneth or also miuynge[2] hoyt that ys not to angle.' Thus Dame Juliana. And though she has been quoted many and many a time before, it is interesting to note how her observations on this point, as on other fishing matters, are in consonance with those of present-day fishermen. 'Darke louryng wedur when the wynde blowethe softely' must stir in the angler's heart memories of many a pleasant day's fishing in spring-time, when a soft westerly or southerly breeze and quiet grey clouds induced the big trout to forsake their winter quarters under the stones in the river or 'neath the banks, and to take a deep and serious interest in the newly hatched olive duns or red quill gnats. (In passing, I am bound to remark that 'softe wyndes' in spring have been conspicuous by their absence during the past few years.) As to the 'somer seasen when hyt ys brennyng hote,' I have already ventured to say something.

The only portion of Dame Juliana's statements with regard to weather which seems a little doubtful, is that in which she says the 'oriente northe' wind is one conducive to success in angling. With all due respect to the lady, a north-east wind does not as a rule (I *have* known exceptions) assist in filling a fisherman's basket; though it is, I think preferable to a due north or north-west wind. But most fishermen will thoroughly agree with her that when it is 'miuynge hoyt'—that is, stiflingly hot—sport cannot be expected. Close heat, without any 'life' in the atmosphere, is generally fatal to the angler's hopes. So it would seem that, notwithstanding the great gap which separates

[1] Burning. [2] Close; stifling.

this age from that wherein the dame lived, trout, grayling, and other fish are to be fished for nowadays much as they used to be then, and that weather conditions affect fish in 1902 much as they did in 1450. Trout may be more highly educated in these days, by reason of their being so constantly fished over, than they were in the fifteenth century, but in other respects they cannot be said to have been greatly affected by 'the old order changing.'

Not much space remains to touch even ever so lightly on the habits and peculiarities of the king of all fish caught in the rivers of these islands; I need hardly say I mean the salmon.

Of late years it is commonly reported that, with the exception of some few favoured rivers, salmon are gradually becoming scarcer. Whether this is the case, and if it is whether such diminution in numbers arises from natural causes—increase of poaching, especially the spawning grounds; over-netting, nets being allowed on the rivers for an undue length of time per week; or any other reason, it is very difficult to say. Possibly one might feel inclined to hazard an opinion that this unfortunate state of affairs is the result of a combination of all the above-named conditions.

It is to be feared, however, that salmon fishing in many rivers in England, Scotland, and Ireland is nothing like what it used to be. While rents of salmon rivers have increased, the number of fish killed, both by rod-fishing and by nets, has considerably decreased. This is an unsatisfactory state of things, and one which is naturally receiving attention at the hands of fishermen and owners of salmon fisheries. Private fish hatcheries are being formed in many rivers; while Mr. Moreton Frewen has been urging, both privately and through the medium of the press, that the admirable example of the Government of the United States should be copied by the English Government, and that salmon hatcheries should be constructed wherever necessary, at the expense and under the control of a Government department. Space does not permit of any consideration of this difficult and complex question; but undoubtedly the subject is one which calls for further careful investigation, even though Salmon Fishery Commissions may have sat and recently reported.

But, although salmon may have become less numerous, many are still killed in the course of the year by rod and line in the rivers of Great Britain and Ireland.

If the wonderful bags of thirty and forty years ago

are not to be rivalled in these days, nevertheless good results are sometimes obtained on rivers such as the Spey, the Tay, or the Tweed—during the past few seasons the last-named river has been in worse plight than most others. Numbers of the smaller Scotch rivers still afford excellent sport. But what seems to be the main difference between the salmon fishing of the 'sixties and 'seventies, in the earlier days of last century, and at the present time, is that when rivers were in good fishing 'ply,' and the weather favourable, then sport was much more a certainty (as far as anything connected with that most uncertain of all sports can be so considered) than it now is; and, furthermore, that it continued for a longer period than is now the case.

Given the water in good order and climatic influences favourable, several consecutive days of good sport could be fairly counted on in former times; whereas such an occurrence is now considered worthy of much notice and probably many newspaper paragraphs.

I fancy that Ireland is in much the same state in this respect as is Scotland; while England and Wales do not show any advance on their earlier records.

Undoubtedly public opinion has been of late moved on the subject of the unsatisfactory condition of salmon fishing in the United Kingdom; and it is to be hoped that those who take a real interest in this subject will not relax their efforts, but will continue them till the proper remedies for the existing evils are found and applied.

However, be they scarce or not, salmon in these latter days are, it is certain, affected by weather influences much as their ancestors used to be in the good old times. As has been mentioned earlier in this article, fog, a rising or falling river, utterly defeats the fisherman's hopes. The much argued and, it would seem, still undecided point, as to whether or no salmon feed in fresh water, cannot here be discussed at any length. Personally I cannot help leaning towards the belief that they *do*—at any rate, occasionally—take some kinds of water insects and flies when in a river. For otherwise, why should salmon be seen rising at, and to all appearances taking greedily, the March browns, which in spring-time appear in multitudes on rivers such as the Tweed? or why should they rise at an artificial fly at all? I grant that such an article in no way resembles any known live insect. But it cannot be curiosity alone which prompts a salmon to take an artificial fly. If it be that feeling only, what an appalling amount of that characteristic

must exist amongst those fish! and they are not all of the female sex either!

Surely salmon must take artificial flies for different kinds of water beetles or similar creatures?—the play of the strands of the feathers and hackles simulating in some degree the movement of the legs and tentacles of certain of the curious insects or shrimp-like inhabitants of the deep rivers. And this brings us to the much debated question as to whether it is the size or colour of flies which has most to do with attracting salmon.

Here, again, it would seem probable that a judicious blend of the proper size of hook and choice of colour is the goal to be attained. I cannot help fancying that, as a rule, salmon flies are dressed in too patch-worky a fashion. By this I mean that instead of the body, for instance, being composed of two or three different coloured substances, and then bound round with perhaps both gold and silver tinsel, a perfectly plain body, made of material of the best fancied colour, would have been every bit as efficacious. So with the wings. Often these are surrounded by strands of fancy feathers which are, in all probability, quite unnecessary.

It must be admitted, however, that a fly which has a strong patch of some particular colour somewhere about it—generally on the cheek—is often found to be the only successful fly throughout a whole day. For example: the vivid blue of the kingfisher, blue macaw, or jay, which is found on the 'Jock Scott,' is, I am certain, a potent factor in the destruction of many a salmon. In fact, a good strong touch of blue would seem very effective in the colour-scheme of any *brightly* dressed fly. It is, however, impossible at this moment, owing to lack of space, to do more than just touch on this colour question. Reams might be filled on the subject. So I will only briefly add that it seems to me salmon flies are, speaking generally, dressed with far too great elaboration of colour. Putting together, in the construction of a salmon fly, an aggregation of rare and expensive feathers and silver and gold twist is probably a very desirable proceeding in the eyes of a fly-maker; but it seems very doubtful whether a far more simply composed fly would not prove an equally or even more killing lure.

On the question of the *size* of hooks, however, there cannot be two opinions. If a fisherman has a fair notion what general colour of fly is most likely to attract the fish, the only consideration left for his careful attention is what sized fly he should use. And here he may be easily guided by the height

SPENT.

From a painting by George Rankin.

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and colour of the river. But if he by chance be unfortunate in his selection in the size of his fly, he is not likely to do much till he has found out and remedied his mistake. I am a firm believer in the 'size' theory, both as regards trout and salmon fishing.

Nevertheless, whether the fisherman be one of the most skilled, or one of the most unskilled, whether he be fishing with fly or bait, with the wet fly or the dry fly—for bleak or dace, salmon or trout—piscatorial good fortune lies on the knees of the gods; and of all the sports and recreations—herein lies one of its chief charms—that of fishing still remains the most uncertain.

THE MOTOR-CAR DAY

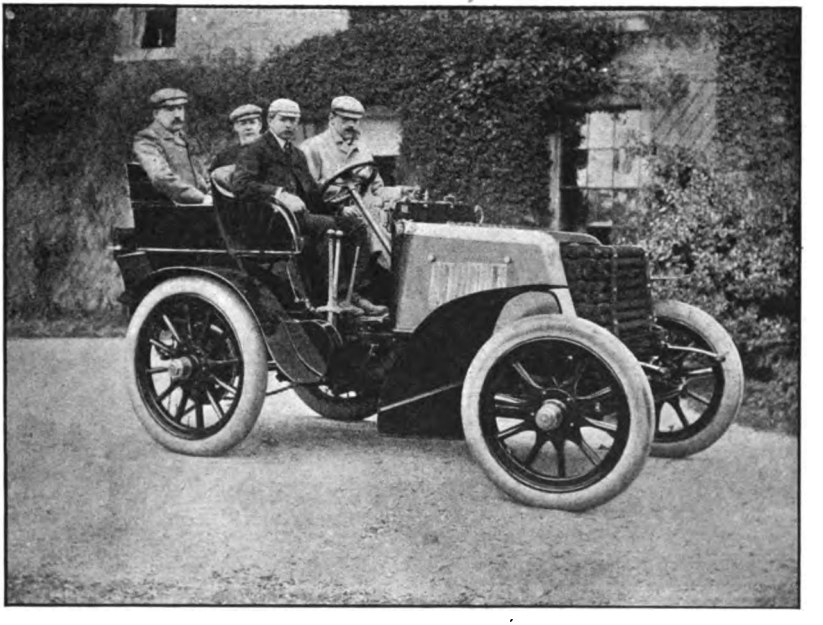
BY SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.

'PUP-PUP! Pup-pup!'

'Now then if you are all ready, I hear the motor car so let's be off,' and sure enough we can all hear it throbbing away outside the front door, the 'pup-pup' of the horn being to let us know that the lamps are in full blast and all ready for a start.

It is a lovely morning towards the end of October, and the immediate business in hand is the pursuit and shooting of the ducks frequenting various natural and artificial ponds, pits and small pieces of water scattered about over my host's property. These places it would be impossible to shoot in one day if it were not for the trusty 12-horse Panhard which practically annihilates distance and saves precious time. Thick overcoats being donned —my host's is of leather lined with fur, for 'moting' is not a very warm game in the autumn, or, indeed, at any time, owing to the speed at which one rushes through the air—we jump into the comfortable seats and with a final 'pup-pup' glide off down the avenue with a luxurious easy motion which doesn't alter as swinging into the main road where the coast is clear, we rapidly increase our speed, negotiating the three miles which lie between the house and the first pond we are going to shoot in less than half the time it took formerly. Twenty-five minutes to half an hour used always to be allowed for this distance in the almost prehistoric days of horses in dog-carts. The party consists of four guns; two of us stopping with our

host, the fourth coming in his own motor from his house a few miles off. We heard him 'pup-pup' as he passed the front gate just before we started, and sighted him in the distance on the way to the rendezvous, but his car is as good as ours, and having only one passenger—his loader—on board, to our three and one loader, he arrives before we do. At the appointed place we find our two remaining loaders, who have gone on before in a comparatively old 6-horse Daimler, and the keeper



READY TO START

of the boat with two men, to do duty when wanted, so off we start.

The first rise is at a large lake or mere, almost surrounded by fir woods, with a wide fringe of reeds. Setting all our watches to the same time, and the word being given to go into our blinds in twelve minutes, as the farthest gun has some distance to travel, we make our way through the wood along a ride where at intervals of about two hundred yards are wooden placards, numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4, nailed on to trees by the side of the path.

Numbers having been previously drawn, No. 1 gun stops at No. 1 tree, No. 2 gun at No. 2 and so on, and when the twelve minutes are up, each gun walks down to his 'blind.' These

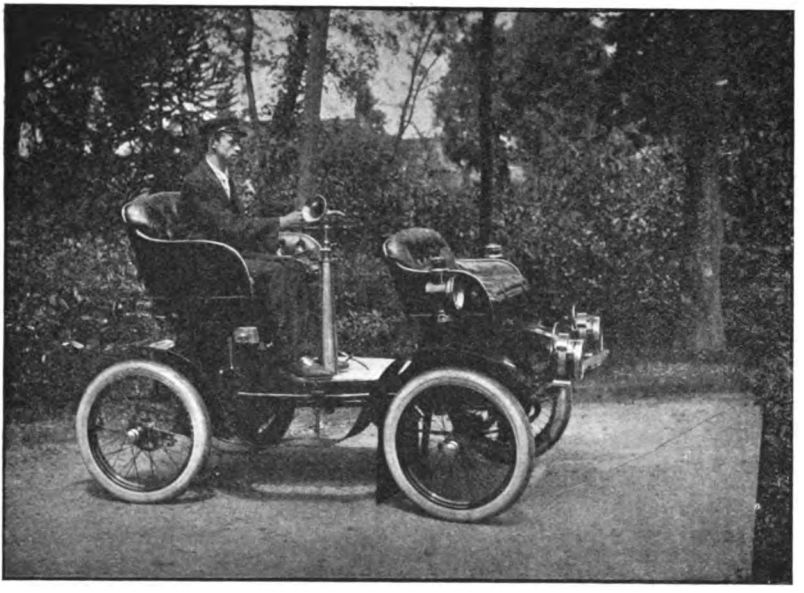
blinds being nearly all exactly the same distance from the numbered trees, everybody reached his place at the same moment. Up get the ducks and for a few minutes the firing is fast and furious. The lake is rather near the sea, however, and the ducks pretty soon go off there, but the teal hang about for some time longer, and a few wood-pigeons and coots also 'fly into it' as they come within reach. The firing now slackens, and the boat coming along passes each blind in turn and picks up those birds which have fallen into the water close by, the men being told where hard-hit ones have been marked down in the reeds. The guns then hurry back, leaving the boat to pick up, and, jumping into the motor, are off again within three quarters of an hour from the first start to another charming artificial pond about one and a half miles away, made by damming a small stream, where it runs through a hollow in the middle of a large wood. This is a very favourite place, as the keeper feeds a little and the birds are always quiet all day. Two guns stop at one end concealed behind the dam, the other two go round to the far end and put the duck up, firing at them as they rise, which drives them over the dam, this happening to be their natural flight, as it leads towards the sea. This pond being artificial, there are a great many bushes half in and half out of the water all round the edge. Under these bushes most of the ducks are usually sitting about on the bank, and so do not all get up together, but popping into the water in twos and threes, without attempting to get on the wing till they are clear, they give a steady rise for two or three minutes.

On the occasion I am now describing we accounted for 35 duck, 3 widgeon, 1 shoveller, and 12 teal in that time, as pretty a bit of shooting as I have ever seen. In a few minutes more we are tearing off again, this time about a mile, to where the proceedings are varied by a snipe drive, off a long, narrow marshy bit of ground bordering a tidal creek. Three men who have been waiting at the far end, on seeing the guns get into their places behind hurdles, topped with broom, start driving the marsh, the snipe come over high but fairly straight, and though plenty are missed, it is extraordinary to see from what a height they can be fetched down. Eleven of these go into the bag, together with two teal and three old cock pheasants that have been feeding on the marsh, which they are very fond of doing, especially early in the season.

At the next place, known as the Teal Pits, in a small cover close by the Salt marsh, we only get two teal, the sole inhabit-

ants, though the surrounding of the pond was most artistically done. Perhaps there was too much water there as heavy rain had fallen for some days before, and teal seem to me to like a dry place better than a wet one provided there is open water near by.

Lunch follows, when the keepers from the first two places having come up with what they have gathered the bag is found to consist of 42 duck, 25 teal, 5 widgeon, 1 shoveller, 3 pheasants, 12 snipe, 4 wood-pigeons and 8 coots, making a very pretty show when laid out.



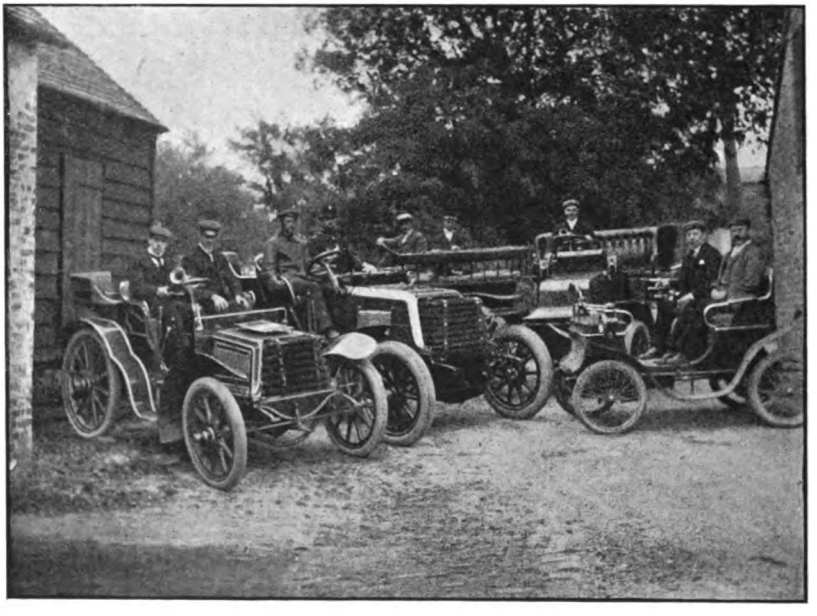
THE FOURTH GUN'S 'VOITURETTE'

Several more small places are shot over in the afternoon, all being a considerable distance apart, and the day winds up with half an hour's flighting in the evening at two fair sized shallow pieces of water, one close to the sea and one a little further inland where the fowl are very fond of coming to feed in the evening.

Home sweet home at a goodly speed, with very powerful acetylene lamps showing up every stone on the road twenty yards ahead, does not take long to reach, and so ends a day which could not be done but for the motors to take the guns and loaders about. On working it out on the map we find we have covered altogether twenty-six miles since leaving

home in the morning, which would have quite worn out a horse, or anyhow caused him to remain in the stable for days afterwards.

One or two noticeable things I observed during the day—one was the running powers of an old cock pheasant which we came on rather suddenly round a bend in the road. For a moment he didn't seem to realise what it was rushing towards him, but eventually came to the conclusion that it would not be good for him to remain, so started off best pace down the



PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ALL

road in front of us. We 'pup-pupped' at him frantically and put on top speed, but for nearly 100 yards he held his own and eventually half tumbled and half plunged into the ditch at the side of the road, never having made any attempt to fly—why, I don't know. I think myself we ought to have killed him as surely he would breed nothing but strong runners.

Another odd thing is the number of rats one sees in the light of the big lamps after dark, running about the hedges, especially near a farm; they look quite white in the strong light and are gone again in a moment. Rabbits, too, flash across the road in front of us and sometimes misjudge the motor's pace, I suppose from the pneumatic tyres giving so little notice

of our approach ; anyhow I have several times run over them and on one occasion my host killed a hare at night close by Newmarket.

Another thing I remark is the small amount of notice partridges and pheasants take of the motor going past, though cattle and horses get frightfully excited sometimes, and gallop madly round the fields.

Motors are very handy to get into and out of as they are extremely low down, and much time is saved in this way, especially if some one has to get out to open gates. If left by the side of the road, no one need stop with them as they won't bolt or do anything foolish. You can be sure of finding them there on your return, and, however cold the weather, they won't develop a cough next day.

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE SPANISH IBEX, 1901

BY LORD WALSINGHAM, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

I HAD long been anxious to visit Spain, especially with a view to re-discover some of the species of micro-lepidoptera described by the late Dr. Staudinger, and collected in the years 1857, '58, and '62 ; thus, after visiting Seville, Jerez, Cadiz, Chiclana, &c., I found myself, in the month of March, more or less settled for the time in Malaga.

Before leaving England, a love of sport induced me to make special inquiries as to the nature, haunts and habits of the Spanish wild goat (*Capra hispanica*). After reading Chapman and Buck's charming book on 'Wild Spain,' and an article by Señor Pablo Larios (to whom I am indebted for much information and for the kind offer of every possible assistance), I made up my mind that the pursuit of the ibex was likely to be a task beyond my waning acrobatic powers, that I should be fortunate even to see my quarry, but could scarcely hope to get a shot.

At Malaga I made the acquaintance of Señor Enriqué Nagel, who with that liberal hospitality which distinguishes the great majority of Spaniards whom I have had the pleasure to meet, invited me to join him in an expedition to certain mines and forests in the Sierra Frigiliana in which he held an interest, promising as an additional inducement that he would arrange an ibex hunt.

I was very keen to study the botany and entomology of the higher mountains, and could not be deterred by the absence of beds and other needless accessories of civilisation from greedily

accepting this unexpected opportunity. In spite of favourable reports from the Captain of the Guardias Civiles, to whom the organisation of the expedition had been entrusted, I was quite unprepared to find that ibex are still sufficiently plentiful, and that there was nothing remarkable, or merely historical, in the statement that several had been seen together.

Well! on we drove to Velez in some agitation, my friend convinced that he had forgotten his sketch-book and pencils, specially brought to illustrate our journal, myself equally disturbed about my stalking-glass. Everything had, of course, been taken in a small compass (but on my part with somewhat needless forethought), from spirit-lamp to sticking-plaster, my bag contained innumerable small *un*necessaries in addition to changes of clothing, with botanical and entomological apparatus. The spirit-lamps were little tin boxes of 'patent consolidated,' made by a 'Co. Limited,' our own spirits being highly volatile and not limited.

Arriving at Velez-Malaga, we found two comfortable small bedrooms in a scrupulously clean and tidy fonda, called the Hotel Linares.

A simultaneous grab at our dusty luggage produced shouts of joy from my friend. His sketch-book was found, embedded among his shirts; my telescope was also carefully stowed in the sleeve of a khaki coat. We dined well and cheerfully after a short walk round the town. On the walls of the dining-room every possible and impossible combination of fish, flesh, fruit, and vegetable is depicted in works of doubtful art, which constitute the customary adornment of all Spanish inns. It was explained to me that at one time a considerable industry was carried on at Seville in this style of art. One man painted the grapes, tomatoes, and melons, another the fishes and lobsters, and another the baskets and boxes out of which they fell, when the joint results were distributed throughout all towns and villages, even to many private houses.

What a falling-off was this in the ideal of Spanish Art which once held so high a place among the nations, and of which such magnificent examples are found at every turn!

A real serenade, intended for some fair Juliet near at hand, disturbed my friend at two in the morning, but failed to reach my ears. We looked early from our windows at a perfect little kitchen-garden on the flat roof of the next house. My father, who was a bold amateur farmer, used to say that he could grow a crop of turnips on the dining-room table by

bringing in the proper soil. Such farming may help the pot but not the pocket.

We walked before breakfast to the church of Santa Maria, and to the picturesque old Moorish fort and tower which stand out so well against the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Tejea. The fine old doors of the church are richly ornamented with quadrangular raised metal bosses and grand substantial hinges of crude frondal design. Looking down from the fort you see the coast village of Torre del Mar, somewhat spoiled by the big chimney of the sugar factory, to which surrounding fields of waving cane contribute. The hills on either side were dotted with innumerable white haciendas, now scarcely more than mere grave-stones of that industry which once made Velez-Malaga one of the richest of provincial towns, exporting every year many thousand kilos of dried raisins, the finest in the world, before the dreaded plague of *Phylloxera* devastated the vineyards and reduced the country to comparative poverty. Some are now being replanted, but for the most part other crops of less value have taken their place, and many of the unoccupied houses are falling into bleached and staring ruins.

After luncheon we drove a short and easy stage to Nerja; the road was decent, indeed good, as compared with others of southern Spain, where too frequently they resemble in miniature the mountains and valleys through which they pass, reminding one of the German orographical models of great battle-fields.

At Nerja the Fonda was sufficiently comfortable though scarcely *soigné*, but electric light was everywhere abundant, supplied by water power at a merely nominal cost. An open space which terminates in a railing overhanging the sea bears the proud name of Balcon de Europa; here we had a lovely view of the mountains, with patches of snow leading up to the higher and completely white cap of Tejeo to the north-west.

The head woodman from the forest—José Triviño—met us here, and gave his opinion on the prospects of sport; a tall upright, active-looking man with a thoroughly honest face, reserved but keen, he reminded me of a Highland stalker. His brother Antonio, the keeper on the same ground, was of similar type but some years younger, José being only forty-seven though his weather-beaten face suggested sixty.

After dinner my friend and El Capitan engaged two *habitués* of the Club in a game of cards, the stakes were small, but judging from the expressions of the surrounding crowd the play must have been intensely exciting.

Ignorant of the face-value of Spanish cards I was unable to participate in the general interest, but the conversation of the bystanders turned on sport, and inclined to sarcasm upon the subject of an Englishman attempting to walk on their mountains and shoot their wild goats ; one very loquacious fellow, who had a good deal to say about his own powers, told the company that I should never hit anything, and prophesied 'stag-fever' at the mere sight of an ibex, accompanying his chaff with so much gesticulation that I grasped the meaning of his pantomime, and good-humouredly told him I had got over that long ago. This burly and rubicund sportsman went by the nickname of Juan Chimenea, and assuredly John Chimney was full of smoke and gas though his fire subsequently proved to be defective. Two or three rather primitive rifles were produced and handed round, one an old Henry Winchester repeater, my own single express by Henry of Edinburgh was also examined and approved. The final verdict of the company was that if the 'Matuteros' (by which nickname the brothers Treviño were known—those who evade the *octroi*) meant business we should have a chance at the ibex, but if otherwise we might see them but should not get a shot ; in short it was evident that they knew the tricks of the Scotch deer forest where the Laird used to tell the stalker to let his Sassenach guests *see* some good stags.

We started early the next morning, a mule saddled with rugs without stirrups, a horse and saddle with stirrups, and a pack-mule being provided, El Capitan was already mounted, and the men on foot, my friend and I were smitten with a mutual attack of self-denial, and took refuge in the old remedy of 'heads or tails.' I won the stirrups, but a small boy was hoisted up behind the saddle and clung round me as far as the nearest village, Frigiliana, where we breakfasted.

Here was an old palace belonging to the Duquesa de Fernan-Nuñez, with a large family coat-of-arms over the door ; it is now converted into a sugar factory, worked by water power with a large wheel, of which the bearings appeared to be dangerously worn ; it was rather depressing to walk into the spacious hall and find mules tied up on either side with all sorts of rubbish lying about ; to see the lines of clean pale brown sugar ridged up across the floors of the salon and spacious bedrooms above, and to find sacks, full and empty, taking the place of furniture around the walls.

Riding on again from Frigiliana we passed through a series of rocky hills where Antonio made a good shot at a partridge, on

the ground of course, but rather too far for a certainty ; it was hit, probably by a single pellet in the head, for it rose at the shot and describing a semi-circle in the air came down head foremost within twenty yards : it was a young male, but no scruples or restrictions are observed here about sex or season, and I have eaten partridges in Spain up to the end of June. Soon we entered the scattered pine forest, and a more lovely bit of scenery it proved to be. Here were the high crags towering along the sky line above us, each with some quaint weather-beaten pine claiming precarious root-hold in its cracks and crevices ; larger trees formed picturesque groups on either side of the rough mule track, with an undergrowth of cistus, rosemary and daphne, while behind us the horizon of the distant sea was a faint line across the end of the valley, its many-tinted surface studded with white sails.

Assuredly all promises were fair for our hunt on the morrow as we approached the white hut, Venta Panaderos (about 3200 ft.) at seven o'clock. Charcoal burners were at work around, cutting the pines and reducing them to more portable and more saleable form. This was the owner's first visit to these lovely mountains ; his pencil and sketch-book were frequently in request, and he vividly shared my intense regret that his purchase of the growing timber should have caused a man with the true eye of an artist, and a thorough appreciation of the beautiful in nature, himself to become the destroyer of so much of the picturesque effect in this lovely scenery. Had the land also belonged to him he would have replanted the forests, but being under contract to remove the timber within a limited term of years, the remedy lies in other hands and the land-owner apparently prefers trusting to nature to restore in her own time the clothing which he has sold from off her back.

The hut in which we found ourselves was the calling-place for all mule teams passing between Granada and Nerja. Folding doors enclosed a mud and cobble paved room some 50 ft. long, with a large open fire-place at one end, a stable at the other, and a second stable opening opposite to the door, with two smaller rooms on the same level, occupied by the resident family—a man and woman with five or six children. They kept open house in the truest sense, for the doors were seldom shut, and mules, horses, goats, chickens, dogs, men and children jostled each other at all times of the day in passing in and out. Guns and old-fashioned powder flasks hung on the walls, with strings of onions and the rough ponchos of the

men; but the place was nearly pitch dark, the only small opening being closed with shutters to prevent a draught by day and to protect the single primitive lamp by night. This lamp was hung from a beam near the fire and consisted of a wick projecting from a dish of oil, often acting as a siphon and giving a rich flavour to any food inadvertently placed below it. By a liberal use of my friend's pine trees we kept up a blazing fire, which served for lighting the room, drying clothes, warming the men who crowded round it and cooking the dinner. There were about seventeen men here on the night of our arrival and the simple fellows were most good-natured in making room for us whenever we approached the fire. The conversation was general, with much laughter and explanatory gesture—a mode of expression which added largely to the appreciation of John Chimney's voluble narrative of his numerous hunting exploits. Here he was in great force. El Capitan at once appropriated a shelf near the chimney corner, where he covered himself with coats and rugs from which he seldom emerged during the next thirty-six hours, except when he was unable to reach food without standing on his legs. We left him thus smothered when we started on the second day. Dinner consisted of corned-beef and bread and cheese, washed down with some good light wine; but as Mrs. Nagel had been unable to believe that we could find any place so uncivilised as to possess neither knives nor forks, my two pocket knives came in very useful. Cigarettes and pipe, followed by excellent whisky 'toddy,' prepared us for such rest as could be found on the mud floor—but here the trouble began. We were favoured by the hostess with a mattress, just wide enough for one and a half, in the side room where there was a small separate fire-place—but the water-tap was here and one side at least was very wet. Divested of my coat I shared the mattress with my friend, covered by a Scotch shawl and thick overcoat, quite determined to be proof against all possible disturbance. Alas! the sounds of the night were too much for me. The conversation and laughter round the fire went on fast and furious for hours, gradually and by slow degrees yielding to a perfect chorus of coughing with the usual Spanish accompaniments of that complaint; this again gradually merged into the doubtful harmony of a general snore, mingled with the dull munching of many mules, whose heads were within a few feet of my own, on the other side of a very thin match-board. When *do* pack mules sleep?

I have been asked, and have asked others who should know

better than myself, whether the noise made by a mule is like that of a horse or like that of a donkey. Opinions differ very widely, but my experience on this particular occasion convinced me that the sound is that of an aborted 'bray' rather than of a 'whinny.' One animal certainly expressed himself *sotto voce*, as if ashamed to disturb the company, but unable entirely to suppress his feelings. During the only quiet hour in the night some one drew water from a tap above my head and sprinkled me freely. At 3 A.M. the men began to pack their mules in the general sleeping-room, and by no means silently. I can understand *now* why a Spanish worker sleeps in the day-time.

It was an agreeable surprise to arise unbitten in the morning, for one flat blood-sucker had dropped on my hand at dinner (a direct descendant of the senior branch of the Norfolk Howards before they visited England for the first time in the reign of Elizabeth). I suspect that the fleas and other familiars had no time to attend to outsiders.

It was a sad disappointment to find a dense driving mist and rain, which continued all day, and condemned us to postpone our hunt. In such weather climbing would be not only useless but dangerous.

Between the showers I found a few interesting plants, and some larvæ of micro-lepidoptera, but there was little here not also to be met with on the lower ground. Antonio Treviño was evidently well acquainted with the flora as well as the fauna of the mountains; he attributed some useful or medicinal qualities to nearly every plant. One (*Thymelaea tartonraira*) was a violent emetic; another, that handsome thistle (*Picnomon acarna*) made excellent tinder for flint and steel; the juice of another was good for cuts and bruises; and, above all, the Esparto grass was valued for making lariats and shoes, or rather sandals. These sandals were much wider than the foot and turned up at the edges around it, being fastened with grass strings over the instep and around the ankle. On rocks and rough ground they afford an extremely safe foot-hold, and are far superior to the string sandals (*apagatas*) with which I had provided myself. The soles of the latter are too narrow, and are apt to tread over at the sides—the canvas toe and heelcaps become sodden, and it was necessary to wrap the feet in pieces of cloth to prevent the strings from hurting the skin when tightly fastened; nevertheless, even these are far superior to any kind of boot. Had Tantalus been a keen sportsman no more

cruel torture could have been devised for him than a day of mist and rain within easy reach of the haunts of the ibex; moreover, our time was limited, but the barometer was rising. Before evening some more Granada men had arrived with their mules, and the blazing pine-fire soon cheered them into animated conversation. Wet stockings came off and were laid on the unburnt side of the half-consumed logs, in much danger of falling into the furnace beneath. Cooking was in progress for more than an hour before the public dinner, the steam from the constantly stirred rice mingling with stocking steam—a delicate exchange of flavours, suggesting '*Riz au pied de messager*.' This seemed a popular dish into which the men dipped their spoons in turn, each keeping as much as possible to his own side of the mess until there was little left to dip for. We opened a tin of rolled tongue and dined more wisely than many a gourmet, and quite well enough.

After another night, nearly sleepless so far as I was concerned, the morning was clear and calm, a few clouds drifting up the valley at intervals, but nothing to interfere with sport. I was very anxious to go at once with the men to the highest points, but thought it best to leave the arrangements to those who knew and to begin by learning the business.

We rode on mules nearly a thousand feet higher than the hut and then dismounted, and were placed to command the point of a hill near the mule-track, while the men went round and climbed the peaks above to drive the ibex down. This was contrary to all my notions, but until I found the same plan adopted throughout the day I held my tongue—a strong protest altered the tactics on the morrow.

In the first drive I saw two female ibex passing through the brushwood, about three hundred yards off, between us and the beaters. Antonio, who was placed on my left, also saw them, but the drivers could give no account of which line they had taken, and they must have broken back unobserved. Shots were fired on the ridge, intended only to disturb the game.

Antonio, José, Juan Chimenea, and another man all carried rifles. José reported having seen a big male on the ridge quite near him, but his dog had frightened it before he could fire. After some delay, on account of mist, another drive was organised. Again from high to lower ground, again round the point of a hill, on the slope of which we were placed. There was much firing, shouting and dog-barking in the distance, and at last José came up much excited, assuring me the ibex had

passed between me and the rock on my left; had they done so I must have seen them, for 150 yards of open ground was all I had to watch. Eventually it was admitted they had gone another way, and this was just the way that might have been expected, up the face of the rock on my left, but out of my sight. Then we held a council of war. Were we to return to the hut and give it up or try other ground on our way to the mine to-morrow? Or, were we to give up the mine, go on to Frigiliana, sleep there, and work the favourable heights of the Iman mountain? I was severely taken to task for saying I would not in any case shoot at a female, the men assuring me that males were seldom seen here at this time of year. After some deliberation we decided on the latter plan, and a rather rough descent being made, during which my friend sat down quite as often involuntarily as by intention, we remounted our mules and set off for a pass to the east through some magnificent scenery, comprising the rocky corries from which the ibex were expected to *descend* to us in the previous drive. After getting over the pass another drive was suggested, and we were again taken *down* hill to a small intervening ridge between two valleys, where we were assured the ibex would cross.

I noticed as usual that the men with rifles remained above us. After about an hour three female ibex dashed across the hill far above me, and two shots were fired, followed by a third after a short interval. One of the goats separated from the others, evidently wounded, and dashed down the dry course of a mountain torrent straight towards me, disappearing behind a big rock; the others went on to the higher ground. Antonio Treviño soon followed the game, for it was he who had fired, and the ibex was found dead in the stony gulch immediately below my position, having run some hundred yards or more beyond where I last saw it. The second shot was a miss, and the third was fired by John Chimney, who came tearing down the hill with a long story quite at variance with the authentic version. He was much chaffed for having fired a long shot when another beast which he did not see was said to have been close to him. After the passing of the wounded female for a hundred yards or more within shot of me without my seeing it, I was glad that this great professor should be accused of similar blindness. These goats are small, and not easy to distinguish amid surroundings of their own colour. In the valley below we found the mules, and rode up to Punta Iman, where we arrived after dark, comfortably tired and ready for whatever food could

be found. Here was a small hut, cleaner and neater than our quarters of the previous night, and not so crowded. The first question was how to provide a mess for the men. Three eggs were found, and the yolks of these were beaten up, with the gradual addition of a little oil and lemon-juice, the whole slowly heated in a frying-pan, and eventually added to a large pan of bread cut from a loaf we had with us, the white of the eggs having been dropped into the heated mass, making a really excellent compound, from which the men dipped after a portion had been set apart for ourselves. No sounds disturbed us during the night, except the soft licking of a dog at some tinned food left partially unprotected. Coffee and whisky had sent us to rest on a mattress wide enough for one and a quarter, but about 3 A.M. my friend complained of being too hot. I suggested that he should light a match, when it was discovered that I was on the floor in my shirt-sleeves, and he had all the rugs and overcoats wrapped around his selfish body (*Ce n'est que la verité qui pique*, so I know he will forgive the epithet).

Before dinner we had discussed plans for the morrow and I had insisted upon the necessity of being above the game, so it was finally arranged that I was to climb to the highest ridge and my friend was to make his way leisurely to the central pass, a sort of saddle in the middle of Mount Iman, through which the goats were in the habit of passing both ways. To carry out this programme I started at about 7.30 for a four hours climb, our camp being about 2200 ft. above sea-level. Had we not been pretty well tired the night before I should have liked to start at 4 A.M. and to get a rest at the top instead of having to do the hard work immediately after a long climb, but time was limited. Well, it was obvious to me that we could not climb from the west, so we must pass round the north side and ascend behind the mountain—the track showed that others had long been aware of this—and on and up we went until the 'on,' with a decent level, was a real rest as compared with the 'up,' and until the 'up' became a strain against which my sleepless limbs rebelled. By the time I had hoisted myself by my finger nails upon shelves of rock, and crept on my knees under boulders from which the foundations had been washed by melted snow, I was fairly done and could hardly put one foot before the other. The barometer told 5000 ft., and yet up we went, and when the level of the small remaining snow-patches was reached, I could have sat down and slept with my head in my hands. A cup of tea and a

crust of bread before starting was well enough, but now there was no water and my mouth was too dry to discuss the contents of my pockets; yet we had to hurry on, for men had been left on the way up to drive the corries. At last, after a short descent, I was posted behind a big rock commanding a view of a flat open space of about 250 yards, with an almost sheer precipice of 600 ft. on my right, and instructed to watch the open front. Had I been less sleepy it would at once have occurred to me to look over the ledge and watch the ground from which the animals were expected to come, rather than that across which they were expected to pass after reaching the summit. From my position I was unable to see anything passing on or below the ledges of rock.

After half an hour or more, during which I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my eyes open, Antonio scrambled down from above me in great excitement and pointed out four ibex about 250 yards off at the farthest end of the open space before me. He had watched them ascend the rock below, and they must have passed within 60 yards of me, but out of sight. Even if I had been fully on the alert I should not have seen them, but I had been undoubtedly nodding, and the point at which they showed themselves was too far for a shot; so I contented myself with watching them, through the glass, leisurely making their way south towards another hill. One was a good male, the others also males, but with smaller heads. Before they were well out of sight shouts were heard below, and I was hurried on to another point, looking down into a wide corrie, with precipitous walls of rock on either side. Here Antonio pulled out some food and I also tried to eat, there was evidently no hurry, but shouts were heard again and rocks were being rolled down the corrie on the other side. I soon saw the cause of this. About 350 yards from me, on the opposite wall of the gorge, were three ibex, a male, a female, and a young male. I watched them through the telescope and marvelled at the wonderful way in which they seemed to scale the wall, with jumps and pauses like those of the little black and white hunting-spiders one often sees in pursuit of their small prey. Antonio was on my left, and now José appeared above me on the right. The ibex were coming my way and I felt sure of a shot, but José could stand it no longer and began shouting to the drivers behind them to use every effort to prevent them from breaking back. I now learned that Nagel was below me, and that if they went down they must

pass him. He was at the mouth of the corrie. A driver, on a commanding point opposite, was hurling rocks and firing his gun whenever the beasts turned towards him; they could not scale the rock between him and ourselves, although they tried bravely several times. At last José began firing at them and, after he had tried three shots, I also fired, but the distance was hopeless. Only with the telescope could I distinguish the male from the female. They tried hard to pass the driver on the point, but although he could not advance, and could only run up and down about thirty yards to head them, first one way and then the other, he poured down such a shower of rocks when they were below him, and fired his gun so opportunely when they were above him, that at last they dashed for the mouth of the corrie and gave my friend a chance. He fired at both the male and the female, but his borrowed rifle, with which he had not had even one trial-shot, carried high at short distances, and thus failed him at the critical moment. Juan Chimenea was with him and the male stood on a rock about twenty-five yards off looking at him, half broadside. Whether he had 'stag-fever' or not I can't say, but the rock, on which the ibex had stood, was found to be slightly injured by the bullet, and the beast escaped unhurt! While all this platooning was going on below I watched the little male, now deserted by the dam, as he slipped back and hid under some bushes. I hoped he would also get off, but two ravens found him out and, hopping round him with hoarse cries, at last dislodged him. He made a great effort to scale the rock again, but slipped and came down head first, his forelegs stretched out straight in front of him until he landed heavily some thirty or forty feet below. Here he rolled over and was, I thought, killed, but he jumped up and ran on out of sight; he was, however, so badly injured that the men below walked up and shot him.

A council now took place between the men with me above and the men with Nagel below, and it was decided that he was to return to Punta Iman for the mules and baggage and I was to walk down to Nerja on the coast. By this time I was rested and went off fresh enough; after two hours we found water in a cave at the side of a dry water-course. There were many of these caves, formed by the hollowing-out of soft places in the bank in flood-time. Some were in use as folds for goats and dwellings for goat-herds; others were blackened by the fires of the charcoal-burners. The spring, or rather it was a slow drip into a basin of rock, was in one of the latter and could

only be seen by lighting a match. The water was deliciously cold and fresh, and I drank until the men warned me to drink no more, and then I drank again and filled my flask. Another half-hour brought us to the track by which the mules were to come, but we waited over two hours for them, and when they came the road was so bad and the man who led my mule so keen to describe his adventures instead of watching the mules, that I dismounted, preferring to trust my legs rather than those of a mule dragged by the head over boulders and slippery rocks at an angle scarcely over 45°. Thus we accomplished the descent to Nerja by about 9.30. Antonio and José, after cleaning my rifle, were dismissed with presents and friendly commendation, and returned to their mountain homes by a bright moonlight. Fatigue was a thing unknown to them—José was going to walk half-way to Granada on the morrow! Before dining I enjoyed a cheap wash. In the morning Nagel was up before me, or, at least, dressed before me. 'Halloa,' said I, 'dressed already?' 'Yes! I have had a wash.' 'Do you mean a tub?' said I. 'No! A towel.' Tubs are scarce!

On our way back the driver of our trap stopped for a drink and the woman in the house showed us seven or eight birds in cages, to one of which she drew special attention. It had been caught on the coast and she did not know what it was. I said that anywhere else I should have sworn it was a snow bunting, and was surprised to find that some one from Malaga had told her it came from the snow. It was truly that species and is worth mentioning, because Colonel Irby (whom I met at Malaga) writes in his 'Ornithology, &c., of the Straits of Gibraltar,' that it is but a rare visitant in Andalusia.

It is somewhat presumptive to venture upon any decided opinion as to the best method of getting shots at Spanish wild goats after so slight an experience of their habits, but on the ground described I should feel very confident of being able to kill males with good average heads in April or May, although not the best time for sport, if free to follow my own devices, as when in Oregon, thirty years ago, I killed many examples of *Ovis montana* in somewhat similar haunts. First, it is clear that when disturbed an ibex does not willingly go down-hill, thus, if stalked, he should be approached from above—if driven, from below. A combination of the two methods promises the best results. The rifle should be on the ridge, the driver, awaiting a signal when possible, should be on lower ground. Secondly, no one who is not in thorough training and accustomed to mountain

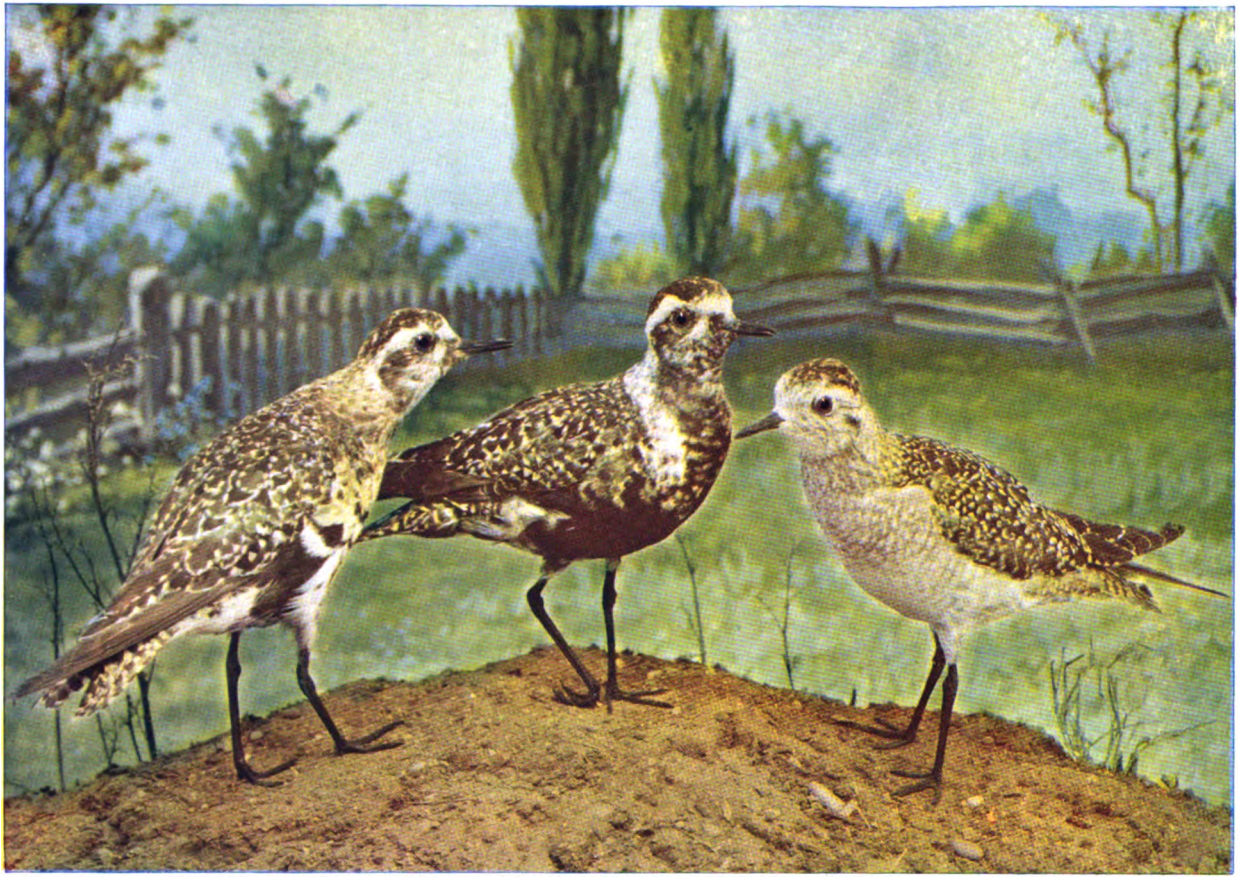
climbing and difficult or even dangerous walking, should attempt too much hard work before arriving at the stalking ground. Better one night or more in the open, under such shelter as the rocks provide, than a long tedious climb before the actual sporting work of the day begins. Where the distances are great and the ground rough, give a whole day, if necessary, to preliminary arrangements. Take food, and above all, water to the high ground, say 5000 ft., sleep, eat, and drink before sunrise, and be on the highest pass as daylight breaks. At this hour your game is on the move; later they are more or less at rest and in shelter. If you cannot get a shot by fair stalking before they settle down, signal your drivers to disturb the deep corries and precipices, and when they move it will be *upwards*.

From above you can watch them with a glass, and if due care be exercised you can generally shift position behind the ridge so as to intercept their line without giving them your wind. Wind is of course very treacherous at such altitudes, but by watching the leaves or grasses you can generally see whether it descends after passing you or blows away in a true line above the slope from which you expect game, and thus over their heads. No animal has a more perfect knowledge of the first principles of mountain engineering than an ibex. His path is always angular on a steep ascent, but on arriving at the foot of an overhanging or precipitous ledge, he usually follows the foot of the wall to the easiest pass, and unless you can command his line from above, you should carefully study the ground to discover where this point is. There will usually be time to arrive there even after game is on the move. Silent shoes are an absolute necessity, and care must be taken not to rattle or dislodge loose stones. Rapid movements are frequently required, unless, of course, as one of a party of guns, you are posted in a fixed position to await your chance. In such case the science must be left to others and orders must be obeyed. Cultivate the power of lying flat on the stomach and looking down from immense heights (no one who is subject to *vertigo* can be trusted alone on a mountain). In such a position you can see without being seen, and as the attention of driven game is always attracted below, a small motionless object above them is not observed, even when on the sky-line. In firing, *never forget to put a cap or some other soft substance under the rifle if resting on a rock*—more shots are thrown wild by want of this elementary precaution than by unsteady nerves. The hand is not sufficient to prevent

the jar of recoil on such a rest, unless with exceptionally light charges.

The Sierra Nevada affords equal opportunities if the accounts of those who live near the snow-line are to be believed, but I have no more experience of the higher elevations there than is to be gathered from an entomological excursion in June.

My introduction to the Spanish Ibex has developed a very friendly feeling—which should be mutual, considering the harmless nature of our first interview. Whether these amiable relations will survive the test of a further acquaintance remains to be seen.



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AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER.

UNIV OF MICH

NORWAY RE-VISITED

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

IT was in the year 1865—thirty-six years ago—that I paid my first visit to Norway; I was then a Balliol undergraduate of just the same standing that my youngest boy is now; and it was that blessed first long vacation after 'mods,' when only very earnest students are much exercised by the cares of education and the thought of the distant final schools. My companion was Alfred Gurney of Exeter, who died a short time ago after an industrious and philanthropic career as rector of the great London parish of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. We started from Hull for Christiania about the end of June; bought our carrioles at Bennetts, took them by rail as far as Eidsvold—the then terminus of the line—and, after a steamer journey up the beautiful Mjosen lake to Lillehammer, drove across country to Aak in the valley of the Romsdal, which we made our head-quarters.

Never shall I forget the charm of that first experience—for such it was—of a foreign country, the delight of the long Norwegian daylight, the joys of trundling through the glorious scenery in 'my own carriage,' in command of the sure-footed and confidential Norwegian ponies, which fortunately did not require a very skilled or experienced pilot: and the halts at the various stations along the road, while our two horses were being captured and brought in from the hill-side pastures where they were grazing. Our progress was leisurely; for we did not

send 'forbud' to order horses on our arrival, but the delays afforded opportunities which we did not neglect for Gargantuan meals of eggs, fish, fladbrod and cheese, washed down with Norwegian beer cooled in the snow; or coffee or fresh milk which could always be had in abundance and of good quality. Meat was rare and very tough when we got it, but we did very well without it. Our sleeping accommodation was comfortable and moderately clean, but I now notice an improvement in this respect. I remember on one occasion a boy emerging in the

LILLEDAL LAKE

morning from behind the spruce branches and evergreens in the large open fire-place of the room where we slept, but he had been quiet in the night, and his unknown presence did us no harm; and another time we came in for a bridal party and a dance, the part of band being performed by a solitary musician who sat on a table and hummed the tune. We enjoyed a novel experience, and our hosts refused to take payment for our entertainment in the morning, as they were keeping open-house; but of course we pressed upon them something more than the usual very moderate cost of our bed and board as a present for the bride and bridegroom.

The Romsdal valley, where we arrived, is so well known that I leave our raptures at the first sight of the famous Horn and the Troll-tinderne to the imagination of my readers. The grand scenery of the valley has been described once and for ever in the Norwegian sketches published in *Sport* by the late Mr. Bromley Davenport, and any one who has not read that fascinating volume will thank me for calling attention to the treat he has hitherto missed. It was in that magnificent river,

HVILESTED

the Rauma, which he rented for many years, that I had my first experience of salmon fishing. Tourists were not so numerous then as now, and Lord Coventry and Captain Pennant, who had an under-lease of the fishing that year, courteously gave me permission to fish for three days in a few pools in the immediate neighbourhood of the Aak Hotel. The first morning produced my first salmon—a fine grilse of nine pounds—and its capture afforded more delight and excitement than that of any of its successors, many of them of much larger dimensions, which have fallen to my rod nearly every year since that first experience. The kind creature greedily took my fly, awkwardly cast from the bank into a strong stream played in

a gentlemanly and forbearing manner, neither sulking nor running out of the pool; and was duly gaffed and brought home by eight o'clock, when the strong sun made any more fishing impossible till evening. I got two more fish that day, one of 22 lb. and one of 13 lb., but these were caught harling, a less sportsmanlike method of fishing, but one almost necessary in the wide parts of a river, not very well known to the hired boatman accompanying a tiro on his first salmon-fishing expedition. My total bag for the three days was nine fish, averaging 15 lb. each. The largest was 22 lb. and the smallest 9 lb., both caught on the first day. The fishing must have been grand in the best pools, for when the keeper came down to see what sport I had had, probably with a view to a tip, he told me that the rod who had fished with him on that day had killed eighteen fish, none smaller than my nine-pounder, and the largest of the highly respectable weight of 32 lb. I had not the face to ask for more leave to fish, but there was a considerable stretch of wide river between the hotel and the fiord then open to all comers, and there we had very fair sport for the remainder of our too brief stay. We got several salmon and a goodly number of sea trout. One morning between six and eight o'clock I caught six of the latter, the largest $8\frac{3}{4}$ lb. and the smallest 4 lb., averaging over 6 lb. each in weight. Altogether the sport was better than any adventurous tourist would be likely to hit upon now, when the value of sporting rights has everywhere greatly increased, and no decent salmon fishing can be had without paying for it or without going very far afield.

From that day I was a confirmed salmon fisher, and hardly a year has passed during the interval without my finding some opportunity of practising my favourite sport. The next year I visited Ireland, and since that, during thirty-five years, I have never missed an autumn in Scotland. At last, however, I had the offer of a friend's place in the Sundal valley, with some five miles of fishing. I jumped at the chance, and the first week in August 1901, found myself and my family comfortably installed in a most commodious wooden house, delightfully situated in a wood overlooking the Sundal river, and commanding a magnificent view of mountain, valley, and stream. A girder bridge crosses the river just below the house between two fine salmon casts, and a seat not ten yards from the window on the terraced slope commands a view of these, and of two or three other salmon pools, so that it was only necessary to run down a flight of steps to get to the water and begin fishing. The site

has also the advantage of being almost central, and dividing the water into two beats, each of which is far more than one rod could do justice to in a day if the river was in anything like fair condition.

Miss Jekyll remarks on building a house in her well-known 'Home and Garden': 'I always think it a pity to use in one place the distinctive methods of another.' She would delight in our temporary home, which was designed by an amateur

STARTING TO FISH WITH OLE

architect—a lady—and built by the natives of the valley without the intervention of any contractor from outside. There is certainly nothing 'exotic' about it. It is built throughout of Norwegian pine, the logs, planks, and beams inside and out being left exposed without any covering of paper or plaster. A comfortable central hall or corridor divides the drawing-room from the dining-room, and opens out into a commodious verandah—a delightful place in which to trifle with a book, and look up from time to time at the shifting lights and shadows on the mountain chain which, terminating in the beautiful range called the Seven Sisters, sweeps in a curve towards its junction

with the passes to the Opdal and Romsdal valleys. The walls are hung with trophies from many lands, and skins of native animals, including that of a fine bear; and there is plenty of old Norwegian furniture—carved sledges, cupboards, chests, clocks, and carriole harness, collected before the fashion for such things had become a rage. The open fire-places are cut from solid blocks of a curious Norwegian stone, which has a wonderful power of retaining heat, and keeps the rooms warm

SUNDALSOREN HARBOUR AT THE MOUTH OF THE SUNDAL

long after the cheerful wood fire has ceased to sparkle on the hearth. There are plenty of books, and shelves and nails everywhere for hanging up and arranging articles of every description for ornament or use. Paths in front lead through the wood, where boxes hang on the fir-trees in which the tits, and spotted fly-catchers nested early in the season, and crossbills, woodpeckers, and a great variety of small birds now frequent these trees, and can be watched from the verandah, or the hammocks slung between them.

The valley is narrow; according to my recollection narrower than that of the Romsdal, and bounded on each side

by mountains, the lower parts of which are covered with wood —alder, hazel, birch and fir, the upper being abrupt and rocky precipices. There are, of course, a few paths and passes to the socters and the fjeld above, but it cannot be reached at any point near the house without a stiff climb of at least 2000 feet. Two beautiful waterfalls, coming straight out of small glaciers, can be seen from the windows. Their first descent from the cliff reminded me of the lines in the Lotus eaters :

> A land of streams: some like a falling smoke,
> Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn did seem ;

and innumerable scars on the mountain sides show where, in an ordinary season, thousands of little baby cascades pour their tribute of melted snow into the river, and serve the double purpose of supplying water for the needs of the fishermen and adding life and variety to the landscape.

But this was not an ordinary season. I had been told before I left London that August was really too late to visit Norway, and that I should probably find the weather cold, wet and broken ; but a fisherman who has passed many autumns on the west coast of Scotland is not easily daunted by the prospect of rain, and I started resigned to face the worst Jupiter Pluvius could do. The season, up to the date of my arrival, had been the driest and warmest known for a long time, and the river was lower and clearer than it had been for thirteen years. It was only reasonable to anticipate that the weather would break soon, and that we were likely to be in for a good many nasty days. I consoled myself with the reflection that there must be lots of fish waiting to come up, and that there was every prospect of an exceptionally good 'back end' of the fishing season to compensate for other drawbacks. Already, however, the snow was all gone, and there was no reserve of water to be looked for from the mountains whose heads, usually so reverent and white, looked down bare and bald upon the dwindling river. But the prophets were hopelessly wrong. During the whole period between my arrival and the close of the fishing on September 14, there was only one little flood on August 20—a rise of a foot and a half at most, and the end of the season found the water at least two feet below the exceptionally low level it had reached when I arrived. My loss as a fisherman was, of course, the gain of myself and party in all other respects. The weather was glorious for expeditions or sitting out in the garden, where it was delightful to watch the

panorama of mountain and wood — ever the same yet ever changing, as lights and shadows drifted over cliff and slope.

It must not be supposed that because the season was a bad one the river was neglected or that it did not afford some sport. I fished nearly every day except for one week spent in a pleasant drive to Trondhjem and back—185 kilometres through magnificent scenery throughout. We got in all 47 salmon, most of them small grilse: but nearly all fresh run, and some 500 sea trout, many of them small, but a considerable number over 2 lb. and running up to as much as 6 lb.

The bag would have been a good deal larger if the other rods, my two sons, had stuck to the river as perseveringly as I did, but they were twice tempted away by news of bears; and spent the whole of the short season, when reindeer shooting is permitted, in an expedition to the distant fjeld, so I only had their assistance for twelve days. Bears still exist in the valley, in spite of the price put on their heads, but it is almost impossible to get them in the summer, when there is no snow to show their tracks, and they are soon lost in the impenetrable forests or cairns of great boulders in which they take refuge at the slightest alarm. However, it was only natural that young and keen rifle-shots should be off on the chance when told of a sheep killed in the neighbourhood, or of bears actually seen, and they thoroughly enjoyed their wild life among the hills although they saw no more of Mr. Bruin than fresh tracks and the mangled remains of the sheep on which he had feasted.

The Sundal is certainly a glorious river, clear as crystal in the shallows and runs and looking a full emerald wherever the water is deep. There was a boat on almost every pool, and the water below the house was usually fished by embarking near the bridge and shooting the rapids from pool to pool; and very exciting and amusing it was to dash through the white water, in and out between great rocks and boulders; a difficult manœuvre even at first, but needing the greatest skill and caution towards the end of the season when the shrinkage of the water left 'plenty big stones' partially or totally exposed in almost every rapid. Skill, experience and caution, however, were not wanting in either of our boatmen. It was a treat to watch them guiding the boat through apparently impossible places with an easy confidence which communicated itself to the passengers. Sometimes stern foremost, sometimes forwards, we bobbed up and down in the boiling water; and, just as it seemed as if some rock ahead was unavoidable, a quick

stroke of the oar at the right moment diverted our course into some narrow, but practicable passage, and the boat danced safely in the big waves below till it reached the haven where we would be. The only occasion when we stuck hard and fast for any appreciable time was once when the ladies were taking a snap-shot view of the process of 'shooting the rapids,' and Ole's anxiety to bring us near the camera and as close as possible to the rocks led to a collision which left us on a big boulder for more than half a minute. Pride had a fall—for we

OLE WAITING WITH THE PONY

were taken in the act of laboriously punting our stranded vessel off the rock.

It must not be supposed, however, that much of our fishing was done from boats. There were certain parts of the river so wide that the fish could not be reached from the shore, even by deep wading, but we preferred, wherever it was practicable, to fish from the land or, to speak more accurately, from some part of the river which could be reached by wading. This disturbed the pool much less than a boat, and it took so little to scare the fish that it was advisable to take every precaution. The wading was not particularly difficult or dangerous in most places. The stones at the bottom, however, were very

round and slippery and interspersed with big boulders, and it was not always possible to avoid a stumble and its consequences. I had been advised under such circumstances to stand on my head, or recline head downwards on a sloping bank, to let the water run out of my waders: but I preferred the pusillanimous course of taking them off, emptying, and replacing them.

Rod, line, casts and flies had to be gradually diminished in size, as the river became steadily lower and clearer. During the last week, until the dusk of evening allowed the use of slightly stronger tackle, I was compelled to resort to the use of two or three old casts which I found in the recesses of a fly book, which had last seen service on a Hertfordshire trout stream. There was much risk of being broken by a heavy sea trout, or possible grilse, in the strong water, but

> 'Tis better to have hooked and lost,
> Than never to have hooked at all;

and anything but the very finest gut scared the fish. I could have wished for new and unused casts of the same thickness. The handicap was severe enough without the extra risk involved by old and worn materials, but I had not reckoned beforehand upon the possibility of needing anything thinner than loch trout casts in so large and broad a stream. With a fourteen foot greenheart trout rod, and reel and line to match, a small Alexandra for the tail fly, and a Wickham's fancy or other small bright trout fly for a dropper—it was not hopeless to cast, where the water was deep and the stream strong, and even in the last week I got one grilse and thirty-two trout, three of the latter weighing 3 lb. and over. The last day of all I drove up the stream, nearly to the head of my water, and began fishing in a very deep pool just above a farm called 'Fladva,' where a rapid breaks over a large rock—then nearly exposed, although it ought to have been pretty deeply submerged. I was alone; for I had left Ole behind to take out the pony, and bring the boat up to the top of the pool immediately below the next rapid.

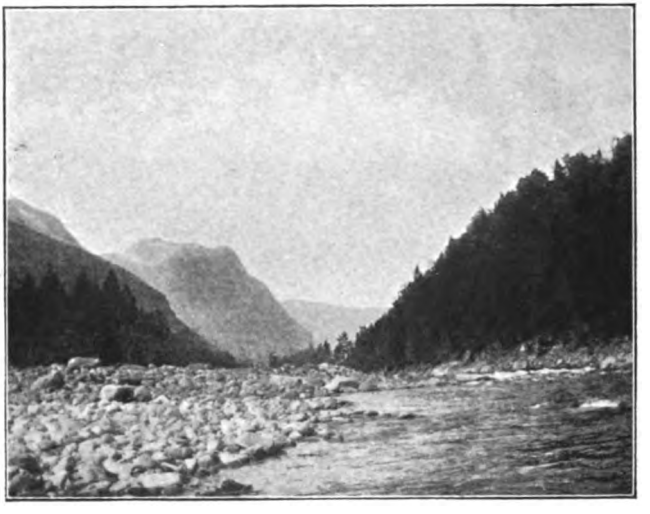
My cast looked dangerously frayed and fragile, but before beginning I carefully soaked it and tried each link, although mindful of the fate of Don Quixote's helmet, I was careful not to carry my test too far. With my landing-net slung from the waistband of my waders, and a gaff in my pocket to screw into the handle in case the improbable happened and it was required, I waded in waist deep, so that

with a long cast I could almost reach the opposite side. When I had got about ten yards below the rock where I began, in the deepest part of the pool something took my fly, and a moment afterwards the reel gave a welcome scream, and a fish dashed towards the rapids taking out with one rush the thirty yards of line, and some fifty of the 'backing' behind it. I was not afraid of his emptying the reel, for I had about 150 yards of fine strong plaited silk behind the line on each of my trout reels, but I was anxious not to give the frail cast more strain

FISHING IN THE STAR POOL

from the weight of line and water than was absolutely necessary. To give the fish the butt at all was impossible, so cautiously reeling in, and keeping as strong a strain on as I dared, I staggered to the shore as fast as the slippery stones would let me, and by following the salmon down stream, succeeded in recovering all but about twenty yards of my line. For more than a quarter of an hour the fight continued, and by cautiously easing the reel at each successive rush, and keeping the line just taut without bearing hard upon it, I at length got on terms with my fish, and caught sight of him two or three times near the surface—a good grilse of about 8 lbs. in weight. At last I towed him carefully into a still backwater about half-way down the pool, and hoped and believed that in a few minutes I should

be able to screw in my gaff and secure him. It was not to be ; in another moment when the fish was almost quiet and the strain certainly less than it had been at many former periods of the contest, the cast parted, and the fish drifted back into the stream with my little Alexandra in his mouth—safe for that season at least. Sadly and sorrowfully I sat down on the stones to execute repairs, and was so engaged when my boatman arrived, and his melancholy almost equalled mine, when with some difficulty I made him understand what had happened, and the last salmon of the season had made good his escape.



STAR POOL LOOKING BACK

Before concluding I should like to notice two or three changes which struck me most after my thirty-five years absence. First I note the universal introduction and the common and perpetual use of the telephone even in the most remote valleys and farmhouses. There is no sending 'forbud' now on a posting journey ; for ten *ore*—about twopence—a non-subscriber can convey his orders for food or horses to any station, and from my house I could telephone for any stores I might need from the town, for horses or carts from any of the neighbouring farms, or to order a boat to be brought back from any part of the river where we had left it. The natives daily and hourly make use of the facilities thus afforded them, and it is difficult to realise that a country like our own should be so backward in the application of this scientific invention to every-

day purposes. Whether the reason is connected with the Post Office monopoly, or excessive charges on the part of companies, it cannot be denied that we are lamentably and unaccountably behind even this poor and sparsely populated country in this respect, and I feel sure that if like facilities were provided in England at the same moderate cost, the initial outlay would soon be justified by a large revenue derived from the universal use of the telephone.

Another change which I noticed is one of manners. The Norwegian is as obliging, honest, and good-natured as ever ; but there is a free-and-easy familiarity in the conversation and greetings of those of the young of both sexes whom you may happen to meet, which contrasts forcibly with the stately and polished manners of former generations. This results from the great and constant stream of emigration which flows continually to the American continent. There is hardly a family which has not one or more members in America, and those who come back bring with them the characteristics and language of their new home. Very often a Norwegian who spoke to me in my own tongue did so with a pronounced American accent ; and a friend of mine, who offered an apron of sacking to a Norwegian plasterer engaged in a job with cement about his house, having made his proffer in his best Norwegian, was surprised to receive the reply in broad Yankee : 'Waal! I guess it will save my pants.' Fortunate is the country that can obtain such emigrants as this sturdy, thrifty, and industrious people, willing and able to turn a hand to any kind of out-door labour, and knowing something, by personal experience, of nearly every sort of handicraft, most of them being their own cobblers, carpenters, and builders at home.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF TURF REFORM

BY THE EARL OF ELLESMERE

SOME months ago I attempted, in a short article in the *Badminton Magazine*, to illustrate some of the difficulties which pertain to the position of stewards of race meetings in general, and of stewards of the Jockey Club in particular.

I now, at the request of the Editor, propose to deal in somewhat similar fashion with the subject of Turf Reform, a question which is constantly being brought to the notice of the governing body of the Turf, in season and out of season, as often by the cruel logic of events as by those who write of it in the Press, both sporting and otherwise. But to prevent any misapprehension, I must preface what I am about to write by stating that I have no intention to propound a scheme of my own. I doubt whether I shall dare to venture so far as to suggest a remedy for any of the various anomalies which I believe to exist, both within and without the four corners of the Rules of Racing.

I read lately in print a statement to the effect that it would be a simple matter for a small committee to codify and amend the present rules in such a manner that the wheels of the Turf machine would run smoothly ever afterwards. I must confess that I am not of that opinion.

The task the suggested committee would have to undertake is by no means so easy as it looks. Many people perhaps fancy that all that needs doing is to see that the rules are in accordance with certain well-known and universally accepted principles, and are so worded as to avoid any misconception of their meaning. I do not know that this would be very easy; but if there is to be a really comprehensive measure of Turf Reform, one likely to be permanent, much more than this would

be required. The principles upon which some of the rules are based would have to be discussed, and possibly altogether altered.

For instance, take Rule No. 86. This is the rule which says that entries of horses become void on the death of the nominator. Here is a perfectly plain rule, founded on a principle which nobody can misunderstand. Yet there is a very general opinion that the principle is wrong and ought to be reversed. There is hardly any one who has given any thought to such matters who has not tried his hand at formulating a new rule in an opposite sense to the present one. But one and all (I have been among the number myself) have failed to produce anything which would satisfactorily meet the many and various points that necessarily arise.

I do not want to take up an undue amount of space in commenting on this one particular question ; so I will merely point out that the chief puzzle is how to deal fairly with the, in some measure, conflicting interests of the general public, and of those more directly concerned. All lament when a good horse is prevented, by the death of the nominator, from starting for the Derby or the St. Leger. It is undoubtedly hard upon those who have laid against the other competitors. It is harder still, when the animal has been sold with his engagements, upon the purchaser, the value of whose property is materially deteriorated. On the other hand, the nominator of the good horse is probably also the nominator of several others, some bad, some perhaps dead. It is, I think, clearly equitable that in the case of death all nominations must be void or all must stand. The reasons why the latter plan is impossible are mainly legal, so I will not go into them. I have said that many have tried to put this matter right, and some of the schemes suggested are no doubt feasible, but most of them would entail a complete alteration of the whole system of entering horses for races, and of paying forfeits and stakes ; in fact, I am not sure that a rearrangement of the conditions of most races would not be required. So we see that to alter this simple Rule 86 in accordance with the general wish is no light matter, and would inevitably lead to endless complications. My only object in alluding to it is to illustrate the sort of work which would have to be done before the revising and codifying of the Rules of Racing could be effected.

But is the amending and altering of the rules the sole aspect of Turf Reform ? I venture to think not ; and it therefore seems

to me desirable, if not necessary, to try to ascertain what is meant by the words 'Turf Reform.' This leads to the very large and important point: What ought to be the object of racing?

On the abstract question of the morality of risking money on competitions between two or more horses I intend to say nothing, nor will I enlarge upon the common argument that racing tends to improve the breed. That was no doubt an excellent reason for keeping race-horses in the time, let us say, of Queen Anne, and ought not to be entirely lost sight of even now. But it seems to me that the Turf at the present date has become an institution of so vast a nature, with ramifications in all quarters of the globe, that in writing about the subject I have taken up it is better to regard it from a general, almost from an outside, point of view.

The first thing that would probably strike and puzzle an outside inquirer is the peculiar nature of, what I may call, the government of the Turf. The Jockey Club is all powerful, some might say in explanation. Who gave them that power? comes as a most natural query in response. Oh! they can warn any man off Newmarket Heath simply at their own will and pleasure. But why does that affect other race-courses and other countries? It extends to them by common consent and mutual arrangement.

By common consent! That is it. The authority of the Jockey Club, beyond the confines of Newmarket Heath, is based upon no other foundation. It has been by common consent that the powers of the Club have accumulated and extended. It therefore seems to follow that these powers ought to be exercised with extreme care and caution, coupled with judicious firmness and consistency.

To give an instance of the growth of the importance of the Jockey Club. I referred a short time ago to some early copies of the *Racing Calendar*, and I found in the year 1773 a very different state of things regulating Turf affairs from what exists now. In the first place there were no Rules of Racing at all published in the *Calendar;* now there are 184, and their number is constantly being increased. There were, however, 'Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club,' which, as now, related solely to Newmarket. Apparently at that date the jurisdiction of the Club had not, by common consent, been extended beyond the boundaries of their own heath. Some of these rules and orders, I ought perhaps to remark, have, more or less, been

transferred to, and incorporated in, the present Rules of Racing. But there is printed in the *Calendar* part of an Act of Parliament of 1740 relating to horse-racing. This Act, it is interesting to note, prohibits running for a less sum than £50, under a penalty of £200, with certain exceptions in favour of gifts left to be run for; and then, curiously enough, proceeds to exempt Newmarket and Black Hambledon in Yorkshire from this restriction. I have not been able to ascertain whether this Act has been repealed, and if so when, and under what circumstances. It would be an interesting subject for speculation why these two race-courses were exempted from a very salutary regulation. It was not because there were few others. There are ninety-four places of sport mentioned in the same *Calendar*. Was it because at Newmarket and Black Hambledon racing was so well managed that no such legislation was required there? I do not know, and it would be outside the scope of this paper to give full play to mere imagination.

When I looked on through my batch of old *Calendars*, it was not till the year 1797 that I discovered what I venture to call the germ of the Rules of Racing, and this did not originate at Newmarket, or under the auspices of the Jockey Club. In the *Calendar* for that year are printed 'Rules concerning Horse-racing in General, with a description of a Post and Handicap Match. Taken from Pond's *Racing Calendar* for the year 1751, with some few alterations.'

From this it would seem that other people outside the Jockey Club had tried their hands at Turf legislation before that body had thought of taking it up. Was this because the Club at that time was not in a sufficiently authoritative position to do so? This is a simple and satisfactory explanation, but my object is not to write a dissertation on the differences in racing matters between then and now, but merely to show how gradually and almost automatically the preponderant influence of the Jockey Club must have grown up till, at present, it is expected to regulate with the utmost minuteness every detail connected with the Turf. My readers, I hope, will pardon me if I here incidentally remark that Pond's *Calendar* appears to have dealt very largely with questions relating to betting, and that the official volumes, compiled by 'Mr. James Weatherby, Keeper of the Match-book at Newmarket,' contain records of cocking as well as of racing. All this may not be new to many people, but I trust that to some of those who may happen to glance at this article it may not be a twice-told tale.

In my former paper I wrote at some length about the powers and duties of the stewards of the Jockey Club, and my purpose now is to avoid, as far as possible, going over the same ground. I find, however, that I cannot deal with the question of reform without some mention of the form of government, if I may so term it, which under present circumstances must carry out, if not initiate, all reforms. Now I think that the Jockey Club may be regarded as the legislative body, the Houses of Parliament of the Turf, and the stewards as the executive body. But the stewards are not merely the executive, they also occupy the position of a cabinet, whose business it is to originate new laws, as well as to ensure that existing laws are duly enforced. It is, perhaps, theoretically, a disadvantage that these three gentlemen have also to act as judge and jury, though there is a fair parallel in the Home Secretary being the ultimate court of appeal in certain criminal cases. I can conceive no greater relief to the stewards of the Jockey Club than being provided with a simple code of rules, calculated to meet all emergencies. But could such a code be evolved by any exercise of human ingenuity? I doubt it.

In the first place there is the great difficulty of penalties and punishments. In all other codes of law, since that of Draco, these are graduated, and there is always an attempt made to make 'the punishment fit the crime' The government of the Turf has really the power to enforce one form of penalty only, that of warning off (for, be it remembered, fines, which they may inflict under the rules, are not recoverable at law), and that power, elsewhere than at Newmarket, is, as I have said, only given to them by common consent. It follows, therefore, that it is almost impossible to frame a code with a scale of penalties suitable for each infringement of the rules. The chief penalties under the present *régime* are fines, suspensions and withdrawal of licences, and warning off, the capital punishment of the Turf. There is, moreover, another fact always to be borne in mind, and this is that the executive of the Turf has to be very careful, in inflicting any penalty, to avoid coming in contact with the law of the land. And yet, although the Jockey Club is not a corporation, has not even the status of a limited company, or a trades union, it has in its power to ruin a man actually as well as socially. No wonder then if to the public at large the penalties inflicted appear sometimes inadequate, and sometimes unduly harsh. I must confess that I do not see how any improved code of rules

would better the position of the Club in these matters. There are always 'black sheep' to be found everywhere, and rules and regulations will be broken from time to time, however admirably they may be worded.

But, it may be asked, is it not possible to get rid of the 'black sheep'? The answer is that they are got rid of when they are found out. It is the essence of justice that a man must be convicted before he can be punished, and I venture to suggest that it is the public belief in the honest intention of the stewards of the Jockey Club, to act justly and without fear or favour, that alone has preserved them hitherto from the oft-threatened terrors of the law of libel.

Competition is the life-blood of the Turf, and to try to get the better of your neighbour and opponent is part and parcel of competition. So long as there is, or people think there is, money to be made on the Turf, human ingenuity will be strained to the utmost to get it. The Turf is open to all sorts and conditions of men, any one is free to buy or breed a horse and to enter it for any race. There are many who embark on a Turf career, as owners of race-horses, with not only the hope, but with the intention, of making it pay, honestly 'cela va sans dire.'

Now, I have no means of proving what I am about to say, but it is my humble opinion, based on some experience, that very few owners, if they made out their accounts for, say, five years, would find that their winnings in stakes had covered their expenses, though several no doubt could show a year here and there when such was the case, and others might point to successful sales and show a profit. The comparatively recent introduction of cèrtain valuable stakes has made racing apparently more profitable, but these fall into the hands of few individuals, and the average man, whose name appears fairly high in the list of winning owners at the end of the season, is often out of pocket. There is, however, one source of gain on the Turf, and that is betting.

With the subject of betting as a whole, either in its moral or practical aspect, it would be out of place for me to deal in this paper. Suffice it to say, that while racing does not exist for the purpose of encouraging betting, any more than betting is necessary for the maintenance of racing, I do not see any prospect of legislation being successful in preventing betting from taking place, and I for my part consider that it does not come within the purview of Turf Reform.

But in writing thus I do not mean that the authorities of the Turf should cease to take cognisance of defaulters, or should not take measures to regulate the conduct of those who bet within the enclosures over which they hold sway. Nay, I go further in this direction, and am of opinion that, in framing the Rules of Racing, care must be taken to render fraudulent betting as difficult as possible. To put my view broadly and briefly, legislation such as would appeal to the Anti-Gambling League ought not to be attempted, but the existence of betting must be neither forgotten nor ignored.

Here I may with justice be asked: If the framing of a thoroughly satisfactory code of rules presents a difficulty so well nigh insuperable, and if betting is not to be dealt with, how can the Turf be reformed so as to satisfy anybody? My answer is, that there will always be a considerable number of persons who will not be satisfied. Those, for instance, who think that any form of excitement has a bad moral effect upon the human mind; those, again, who consider all recreation, beyond what is absolutely necessary for health, a waste of time; and those who believe that to risk losing any money is equivalent to wasting it.

But that is no reason why nothing should be done; and because a perfect code of rules may be beyond our reach, it does not follow that the existing rules cannot be improved. In some of them the phraseology is rather antiquated, and might be made clearer to meet modern practices. In others the altered condition of things has rendered literal compliance with the regulations almost out of the question. The present code is divided into twenty-six parts, each part containing one or more rules. I have sometimes thought that the number of these parts might be reduced, and the rules grouped under fewer heads. As they are at present arranged, it sometimes happens that when in search of the rule dealing with a particular case you think you have found it, and subsequently discover that there is another and more directly applicable rule under quite a different heading.

And in this connection I have ventured to wonder whether it would be possible to compile from the existing rules a series of what I will call handbooks, though I suspect that some of them would be little more than leaflets. These might be (1) A 'Handbook for Stewards,' showing their duties and their powers, which might also contain some mention of the very various questions which may come before them; (2) 'A Hand-

book for Lessees and Managers of Race-courses,' which ought to give full information about all the regulations affecting such persons, such as the rules respecting the number of races of a particular kind that can be run on any one day, and those which are concerned with the appointment of officials; (3) 'A Handbook for Owners and their Authorised Agents'; and (4) a 'Handbook for Jockeys.'

Of course, these handbooks would overlap one another pretty considerably, and recourse would have to be taken to the rules themselves in many cases; but it has occurred to me that they might be found useful in the ordinary routine of Turf life. If some explanatory notes by a competent hand could be added, so much the better.

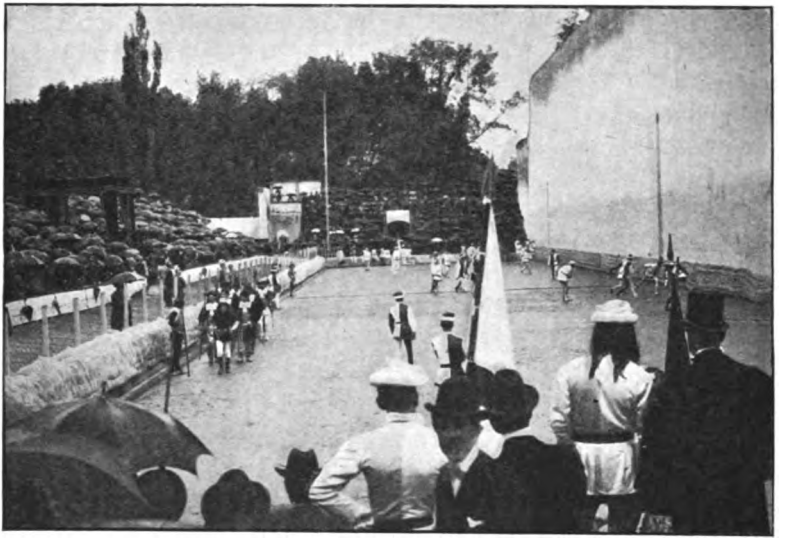
Stop! I fancy I can hear my editor saying: 'This won't do. You started writing an article on Turf Reform. Making extracts from the hotch-potch of rules that we are now cumbered with won't get us any forrader.'

You are only too correct, my dear sir. When I took up my pen I hardly hoped to get things much forrader, and I am quite aware that I have not succeeded in doing so. I undertook to touch upon some aspects of Turf Reform; if those aspects still remain shrouded in an almost impenetrable mist I must apologise, but I cannot help it.

There are, indeed, certain very definite reforms which I should like to see, though I dare not ask for space to treat of them exhaustively; I should prefer to leave that to others. If, however, you will grant me half a page more, I will tell you what they are.

I should like to see some reform among the horses, so that none should break down, or turn rogues or roarers, and that all should always run up to their best form; some reform in handicapping, and in the penalties and allowances in weight-for-age races, so that the prizes of the turf should be more equitably distributed among owners; some reform with respect to race-courses, so that there should be no awkward turns, and so that the whole course from start to finish should be easily visible from all the stands; and, last but not least, a radical reform in the weather, so that the going should never be either too hard or too soft, and that race-goers should never have reason to complain of rain, heat, or cold.

You will probably exclaim that my ideas are Utopian. So they are!



THE REVIVAL OF CALCIO AT FLORENCE, MAY 1898.
(Photo by Messrs. Alinari, Firenze)

MEDIÆVAL FOOTBALL

BY W. B. HEARD

AMONGST the festivities which took place at Florence in the May of 1898 to celebrate the quadrin-tenaries of Amerigo Vespucci and Paolo Toscanelli, none attracted greater interest than the revival of the ancient game of Calcio, or Florentine football, a pastime which had fallen into disuse for over a hundred years.

The representation of the game which was given in the court of 'Pallone,'[1] scored a complete success, and the late King Humbert, who, with Queen Margherita, witnessed the performance, took the liveliest interest in the game, and expressed the hope that it might become popular throughout Italy. It must be said, however, that owing to the absence of any one capable of organising the game on the old lines, and more especially to the fact that not a few English and Americans took part in it (amongst whom figured the writer of this article), the game as played on this occasion bore a much greater resem-

[1] A kind of glorified 'Fives,' very similar to the Basque game of 'Pelota.'

blance to Association football than to mediæval Calcio. Still, the 'cinquecento' costumes of the players and the presence of various ornamental supernumeraries, in the shape of heralds, standard-bearers, trumpeters, halberdiers, and the like, contributed not a little to give the game an air of mediæval realism which would otherwise have been lacking.

Of all the old writers to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of Calcio, and there are many, none has given us a clearer and more comprehensive account than the Count Giovanni de' Bardi, from whose luminous treatise on Calcio this article is chiefly drawn.

His definition of the game runs as follows: 'Calcio is a public game of two bands of youths on foot and without arms, who, with honourable intent, strive in peaceful wise to impel a ball of moderate size through the goal of the opposing side. The Place where it is played should be the principal square of a city, that the noble ladies and the people may the better be able to behold it; in the which square a stockade must be made of 172 cubits in length and 86 cubits in breadth and 2 cubits in height.'

Unlike the football of to-day, only persons of position were allowed to take part in Calcio. For, as de' Bardi tells us: 'It is not fitting that people of the baser sort be admitted to Calcio, such as artificers, servants, ignoble and vile persons, but rather honoured soldiers, gentlemen, seigneurs, and princes.' He further recommends that the players should be between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

The game was played throughout the months of January, February, and March, and reached its height during carnival time, when it attracted the greatest crowds. On ordinary occasions captains were chosen and the sides picked up on the field, but on grand occasions, such as the visit of a foreign potentate, a tournament, or an important marriage, a 'Calcio a livrea,' or gala Calcio, was held, when the players wore a uniform dress, such as doublets, and hose of crimson satin or velvet, or even cloth of gold.

The distinguishing feature of Calcio was, indeed, the extraordinary pomp and circumstance with which it was conducted. The Florentines then, as now, loved anything in the shape of a public spectacle, and a 'Calcio a livrea' was conducted with all the splendour and ceremonial of a tournament.

The players entered the field in solemn procession, preceded by eight trumpeters and two drummers. Then followed thirty

players in double file, each file consisting of a player from either side. These were succeeded by the two standard-bearers, carrying each the colours of his side. Then came more drummers, and the remainder of the players, followed by musicians, brought up the rear. At intervals in the procession marched the halberdiers, whose duty it was to keep the ground during the progress of the game. The procession marched once round the ground, after which the standards were consigned to the judges, who sat in a lofty pavilion overlooking the game. On very ceremonious occasions these were handed over to the guards of the Grand Duke, who were drawn up in front of the pavilions of the rival teams, which were erected at each end of the ground (*see* illustration).

After two preliminary trumpet-blasts, as signals to clear the ground, the players took their places, and at a third, the 'Pallaio,' an official arrayed in the colours of the opposing sides, threw the ball against a marble slab let into the wall for the purpose, whence it rebounded into play. The rules of the game were few and simple. A goal, or 'caccia,' was scored by propelling the ball behind the opposing barricade; hence the breadth of the goal was the same as that of the ground (as in the Winchester 'Sixes' game). The ball might be kicked or struck with the hand, but if *thrown* higher than a man's height a 'fallo' or penalty goal was forfeited; two 'falli' were counted as a 'caccia.' After every goal the sides changed over, after making the circuit of the ground in solemn procession, the standard of the scoring side being carried displayed, that of their opponents with the point drooped towards the ground.

The players numbered twenty-seven a side, or fifty-four in all, and were arranged as follows:

Fifteen Innanzi, or forwards—five on each wing and five in the centre.

Five Sconciatori, or half backs.

Four Datori Innanzi, or three-quarter backs.

Three Datori Addietro, or full backs.

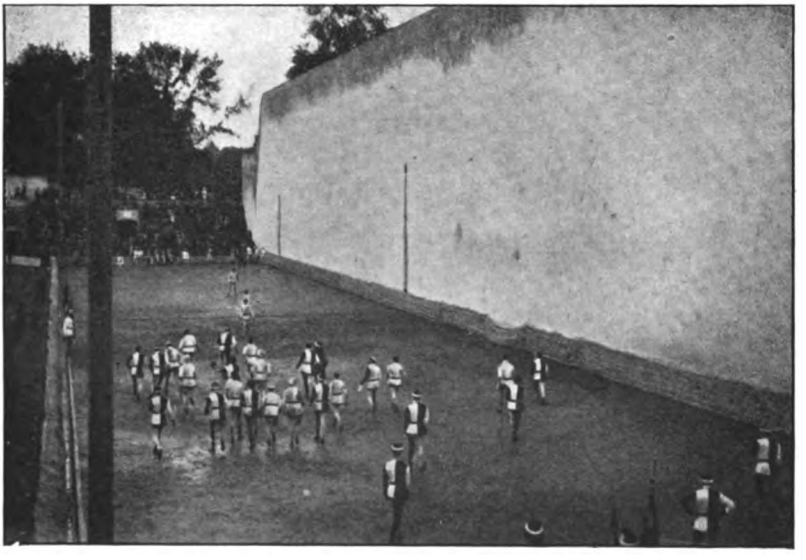
Fifty-four may seem an impossible number for a game of football, and, indeed, one might well imagine that the movements of the players would be hampered by their numbers, and that the game would necessarily be of the nature of a confused and disorganised scrimmage. De' Bardi, however, shows us that the greatest order and precision were required of the players. The functions of each are minutely described. And the errors of over-zealous players in exceeding the prescribed

limits of their duty are carefully pointed out for the instruction of the tiro.

He compares the three lines of backs with the 'quincunx' formation of the ancient Roman order of battle, and the forwards with the light troops and slingers.

. . . 'In short, the Innanzi, like the slingers in the ancient armies of the Romans and the cross-bowmen in the armies of to-day, attack in skirmishing order ; they are the first to close, and in turn assault the hostile Sconciatori.'

We propose now to take each group of players in order



CALCIO AT FLORENCE, MAY 1898
(Photo by Messrs. Alinari, Firenze)

and to explain their various duties, endeavouring as far as possible to give the words of De' Bardi, who, in his quaint phraseology, shows not only a thorough acquaintance with the game, but also a shrewd humour and knowledge of human nature.

Of the Innanzi.—'As soon as the ball has been struck (by the Pallaio), remaining as it does for the most part between the feet of the wings nearest the wall (squadre del muro) each of these should endeavour to surround it, and whichever of them succeeds, to run it forward between their feet—the two stoutest Innanzi by pushing and forcing a way in front ; and the other three behind them, of whom two guide the ball with their feet,

should strive to bring it along towards the Sconciatori, and past them to the Datori.

'But seeing that this wing will be awaited by one of the Sconciatori, and charged from the side by the other, it is necessary that of the two stoutest Innanzi one should go and attack the Sconciatore who comes from the side, and that the other should engage the one who awaits him in front: the which being done, the other three will be able to carry the ball with great ease past the Sconciatori.'

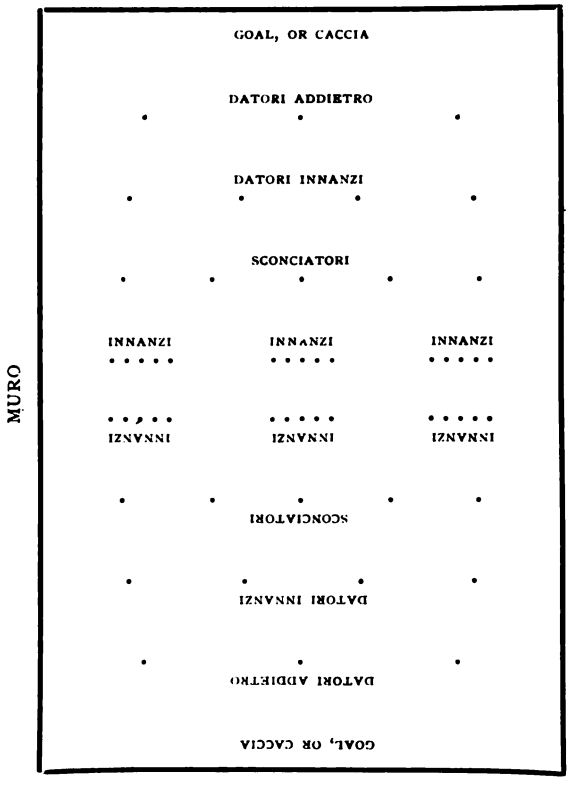
He next proceeds to explain how, if one side should send

THE 'PALLAIO' ABOUT TO START THE GAME

the rest of its forwards to the aid of this wing, the other side should meet this attack by a similar movement. Should the Sconciatori defeat the hostile Innanzi, and send the ball into the hands of the opposing Datori, the Innanzi must hasten back to their places in the middle of the field.

'The centres (squadre del mezzo) should consist of youths of great speed and endurance, and they are of the greatest value and service to their side, for their duty is to run straight at the balls which go to the Datori del mezzo and crosswise to those which are sent to the wings.' The duties of the wings next to the ditch (fossa) are the exact counterpart of those of the wall (muro). (See the following plan.)

Plan of the Game



The Innanzi, we are told, should propel the ball by dribbling. When the ball passed over their heads, impelled by one of their own Datori, the chiefs of each wing had to decide whether to advance or not. For if the ball was struck underhand it naturally had a higher trajectory, and gave time for the Innanzi to force their way past the the Sconciatori and prevent the opposing Datore from catching it. If, however, it was struck overhand the ball flew straight to the enemy's hands, and remaining a shorter time in the air gave no time for a hostile rush to be made. The Datori, as their name implies ('dare' being here used in the sense of 'to strike'), almost invariably propelled the ball by striking it with the clenched fist. Long kicks were apparently not considered good play. As soon as one of the wings had successfully negotiated the opposing Sconciatori and Datori Innanzi, the centre and remaining wing immediately 'backed them up' by keeping on a level with the ball, ready to carry it forward when passed to them.

De' Bardi gives the following advice about dribbling which might not come amiss even to the players of to-day :

'Above all, the Innanzi must have great care, when they have started the ball, and are bringing it along with their feet, to guide it gently, that it may not go far from their feet : seeing that, if they do otherwise, they would render service and give joy to the other side, which strives and seeks for nought else but that the ball may escape from the crowd, so that they may be able to snatch it and run with it, or in otherwise rescue it : above all, the Innanzi must have great care to keep the ball close, when they have brought it near the goal.

'Furthermore, the good Innanzi should play his game with easy and sprightly grace ; in the which he will easily succeed if he proceeds in all his actions with moderation and without passion.'

De' Bardi here adds some pertinent remarks for the benefit of gentlemen of hasty temper. The 'referee' being a creature not yet evolved, little *contretemps* not provided for by the rules were doubtless liable to occur among players of a passionate temperament. 'Nevertheless, as each Innanzi engages one or other of the Sconciatori in front or from the side, let him never use his fists ; but rather, keeping his arms extended, let him charge where he best can. I do not mean by this that any one should show cowardice, and that when discourtesy is shown him, he should not resent it, and immediately confront his adversary, and that no less vigorously than by immediately striking him with all his might (*sic*) ; but I would say that as soon as he has settled his quarrel, he should run to the ball and continue the game.'

When once the ball had left the centre of the ground, the Innanzi were not supposed to engage each other, except as a last resource when the goal was being hard pressed. The Innanzi then assisted in the defence of their own goal, leaving a few men to watch their adversaries' Sconciatori and Datori, for fear they should get hold of the ball and score a goal.

Although the Innanzi were recommended as a rule not to take the ball in their hands, 'Yet,' says de' Bardi, 'in such a case an active player would do great service to his side by taking the ball in his hands and keeping it close behind a protecting front of his own men, and thus making every effort to regain some of the lost ground. This I have seen done many a time by good players with great advantage, so that the fortune of the day was changed.'

Our historian here calls to mind a player of matchless skill who once ran the length of the ground, and scored a goal after successfully dodging all the backs of his adversaries. 'Such an Innanzi may be allowed to take the ball in his hand, but not certain, who, carrying it along as far as the Sconciatori, scarcely run any distance before they let it fall at their feet, filling the theatre with laughter at their clumsiness, to say nothing of the harm which they do to their own side.'

The Sconciatore, or half-back, had three principal duties to attend to. The first was to prevent the balls 'dribbled' for-

'INNANZI' TACKLING A 'SCONCIATORE'

ward by the Innanzi from passing him in such a way that his own Datori Innanzi or three-quarter backs should be unable to secure and propel them. The second was to see that the balls passing through the air between the Datori of either side were not interfered with by the hostile Innanzi. The third was to 'keep the game close and to attack when their own side gained ground and retire in combination, and to sustain the charge when their side found itself at a disadvantage; for the Sconciatori act in the game as did the elephants in ancient battles, and the heavy cavalry in modern ones.'

With regard to the first duty of a Sconciatore his line of play was as follows: Finding himself threatened by the

opposing forward wing, he would call to his assistance the Sconciatore next to him, and endeavour by charging and pushing to break up the attacking force and to kick the ball as far as possible in the desired direction. Should their united efforts be unavailing in this, his next care was to pass the ball back to his Datore Innanzi, so as to give him time to propel the ball unhindered over the heads of the enemy.

With regard to balls passing through the air to their own Datori, the Sconciatori in interposing themselves between the latter and their adversaries, should they make a rush, occupied themselves chiefly in stopping the two 'fore-runners' of the Innanzi, to whom reference has already been made; 'but not occupying themselves so much with these two that the others may pass without hindrance; for the duty of the Sconciatori with regard to the Innanzi is not to hold them, but to hinder them, pushing now one a little, now another, until his Datore has time to strike the ball, or at least to save it from the fury of the Innanzi.'

Their third duty, as has been said, was to keep the game close and to act in combination. When nearing their adversaries' goal, they naturally redoubled their efforts: 'And when it shall happen that the ball approaches near to the opposing stockade, then they must make every effort to keep their adversaries pressed back on their stockade and endeavour to send the ball back to one of their own Datori, who, striking it, may with ease secure a "caccia." This certainly is one of the prettiest tricks of the Sconciatore.'

Should any of the hostile Innanzi be found lingering within the ranks of the Sconciatori, in the hopes of stealing a march on them, the latter, in the absence of any 'off side' rules, apparently made it warm for them. De' Bardi looks with disfavour on such as tending to 'spoil the order of Calcio'; and adds, 'Therefore those Innanzi shall be worthy of every kind of discourtesy who will not return quickly to their own side. . . . But, on the other hand, let the Sconciatori conduct themselves courteously towards those who play the game in the right way, without fraud: and especially those who are of great strength: because, if they do otherwise, the game will be cold and without life in their vicinity, for no one will come against them, as being rough players.'

The Sconciatori, it may be added, were not supposed to strike the ball in the manner of the Datori, but were intended as a kind of shield to the latter. In fact, they acted somewhat

as the half-backs in modern football, except that instead of 'feeding' their forwards they used to pass back to their three-quarters.

Of the duties of the Datori Innanzi we have already given some idea, but there are a few points which should be noticed with regard to their mode of play. When hard pressed, they assisted each other in the manner of the Sconciatori, and when prevented from propelling the ball in their accustomed manner they would pass back to the Datori Addietro, or full backs. They were generally heavy weights, and were expected to be skilful in catching the ball and striking it quickly, and dodging their adversaries when they endeavoured to collar them. Their art lay in sending the ball high in the air, with a slightly diagonal course, so that their Innanzi might have more time to reach the hostile Datori during its lofty flight, and less distance to run. Of the Datore Innanzi, de' Bardi says: 'Let him endeavour to give great strokes, and now and then to volley the ball backwards and forwards (palleggiarla) with one of the hostile Datori, because the spectators take great pleasure in fine strokes, and, moreover, if he wishes to do the best for his Innanzi, let him drive the ball high and far, but crosswise.'

Of the Datori Addietro, or full backs, be it merely said that great quickness and activity was required of them, as they had to meet the final attack of the Innanzi and snatch the ball from beneath their feet, and that being few in number they were less able to afford each other mutual support. Whenever possible, they were expected to strike the ball in the manner of the Datori Innanzi, this being considered a safer method than kicking it, as being more likely to clear the heads of their adversaries. To pick up a ball almost at the feet of an on-coming body of players certainly required nerve as well as dexterity, and the place of the Datore Addietro must have been a dangerous as well as a responsible one.

De' Bardi concludes his treatise with a few remarks of warning to those, who, from their fiery dispositions, might be led into quarrels ending in blows. Such, he says, should be separated by their companions, it not being seemly that both sides should stop the game (as apparently sometimes occurred) in order to watch the progress of some Homeric conflict. He also discountenances the tearing of flags, which seems to have taken place on certain occasions, when disputes arose, and the winning team was displaying its colours in triumph. We gather from such remarks that the orderliness of the game

depended entirely on the spirit of the players themselves, and not, as nowadays, on the deterrent influence of rules and penalties, enforced by umpires and referees.

A description of Calcio would not be complete without some account of the historical matches which still live in the annals of Florence. One of the earliest 'Calcio a livrea' on record took place in the fifteenth century on the occasion of a combat between the famous Pier Capponi and one of Charles VIII.'s French knights, who sent a challenge to the redoubtable Florentine champion.

On February 17, 1529, during the siege of Florence, the historian Varchi tells us that a match was played in the Piazza di Sta. Croce, all the players being young men who were actually fighting in defence of the city. The musicians were sent up on to the roof of the Church of Santa Croce, whence they raised defiant strains of music until a cannon-ball, despatched from the heights of Giramonte, and whistling over their heads, conveyed an intimation that their music was not appreciated by the enemy.

The Cavaliere Francesco del Garbo in his memoirs writes:

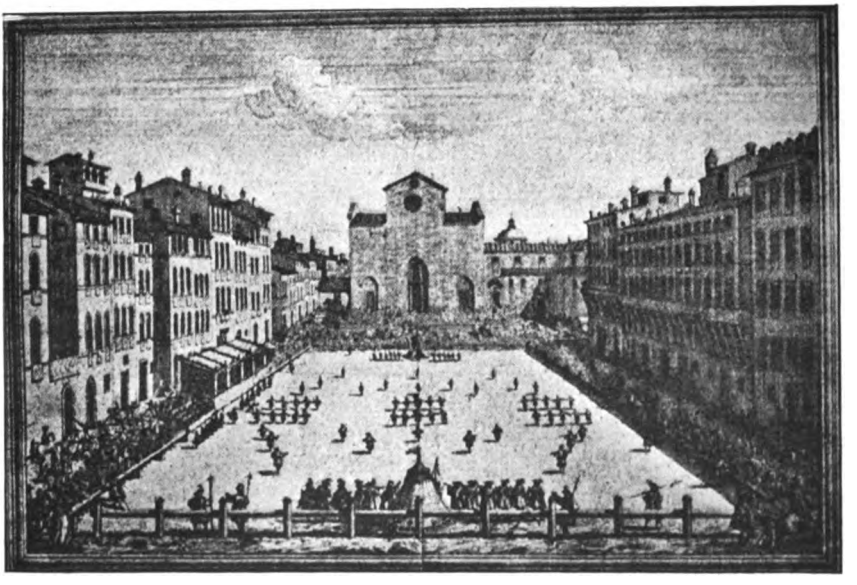
'In the February of 1585 the most illustrious Don Cesare da Este entered Florence to espouse the most illustrious Virginia de' Medici, and banquets and revellings were held . . . lances were broken . . . and a "Calcio a livrea" in costumes of green and gold was played, and the players were divided into squadrons of six, each of a different colour, save that one side wore a green and the other a yellow cap.' Again on March 4, 1589, another most sumptuous Calcio was held in honour of the marriage of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I. and Christina of Lorraine.

In the July of 1558 a famous match was played in honour of the Prince of Ferrara, in which great pains were taken to select the best players, the two sides being dressed respectively in yellow and white velvet. The match which took place in the Piazza di Sta. Croce was a success in every way. In the following month many players who were disappointed at not taking part in the above-mentioned Calcio determined to organise another match in the Piazza di Sta. Maria Novella, in which they resolved that any shortcomings in their play should be atoned for by the gorgeousness of their apparel and the splendour of the accessories.

They certainly surpassed their rivals in this respect, for they arrayed themselves in cloth of silver shot with red and

with white, and had banners and drums and trumpets specially made for them. Furthermore, they had the Piazza levelled and enclosed with barriers. All the notabilities of Florence came to see this wondrous performance, and every one admired the richness of their costumes, though, as the historian tells us, 'It was a rich Calcio but not very vigorous, for there were poor Datori, bad Innanzi, and indifferent Sconciatori.'

In later times the game seems to have fallen on evil days. On February 26, 1672, the Marquis Orazio Capponi, 'Provvedi-



THE PIAZZA DI SANTA CROCE
(From an old Print)

tore del Calcio,' endeavoured to re-establish Calcio on its old footing, for at that time it was beginning to show signs of decay; 'Doing all he could, not only to set the game of Calcio on its feet, for it had somewhat deteriorated, but also to revive the customs which were derived from it.'

In 1679 the game seems to have fallen into some disrepute, for we hear of peasants playing it on the Piazza di Sta. Maria Novella, which would certainly not have been permitted in the old times. This game broke up in disorder, as the crowd pressed on to the field and mingled with the players.

The last real 'Calcio a livrea' that was played took place on January 19, 1738, in honour of the Grand Duke of Lorraine.

It was played by gentlemen, richly dressed, and seems to have been a success, for it was repeated at the special request of the Emperor and Empress.

Whether modern football owes anything to Florentine Calcio, or whether each had independently a common origin in the Roman 'Harpastum,' which in its turn was derived from the Greeks, is a question which the author will respectfully refer to the historians of sport.

Be that as it may, Calcio, as played during the height of Florentine prosperity, was a noble game, and its death is a distinct loss to the world of sport, for whatever opinions may be held as to its merits as a game, this salient fact remains. It was a game for gentlemen, played only by gentlemen, and we may be sure that in consequence it was always conducted in a gentlemanly and sportsmanlike way.

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THE FALCONER'S RETURN.

UNIV OF MIC

THE COMING CRICKET SEASON

BY HOME GORDON

ALTHOUGH lovers of cricket have during the past recess received no such stimulant as the manifesto of the county captains in the previous winter, the telegraphic communications from Australia have kept us all keenly interested in the eventful course of the tour of Mr. MacLaren and his team. It is not part of the province of this present article to deal with the form displayed at the Antipodes, but from it some suggestive sidelights are cast on the prospects of success for certain individuals when they come back to their own grounds. The years of cricket history are strewn with the wrecks of reputations lost in Australia, and we have not seen the last of the touring failures.

It may seem almost superfluous to mention that the programme of the coming season is the largest ever arranged. But it is also far too long for prominent cricketers to do themselves full justice. Urged on by the enthusiasm of press and public, the best all-round men forget that they are only human after all. Yet it will be surprising if a good many are not stale and tired of first-class fixtures before September. The growing tendency to enlarge the area of matches reckoned in averages is a grave error, and, considering the stress of important arangements, the gratuitous aggrandisement of the matches of All Ireland, led by Sir Timothy O'Brien and patronised by Lord Cadogan, might have been avoided. The most rabid Hibernian will not suggest that any side raised in Ireland, on contemporary

form, is worthy of serious consideration at the hands of our chief teams.

This is the third successive occasion on which I have had the honour of submitting my annual forecast, and any success is due to the cordial co-operation of the majority of county secretaries as well as certain amateurs. To these gentlemen I tender sincere and grateful thanks. Whilst some are personal friends, others whom I have never even met have taken great pains to give me information thus early in the year. It must be distinctly understood that a good deal of the information here given is in addition to the official replies.

At Oxford the management is in the hands of Old Etonians, as the captain is Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, and the secretary Mr. W. Findlay. The latter is a capital wicket-keeper, and the former played a remarkable century against Cambridge. Only two other Blues will be in residence, Messrs. H. I. Wyld and R. A. Williams. Of the Seniors, the old Harrovian, Mr. W. S. Medlicott is a good bat, who has made runs for Wiltshire, but Mr. R. S. Darling has never played up to his Winchester form. Mr. H. M. Worsley, from Radley; Mr. R. Z. H. Voss, who hit fifty last year off Geeson and Rawlin; and Mr. M. Bonham Carter, useful in each department, must be mentioned. Mr. A. C. von Ernsthausen, if he were not such a wretched field, would of course get his Blue, but until he can amend in this department it would be ridiculous to consider his claims. The Freshmen are a splendid lot. Last year's Malvern captain, Mr. W. H. B. Evans, played a beautiful 107 for Worcestershire *v.* Gloucestershire, and had a good school analysis, though his bowling looked very easy when Ranjitsinhji punished it. The Eton captain, Mr. E. G. Whateley, is an excellent slow bowler, modelled on Mr. C. M. Wells, and his batting against Harrow showed cool discrimination in a bad period. Hon. M. Herbert, another Etonian, played an astonishingly good innings against Trott, J. T. and Alec Hearne, but failed in subsequent trials for Notts. His colleague in the Midland county eleven, Mr. V. S. Cartwright, did not do much in good company, but was far the best bat at Rugby. He appears to suffer from nervousness. Mr. C. D. McIver had the remarkable batting average of 100 for 1000 aggregate for Forest School, and should certainly get a good trial. He can also keep wicket. Finally a good deal has been heard of Mr. J. E. Raphael, who scored seven hundreds for Merchant Taylors' School, and claimed seventy-six wickets for 14 runs each. For Surrey Second he made 61 *v.* Northamptonshire, and 56 *v.*

Norfolk. But several judges are of opinion that he is far too self-confident, and will need much coaching if he is to make a sound cricketer. Of nine ground bowlers, the only two engaged at time of writing are Huish and Alderson. The programme of ten fixtures includes matches with Ireland, Kent, and the Australians.

With the captain, Mr. E. R. Wilson, and the secretary, Mr. E. M. Dowson, both touring in the West Indies, there might have been difficulty in obtaining information about the prospects of Cambridge; but Mr. L. V. Harper has put himself to much trouble to gather particulars in aid of my purpose, though he wisely observes that to forecast the probable form of undergraduates from their school averages is hopeless. It is reasonable to anticipate considerable success for Mr. L. V. Harper himself, one of the most attractive bats who has appeared at Cambridge since Mr. Norman Druce. Although he is bent on entering the army, Mr. H. K. Longman may again be available, contrary to the general expectation. Therefore, this quartet ought to prove formidable, especially as Mr. S. H. Day can be regarded as a certainty for the University match. Mr. Robertson seems to be doubtful, in which case the probable candidates for the gloves are Messrs. H. S. Bompas and J. W. Marsh. No other Old Blue is likely to be invited. Of the Seniors, Mr. L. T. Driffield ought at last to obtain his colours, as his experience for Northamptonshire is helpful; the other bowlers being Mr. G. Howard Smith, who sometimes gets some work on the ball; Mr. F. A. S. Sewell, not too certain in his pitch; and Mr. E. G. McCorquodale, who was most disappointing last year. The leg-breaks of Mr. Bodington, who has played for Hampshire, may have an opportunity; whilst among the batsmen, the county experience of Mr. J. Gilman may still stand him in good stead, and Mr. N. O. Tagart has made long college scores. The Freshmen are nothing like so useful as those at the sister University. Mr. K. R. B. Fry, of Cheltenham, cousin of C. B. of that ilk, had a trial for Sussex, and was a sound school bat. Mr. McDonell, of Winchester—to whose absence the college attributed the defeat at the hands of Eton—appeared for Surrey, but must improve on the form then shown if he is to be of much service. Mr. F. W. M. Draper, of Merchant Taylors', had the great analysis of 91 wickets for a dozen runs each, and Mr. F. B. Roberts, of Rossall, may turn out to be capable with both bat and ball. The eleven fixtures include matches with Ireland and the Australians. The

ground bowlers already engaged are Bacon, Bowyer, O'Connor, and Watts, of Cambridgeshire; Pepall, of Gloucestershire; White, of Kent; W. C. Smith, of Surrey; and Bean, Clarke, Cox, and Vine, of Sussex.

At Lords, the only alteration is the extension of the awning on the large mound stand. The new members of the ground staff are Blythe, of Kent; Coleman, of Hertfordshire, a persevering bowler; and East, of Northamptonshire, who proved a capital colleague to Thompson last summer. The card is better than the one which provoked so much annoyance among members last year, though it is somewhat surprising to find after August 14 M.C.C. *v.* Australians, Middlesex *v.* Lancashire, *v.* Yorkshire, and *v.* Australians, whilst in the height of July are a military week, a match with the navy, and another with Grange Club. However, members must be by now used to this method of preparing the programme. The Test Match is on June 12, Oxford *v.* Cambridge on July 3, Gentlemen *v.* Players on 7th, and Eton *v.* Harrow on 11th. The Australians also meet M.C.C. on May 26. The Whit Monday benefit is for the old Derbyshire fast bowler, George Hay.

Dr. W. G. Grace again furnishes me with a long and welcome letter on behalf of London County Club. 'We play out and home matches with Surrey, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, M.C.C., and Cambridge University, one match with Ireland on Whit Monday, whilst the Australians open their tour against us. Besides this we play Wiltshire out and home, and go down to Devonshire to open the new ground. All our old players will be available. Mr. W. Smith was a great acquisition. We brought into good cricket Mr. J. E. Raphael, who should do well. This year we hope to see more of Mr. R. B. Heygate, of Epsom College, who had an average of 85, and his brother, Mr. H. J. Heygate, who averaged 72. Mr. Norman, of City of London School, will make a fine cricketer; and Mr. B. C. Covell, of King's School, Canterbury, is a very promising player, who will appear, if he can find time, in our best matches. Mr. W. G. Dyas, who comes from Shropshire, is a very useful cricketer. Our ground staff has been increased by the addition of Ford, a promising wicket-keeper, from Wiltshire. Mr. L. Walker, who fulfilled my expectations last year, will again help us regularly; whilst Mr. R. B. Brooks, who kept so well for Rest of England *v.* Yorkshire, will be our chief wicket-keeper. As winter practice began on February 14, our men ought to be in form when April comes round. You will see we are still doing

a little good for cricket at the Palace, and hope to do still more in the future.'

All appearances point to Yorkshire retaining the Championship once more. The county has lost Mr. Frank Mitchell, who has gone to South Africa, but this is amply compensated for by the return of Mr. F. S. Jackson, who looks extremely well. Wainwright has ended an exceptionally meritorious career. Otherwise all the members of last year's side will again be available, and Haigh has quite recovered his health. J. T. Brown will be back from Jamaica before the beginning of the extensive programme, in which every county except Hampshire is twice met, in addition to two matches with M.C.C., two with the Australians, and one with Cambridge University. The Test Match at Sheffield is on July 3. The Scarborough Festival, which will as before be managed in the field by Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, includes Gentlemen *v.* Players and Australia *v.* Mr. C. I. Thornton's England Eleven. Lord Hawke does not think many colts are likely to get early trials, but Washington will have opportunities to develop his left-handed batting, and Ringrose may bowl occasionally, though he has hardly sufficient stamina for a season's work. The second eleven is doing excellent service under the vigilant supervision of Mr. R. W. Frank.

In response to my inquiry Mr. MacGregor briefly replies: 'Warner away in South Africa, otherwise no change.—G. MACG.' This certainly does not throw light on the very strained point who is to be second captain, nor is there any symptom that search is being made for the likely bowler who is so sorely needed. Mr. H. B. Chinnery is not likely to play, and until August releases the schoolmasters, Mr. H. B. Hayman and Trott will be the chief support of the metropolitan county: Messrs. B. J. T. Bosanquet, Beldam, and More may also be counted upon. The loss of that fine bat and keen cricketer, Mr. Pelham Warner, will be severely felt. Indeed, it may be considered irreparable. His absence will be regretted by his many friends, for a better sportsman never made runs, and last season he attained the meridian of his powers. The organisation of a second eleven, which other counties find so invaluable, is, I hear, to be given up.

Lancashire have, of course, to start under a fresh captain, and Mr. A. Eccles should in every way prove efficient for the post. He is an excellent bat and field, an enthusiastic cricketer, and has had much experience of University and county matches

since leaving Repton. Business will prevent Mr. H. G. Garnett from assisting Lancashire this year, a loss only second to that of Mr. MacLaren. It is, of course, expected that Barnes will be of great service, but time alone will prove if his leg can mend enough to endure the strain his fast bowling puts upon it. Mr. S. H. Swire writes: 'We have a few promising youngsters in Broughton, Huddleston, and Littlewood, the last-named a good left-handed slow bowler.' Paul, who is just recovering from a severe illness, has been appointed coach on the Old Trafford ground, where the staff of bowlers will consist of about twenty professionals. It is expected that all the other members of the team will be at liberty to play during the season if required. Therefore the success of the bowling of Mr. E. E. Steel will be eagerly watched, and the friends of the shire of the Red Rose must be glad to see that Tyldesley has at length played one or two characteristic innings in the Antipodes. Hibbert ought to train on nicely, and Webb's bowling would not be less appreciated if he improved in his fielding. The Australians are to be met at Manchester and Liverpool, against which neighbourhood, by the way, Cambridge as usual plays a post-University game. The Test Match at Manchester is on July 24.

Sussex awaits the new season with confidence. K. S. Ranjitsinhji is already better for his trip to the East, Mr. C. B. Fry has kept himself in the best condition by playing football all the winter, and Mr. A. Collins has quite recovered from the severe illness which prevented him from appearing last summer. All the rest of the team are available except Mr. K. O. Goldie, who is in India. At the disposal of the committee are also Mr. K. R. B. Fry, of Cheltenham College, Mr. R. B. Heygate, of Epsom College, and Mr. C. H. M. Ebden, now up at Cambridge. Two left-handed bowlers, Clarke and Cordingley, are both qualified by residence. The latter will be remembered as the rival to Wilfrid Rhodes for the eleventh place on the Yorkshire side *v.* M.C.C. at Lords in 1899, when our national bowler established his career. Cordingley last season, against one of the Universities, seemed to be acquiring a rather suspicious whip of the hand which ought to be checked. The usual extra contests with M.C.C., Oxford, and Cambridge will be augmented by a match with the Australians. The Hastings Festival will begin with Kent and Sussex *v.* England, and the Australians appear for the second match. It is not decided whether they shall meet Mr. A. C. MacLaren's present touring

combination or the South. Many will be curious to see how our visitors tackle Vine's bowling, if it remains as good as last season.

The big feature of the season at Birmingham will, of course, be the first Test Match on May 29, and steps are being already taken to prepare for a big crowd. So far as the county prospects of Warwickshire are concerned, there is not much change to forecast. Mr. H. W. Bainbridge is not expected to play in May, when Mr. A. C. S. Glover will hold the reins of authority. Mr. J. F. Byrne will not be able to appear so frequently as was the case last year, but Mr. T. S. Fishwick and all the professionals may be relied upon. The long careers of W. Quaife and E. J. Diver are completely closed, and there are no colts whose skill justifies a trial. George and Whittle will be included in the first fixtures, and it is believed that Field will materially improve his bowling figures. He is not so very far from the Test side after all.

Surrey's huge programme of thirty-six matches includes two games apiece with Australians, Oxford, Cambridge, and London County, and every first-class county is twice met. Will their bowling resources carry them with any sort of credit through such a card? A good deal will depend on Lockwood, if he be reinstated, and Tom Richardson is said to be a stone lighter. Mr. D. L. A. Jephson will have all his former team available, for Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower will play when invited, and Mr. E. M. Dowson after the University match. The batting will be strengthened by the inclusion of Mr. H. S. Bush, a neat and brilliant run-getter and fine outfield. He is now homeward bound with his regiment for a long spell of residence in England. Last year he scored 92 *v.* South Africans in beautiful form. Remembering Mr. C. B. Fry, the selection committee are almost certain to give a trial to Mr. J. E. Raphael. Of the second eleven, Moulder is a good bat who may be of permanent value, Montgomery is a medium-paced bowler, Goatly is a right-handed bat and left-handed bowler, whilst Kersley and Clode are of use with the ball. In Strudwick will be found a remarkably good substitute for Stedman. It is greatly to be desired that Surrey should put a regular team into the field as in the palmy days. The constant changing and chopping in which the selection committee erroneously indulges have a very bad effect on the side. Mr. L. Walker is a finer cricketer than the authorities at Kennington have yet discovered. The dates for Gentlemen *v.* Players clashes with

Eton *v.* Harrow, but there are fewer important county matches than usual, except Sussex *v.* Yorkshire. The Test Match is on August 11.

The complete failure of Mr. A. O. Jones and John Gunn in Australia casts a gloomy shadow over the prospects of Notts. Iremonger ought to train into a fine bat, but he had nearly exhausted his opportunities before he took his sensational leap into prominence. Pepper and Anthony show some promise, but the new blood is not of the type to make any one enthusiastic, and a fresh wicket-keeper is imperative.

The organisation of Kent cricket is as good as any in England. With such a splendid all-round amateur to lead so strong a side, it is remarkable that better results were not shown last year. Mr. Mason again expects to have all the former cricketers under him, though Rev. W. Rashleigh and Mr. W. H. Patterson will not again appear for the hop county. The matches for the Canterbury Week are with Essex and Surrey. The Australians, who have regularly played in the Week during many tours, will appear on August 21 in the cathedral city. M.C.C. and Oxford will also be opposed by Kent. Mr. Frank Marchant may possibly be tempted to reappear more frequently in 1902. The report of the young players' committee is interesting and hopeful. Mr. Pawley regards the present staff of colts as the most promising since 'the nursery' was established. Seymour and Fielder look the best of the division.

Directly Essex is alluded to it may be well to contradict the foolish statement that Mr. C. E. Green played for the English team at the Antipodes. It was a young cousin, Mr. S. V. Green. By the customary generosity of Mr. C. E. Green, Alfred Shaw, Trott, Peel, and Barlow are engaged to coach the eleven and some likely colts during the last fortnight in April. Mr. F. L. Fane will be back from the West Indies before the first match, and Mr. A. J. Turner will appear when he can. The question whether he lost his residential qualification through going to the Front has been decided in his favour by the Committee of M.C.C. Sewell will prove an important colt. In the words of Mr. Borrodaile, 'he will either be another Trott or a failure.' It will be remembered that he was discovered by Lord Hawke in India, and is now fulfilling the duties in the Essex pavilion formerly allotted to Mr. F. G. Bull. It may prove a sensational novelty if Mr. C. J. Kortright begins to bowl what are termed 'slow cock-a-doodle leg-breaks.' He is practising in private, but is not likely to try in county cricket without reasonable

prospect of success. Mr. MacIver, of Forest School, will get a trial, but there are no colts to strengthen the weak bowling. Mead obtains no adequate support. Whilst the fielding last season was a little better, with the glaring exception of Mr. Percy Perrin, the batting was more selfish than ever. The Essex eleven needs to play more cohesively. There is no renewal of the fixture with Gloucestershire, but one, possibly two, encounters with our Colonial visitors.

Dr. Russell Bencraft is wisely careful. '*As far as I know* we shall have Mr. A. C. MacLaren.' Also Mr. W. H. B. Evans, the Malvern captain of last year. Hampshire, however, loses Captain Greig and Mr. E. J. M. Barrett, nor are Major Poore and Colonel Spens likely to be home. An unofficial item which will certainly prove interesting is that Llewellyn returns to the Cape at the close of the present season. It is no secret that the lack of sympathy which his fine cricket received last summer sorely wounded the sensitive young South African. Victor Barton, once a bombardier, receives a well-earned benefit. Yorkshire has declined to renew the fixtures with Hampshire, who have a game with the Australians. The attendances at Southampton show a perceptible increase, but are still the worst on any county cricket ground. A famous amateur sends me the following query: 'How soon will Charles Fry emulate Archie MacLaren and play for Hampshire?' I have not the slightest idea, nor do I know if this little straw indicates the direction from which the wind is coming.

'Everything promises well for the season,' is the cheery verdict of Mr. F. C. Toone, the energetic secretary for Leicestershire. He has increased the county members by seven hundred during his four years of office, and hopes to bring up the full number to two thousand. The new county ground is expected to play even better than last season. Attewell has been engaged to coach for a month. Trials in the second eleven will be given to A. Cobley, Haywood, Thompson, Toone, Fielding, and Dymott. Mr. F. W. Stocks will reappear in the county eleven. Much is expected from Gill, a brother of the Somersetshire professional, and Mr. W. W. Odell may ripen into a really good bowler. No other county side possesses greater possibilities than the present Leicestershire team, and it would not be surprising to see a sudden advance. Whiteside has chosen the match with Warwickshire for his benefit. Leicestershire meet the Australians on May 19.

Mr. Murray Anderdon courteously sends very full particulars

about Somersetshire. Three amateurs will be qualified—Mr. H. Martyn, the splendid Oxonian wicket-keeper; Mr. Cecil Goodden, who was in the Harrow eleven the year before last; and Mr. P. R. Johnson, of last year's Cambridge team, who has actually played for the county against the South Africans. Mr. Woods returns from Australia in time for the first match, and will find all his old men available; but Mr. W. N. Roe and Mr. R. C. N. Palairet are no longer on the active list. The great cricket played by Braund in Australia is naturally grateful to Somersetshire, but the authorities must be prepared for unpleasant no-balling if Cranfield does not attend to his action, about which two county cricketers have taken exception in conversation with the present writer. The fixtures are the same as last season, with the addition of the Australians' match; but three matches have been allotted to Bath. Some new professionals will be qualified for 1903.

Dr. E. M. Grace is not able to discover anything to write about Gloucestershire cricket, 'for there is no change whatever, and no new blood.' On high authority, however, I hear that this will be the last season of that phenomenal hitter, Mr. G. L. Jessop, a fact which will be regretted all over England. As regards Derbyshire and Worcestershire the former county is in the most deplorable state of cricket anarchy, and is not likely to do any good at present. The western county is understood to be very sore at the defection of Mr. W. H. B. Evans. Mr. R. E. Foster is now working in London, and so Mr. H. K. Foster resumes the captaincy.

Space prevents due treatment of the prospects of the Australians. As I write, nothing is settled as to the composition of the side, but before these lines are read the team will be on the high seas. It may, however, be safely assumed that the batting will be tremendously strong, but not of an aggressive nature, and the lack of a big hitter will probably entail a number of drawn games. The bowling should prove weaker than on any previous tour, and on good wickets difficulty will be experienced in getting our strong sides out. It remains to be seen what effect the sensible prohibition of artificial wickets will have upon certain county grounds. Leyton, Birmingham, and the Oval are prominent examples where bowlers ought now to get a better chance. The Australians play five Test Matches, meet every first-class county—Yorkshire, Lancashire, Gloucestershire, Surrey, and perhaps Essex twice—M.C.C. twice, both Universities, and London County, concluding at the

two seaside festivals. It will be noted that the old-time fixtures with the North, the Gentlemen, and the Players have all been omitted, owing to the pressure of county cricket. No matches are arranged for Coronation Week.

In concluding this survey of coming cricket, the wish must be expressed that the mammoth programme may be carried out without friction, either as to hours of play, umpires, fair deliveries, state of the ground, or other causes. After all, even first-class cricket is only a game, and the real value of the game is in the spirit in which it is played and appreciated.

THE CHATEAU

A NORMANDY TROUT STREAM

BY W. B. DALLEY

IN selecting Trouville as a summer holiday objective I was influenced partly by a desire for a purely French, as opposed to Anglo-French, seaside resort, and partly by the famous Trouville-Deauville race week.

It is, of course, a most charming place, and very comfortably reached from London *viâ* Southampton and Havre. When I had passed a few weeks there it struck me that my expenses were extremely heavy, and that I was somehow spending more than I should have done on things which did not after all particularly interest me. In some such reflective mood as this I went down one evening to lose (one should never go to win) a couple of louis at the *petits chevaux;* and I was on the point of achieving my object when I struck up a conversation with an Englishman sitting next me. We had both finished playing, and English people are rare in Trouville, so we fraternised and promised to meet next day. Like most Englishmen my friend was keener on sport than on most things, and that subject cropped up at once. In the course of our talk he said he had heard there was a bit of trout fishing at Coquainvilliers, a village about fifteen miles away.

We said no more about it at the time, but I thought over it afterwards. I made a few casual inquiries about the place among tradesmen and local people, but though they knew of the name it was not in connection with trout. I decided to go all the same, and started a couple of evenings later with a dressing bag and a ten foot six fly-rod. Landed on the station and alongside the river I learned—(*a*) that the fishing was free, (*b*) that there was a diversity of opinion about its quality, and (*c*) that there was an hotel in the town. I settled in favour of the hotel.

Even if the fishing turned out to be worthless the place

THE HOTEL

itself was a repayment for the trouble of getting there. It was a typical Normandy village, permeated with the sweet fresh scent of apples, and in point of time somewhere back in the sixteenth century or thereabouts.

Arrived at the hotel I was shown my room—a large square apartment with a big square wooden bed heavily draped. Beyond the bed there was hardly any furniture, save the delightfully clean and cool tiles which took the place of carpets and made up for the lack of many things.

The price was two and a half francs. I had just finished with the tiny wash bowl supplied in such places, when a message came up to say dinner was ready. My hopes immediately rose

when after the soup some most excellent trout were served as a fish course; but they were dashed again after dinner when the landlord told me that he did not know by whom the fish had been taken or where, and that he had bought them in the market. This naturally did not raise French sportsmen in my estimation, but I asked him if he could find me any one who knew the river, and could put me on to the best places. He said there would be no difficulty about that, and accordingly when I came down the next morning there was a boy of about fifteen waiting to conduct me.

This expert seemed, however, to have little more idea of trout than the landlord himself, and I will pass over in silence the day which I spent under his guidance. The river—except that it was 'gin clear'—seemed, nevertheless, to be pretty well an ideal fly stream, for the banks for miles were clear of timber, and the water was one long succession of alternate pools and runs. In spite of this I saw no general 'rise,' and caught nothing. The next morning I decided to have one more attempt—by myself this time, as I was weary of the local sportsman—but I succeeded no better, and I find my diary credits me with a ¼ lb. trout and a small roach for the day. I decided that on the following morning I should leave for Trouville, and would doubtless have started had I not wandered into a small *café* in the town to take an after-dinner coffee. The *patron* turned out to my surprise to be an enthusiast in the matter of trout, and as he obviously knew what he was talking about, and pressed me to try my luck once more, I changed my mind about leaving.

He was sorry that business would prevent him from accompanying me himself, but he would introduce me to Mons. le père Mary, *le malin pecheur du pays*, who, for the trifling reward of five francs for the day, would exert all his skill to show me sport. Mons. le père was obviously not unknown to the other visitors at the *café*. If half they said were true he was a very water Nimrod, and I returned to bed a great deal heartened up when the *patron* told me he would send him round to me the first thing in the morning. The morning came, and with it the Père, a sturdy little Breton peasant of about fifty, with the firm, clear-cut features and bright alert eyes of his race. In appearance generally he was very like the pilot or lighthouse-keeper of an Adelphi melodrama, as his portrait shows, and all round he seemed to have a keen and businesslike air about him which one does not look for in French sportsmen.

He told me we would have to take the train and go much

higher up the river. He said the fish ran large (1 lb. or 1½ lb.), and that as the weather was nicely clouded we ought to do well—the clearness of the water mattered nothing, it was always the same. After a quick breakfast and half an hour's run in the train we got down at Le Breuil Blangy.

The town consisted of a *café*, a couple of houses, and a mill, and over a *consommation* in the *café* he put my rod together, selecting a green-bodied Heckham Peckham as the best fly. The proper way to fish the river, so he said, was down-stream with a long line and—of course—a wet fly. The best place to begin at was in the rush of water under the mill, a spot

LA GRANDE RUE

where sea-trout were frequently taken. Here I accordingly commenced, and finished the entire run most carefully, with no result whatever.

The next bit of likely-looking water I skipped, and stopped at a swift-drawing current running over a clean, gravelly bottom. On the far side the water was deep, but still swift, and in the head of the deep part I made up my mind I must get a fish. I started a little above so as to get a nice length of line out, and a couple of long casts, as I walked down the bank, brought me right on to the spot. Immediately there was a ripple, a strike sharply given, and I felt myself into something good.

The Père had just told me that I was fishing into a spot

where sea-trout often lay, and great was my delight to see the brilliant flash of silver as the fish shot out into and across the shallow water. My hopes were soon to fade away as, after his first rush, he gave no play, and before I landed him I realised that he was after all only a chub; one and a quarter he weighed, and though I felt viciously disposed after my disappointment, I put him back in the hope that he might some day give sport to some bottom angler. The next run and the next I tried with no result; yet they were most likely looking places. I began to weary a little—my previous two days had disheartened me. I asked the Père if he could throw a fly. He said yes, so I handed him the rod, but without much confidence in his ability to use it. I stood well clear of him in watching him get to work, for I had never considered fly-casting as a French accomplishment. My fears of being hooked up were quite needless, however; and I had not seen him give half a dozen casts before I realised that he was a master of that most difficult and delicate of arts.

He said we were bound to catch some fish, and that the current I had just finished was one of the best on the river—he would try it again. He changed the fly to one of his own make, a cock's hackle with yellow and blue body.

It was so roughly made that I hardly expected much of it, and I felt my opinion justified after he had fished three-quarters of the run without a rise.

Just near the end, however, he pointed me out a channel between the weeds, and below it a round deep pool on the edge of which he said fish always lay. Fishing carefully down the narrow runs—deftly avoiding the weeds on either side—he ultimately reached the outflow without having risen a fish. It was not due to any fault of his own. The fly had dropped on the water as softly as down might have fallen, and been lifted off as though by a breath of the warm summer air. Just in the calmer water of the little pool I saw a flash of colour near where the fly should be, and he struck and hooked the fish. After a dexterous struggle to keep clear of the weeds we landed a nice trout of three-quarters. For the moment the deep crimson spots seemed more precious than rubies, and I began to think that after all we were perhaps going to have a good time. But fish are as inexplicable as many other things, and whether it was that the weather was hot, the water clear and low, the wind north or south (I forget which), not a fin could we induce to budge that day.

There is no object in lingering on the joys of anticipation — joys which kept me by the river-side till sunset. The pleasantest part of that day, as I look back on it, was lunch, to which I sat down with my friend under the shadiest tree in a handy apple orchard. He was very depressed about results, more especially in view of my failure of the previous two days; still more depressed—I have often thought of it since—as he had a great pride and confidence in his own river.

I had had a considerable experience of fishing—enough

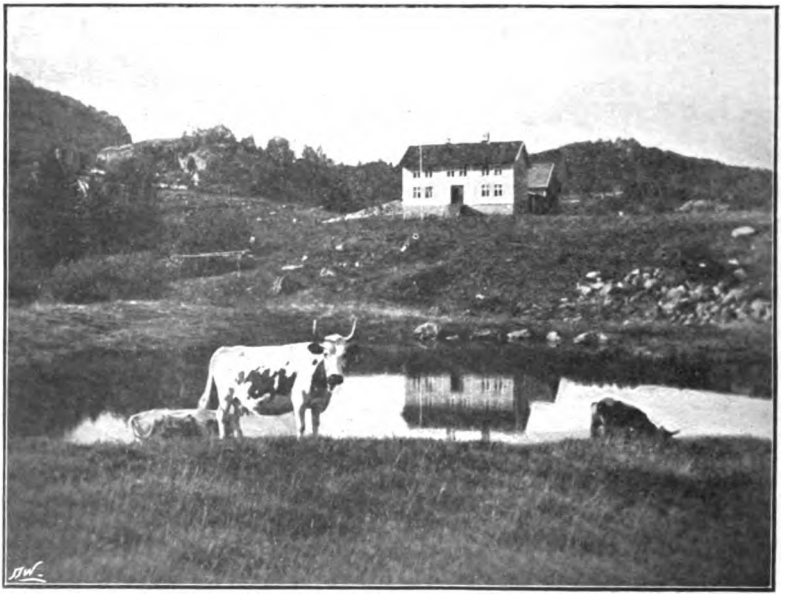
AN APPLE ORCHARD

anyhow to enable me to gauge the old gentleman as the best fly-fisherman I had seen; consequently when he pressed me to give the river at least one more day, to see if the fish might not be in a better mood, I felt that he was entitled to speak with authority. I agreed to try, and have often since trembled at the thought that I hesitated in doing so, for the following day, in addition to being the best I have ever spent on that river, turned out to be one of the days that the angler looks back upon.

We took the train to the same place and fished the same water, but up to lunch time with no result at all. I began to think that I was wasting my time, and asked him where we could get something to eat. There was a pretty little

proprietaire's house near by, and to it he pointed. The housewife was quite pleased to provide some *déjeuner*, and showed us into the principal room. This was spacious, square, low-ceiled, and spotless ; it was bare of furniture beyond table and chairs, a couple of heavy oak cupboards, and those well-burnished brass vessels which one finds everywhere in Normandy—altogether a refreshing change from the scorching midday heat.

Over a *litre* of ice-cool cider we awaited the food. What an excellent meal it was ! An *omelette fine*, a roast chicken with *pommes* nicely *frites*, unlimited cider, cheese, coffee, apples, and



WHERE WE LUNCHED

peaches, and a bottle of Calvados (the *cognac* of the country) to draw upon at will.

The bill for all this came to five francs ! I hope the good lady was as well satisfied with her *piece de cent sous* as I was with what she had provided. I had indeed lunched so well that even after a rest and a cigarette trout were but languidly uppermost in my mind. Still, as the house was only some thirty yards from the river bank, and gave on to a nicely swift current for the wet fly, I thought it better to try a cast or two. I feared it would be little good, for the sun was full on the water, and the latter was clear as crystal. Does any one really understand the mysterious ways of fish ? At the second or third cast

there was a ripple and a fine 2 lb. sea-trout with the fly well fast in him.

He gave one splendid leap for liberty, and whether I did not properly give him the point or whether the gut was frayed at the hook, I know not, but we parted company. Worse still! I had forgotten what fly I had lured him with—remember that several hours of fruitless casting makes one lose interest. I reflected, however, that if the fish were taking well the fly probably didn't matter much, and opening my book at random I lit on a Heckham. A few more casts, another ripple, and this time I was fast, with the assured feeling that if anything broke it would be my own fault.

It was a nice brown trout, and as I steadily let him down stream I worked him towards a little back wash by the bank, and ultimately into the landing net. Just on a pound he scaled, and as all seemed to be going well, I gave a 'cooee' for the Père Mary whom I had left behind at the house. I had told him in the morning to bring his own rod with him. For some time we both fished on with no result, and I gave it up for a while to watch him. Luck came with me, and just as his fly touched the water beside some weeds, there was a rush and he had hooked a sea-trout. Straight to the bottom the fish bored and tangled himself in the water weeds.

He seemed inextricable, and I thought of diving to see what could be done. The old man kept a steady strain on him, and appeared to think he might get him that way. He proved right, for after a very anxious time the fish began to give perceptibly, and shortly after was free. There was plenty of play left in him, and there was a pretty and exciting struggle before I could pass the net under him. I well remember what a beauty I thought him as he lay perfectly conditioned upon the grass, radiant in the gleaming silver of a clean run fish. He weighed a pound and three-quarters.

The fish were apparently taking well, and the Père got a couple of rises in as many minutes. I waited to watch him fish the current until he reached a spot where the river ran under an arch formed by some heavy trees, and into a deep quiet pool. Just between the still and the broken water he struck sharply, and appeared to be holding something really good.

Sure enough he was, but the fish were two instead of one. They were both brown trout and were fortunately of one mind, for they both headed up stream instead of making for the cool recesses of pool which—complicated by trees and shrubs—

would have meant for them something perilously near safety. As it was—though playing them in the rush of a strong current—the Père firmly coaxed both into a small corner in the bank where, utterly exhausted, they allowed the net to be passed under them. One weighed just a pound, the other a little over, and combined they had given less trouble than the sea-trout already creeled. I have since spent many days on the same river, but have never again seen there two at a cast. Naturally, I was encouraged, and recommenced at once, and with such good success that, in the course of an hour and a half, I had grassed five handsome fish to my own rod.

It was now getting late, and the law in those parts is that fishing must stop within ten minutes of sunset. It was already some forty minutes past, and growing dark, so I reeled in my line and started in the direction of my friend, who was about half a mile up-stream. I saw him long before I reached him, as the banks were quite clear of timber. He was industriously casting away, and I remember thinking at the time that he must be a most difficult man to drag from the bank when once he was fixed there. I have often since found that I was quite right, and that his momentary enthusiasms blind him to all legal considerations and risks. It made me decidedly angry, as I had no wish to be landed before some inquisitorial French magistrate for the sake of probably nothing at all. Anyhow, we had already had a good enough day to justify an immediate return home, and I hurried on to stop him.

I had got within a couple of hundred yards when I heard a shout, and, looking up, saw his rod bend, and in a moment he was running down the bank towards me. The rise I had not of course seen, but he told me afterwards that it was quite a small swirl on the water. I made the best of my pace up (as who would not have done?), and was well in time to watch what I think was as pretty an exhibition of skill as I have yet seen in the way of sport. Plunging down the middle of the stream was a magnificent fish of a clear five pounds—to my fevered imagination he looked at the moment nearer ten. I knew he was held on one of my own casts—the frail and dainty things which are used on South of England rivers, and which expert anglers often snap in striking sharply at a half-pound fish. The emotional Frenchman was wild with outward excitement, but the skilled fisherman was clearly quite self-restrained as regarded the work he had in hand. It was in his French and emotional mood that he pointed out to me—I think with tears

—a danger lying some fifty yards down the river, one which, though I was the onlooker, I had not even seen myself.

A glance enabled me to tot up our chances as *nil.* A solid mass of weeds was bunched against our bank. It had an area of ten square feet, and was what the big trout was evidently making for. The rod was only ten feet long, and even the precious ten feet was shortened by the bend. Reflect, too, for a moment on a difficulty. The cast was of the finest, and the

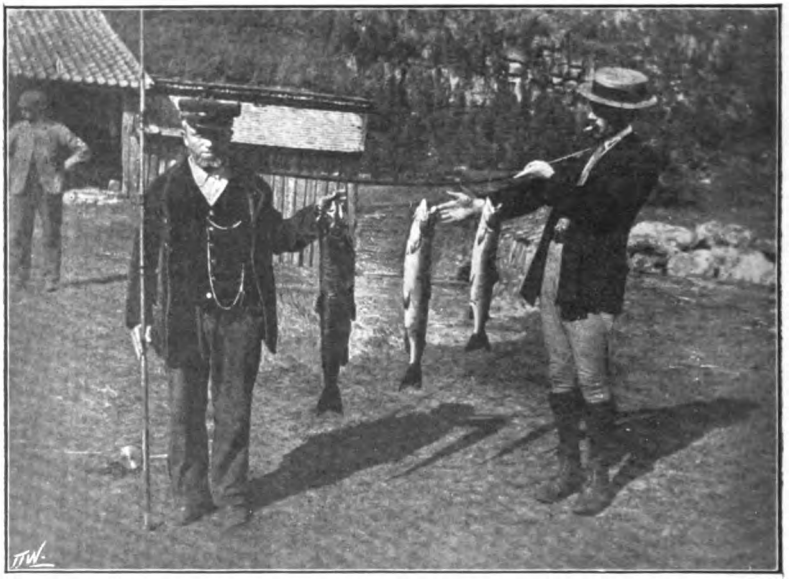
A TRIBUTARY STREAM

fisherman, like all Frenchmen, was mostly used to fishing with heavyish tackle. It must consequently have been more than usually difficult for him to know how hard he could strain upon the gut.

This was about as much as I had time to think of as we both followed the splendid prey towards the spot which was to settle his fate or ours. We were not long in reaching it, and here entered what I believe to be the only element of luck in the whole long contest which ultimately resulted in victory. Maintaining a tight line all the time, the Père Mary—who had already let the fish get within a few yards of the refuge while

successfully keeping him clear of it—made a swift run forward which landed him well below the weed bank and in the position of straining the fish down-stream towards him.

I believe that the moment occupied by that run was the only moment when skill asked a favour of fortune. Be that as it may, the Père's prettiest bit of finesse was to follow. How he persuaded that lusty trout to pass within a few inches of his hardly-sought weed bank and to come down the river, I do not know. It was some mingled cajolery of eye and wrist,



THE THREE BIGGEST

some subtly applied pressure of pain or force in this direction, or in that, which was beyond me. Only three things I could clearly see: he had done it, it was not luck, and the struggle was ended. The trout evidently thought so too, for his failure seemed to break his heart, and after a comparatively trifling resistance he allowed himself to be landed. Weighed in French weights, some two hours later, he turned out to be just $4\frac{4}{5}$ livres. A livre is heavier than an English pound, and I roughly reckon he would have been about $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. English. The whole thing had only taken about twenty minutes, perhaps less, and my friend was jubilant. Since those days the old gentleman has 'come into my life,' as the story books say, and when or wherever I go a-fishing, he is the first to receive a wire or a

letter to follow me. He has since learned—maybe not without certain regrets—that his own little river is not the best in the world, and on a famous Norwegian beat I have seen him land a salmon which scaled a fraction over 26 lbs. Still, I know that he has not since had quite the same thrill as he had that day—the day when the big trout showed a foreigner that the pretty waters of his native valley deserved the title of a good fishing river. He had eight other fine fish in his creel, none of them less than about a pound.

We totalled fourteen trout aggregating 18¼, with a fifteenth turning the scale at over five, and on rearriving my first visit was to the obliging gentleman who had introduced me to the Père. We laid out the catch on one of the tables in his little *café*, and I think he was hardly less pleased than ourselves. It would have been good sport for the best of rivers, and though I have since spent many pleasant though invariably less successful days along those banks, all this remains as a memory that does not fade.

Au revoir, mon Père Mary, keenest of sportsmen, best of companions, most skilful and patient of fishermen, let us drink to Fortune, hoping that she has many another good day in store for us both among the golden trout of your own fair province, and their more splendid brethren of Norwegian and Icelandic rivers.

SIR PETER AND A BICYCLE

BY FRANK SAVILE

'A DIRTY sunset,' says the Squire, cocking his eye through the bow window. 'If it's as wet as this to-morrow I'll not go to the Races—no, I won't.'

'What is it y'r saying!' shouts Sir Peter. 'Will ye insult God's mercy that's sending the good rain to the countryside? 'Tis surely sugar y'r made of! Tim, another soda. Macmanus, here's to y'r better courage, careful man!'

I saw the Squire flush and hold an eye upon Sir Peter, sourly.

''Tis not ivery wan of us, Peter,' says he, 'that have floated their bones in shebeened whisky, day in, day out, for sixty sinful years. That the damp fair scalds me with rheumatism I'll not deny. But wan thing let me tell you. In the dry, me boy—in the dry, I say, I'll match you at what you will, be it grouse-shootin', stipplechasin', or killin' pigs b' weight. Will ye make me the challenge, sir?' says he, mighty politely. 'I take no count of the five years' start I've had of you and y'r unregenerate ways.'

'Glory be!' bawls Sir Peter. 'Five years! 'Tis mesilf stood without help at y'r own christening, and wept me little six-year-old soul out, thinkin' of the troubles stretched before ye.'

'Tut!' says the Squire. 'If it's to come to affidavits I'll not compete with ye. They'll be pushin' me off the Bench for perjury else. We'll leave the years between us to take care of themselves. But the challenge, man—the challenge! How'll ye meet me? On y'r own legs, on a nag's, or with wheels between y'rself and destruction? Name it, sir, name y'r wager! Tim's all the witness I'll ask.'

Sir Peter eyed him up and down, musin' on him sadly.

'Macmanus,' he says, 'ye rush on y'r ruin. What feet have ye, I ask, to stretch themsilves against me ten toes that a thousand times and more have smoothed the dust from here to Clontarf? What nags have ye in that thatched barn ye call a stable to match me beautiful filly, own sister to Voluptuary, and kin to the best blood in Ireland, not to mention Austreelya and Wales. And if it's drivin' y'r at, what can ye set against me two five-year-olds—me two beautiful sons of the Buck from me own bay mares? What have ye, I ask, me stipplechaser, me killer of pigs b' weight?'

The Squire drew a breath.

'What I have I have,' says he, 'and match I will against anything that ye've stolen or won in a raffle. To be exact, Peter,' he says, 'I'll drive a team against ye from Ballybekilt to Moyle, or there and back, if ye so will, for wan hundred golden sovereigns, day or night, dusk or dawn. But in the dry, understand ye, in the dry alone, and bedad, I'll lay another fifty I beat ye by as many yards!'

'And this,' ponders Sir Peter, 'is what he'd have us call sport! Him to be perched like a hen on a hearse the while four jug-tailed mules that he desires to call nags draw him from here to Moyle b' the yard at a time. And where, Macmanus, does the agility come into that? What exercise will ye be takin' except with y'r tongue that's shaped all too many words for y'r health to-day as it is? You to take y'r ease, miscallin' the sons of she-asses, and flourishing a whip. Is that sport? Go to, man,' he says, 'what's worth a challenge I'll give challenge to, but if it's to be a trial of endurance sitting still, faix, I'll do it in me armchair here—so I will. But come now—ye'd show pluck if only ye knew how. I'll bicycle you the distance.'

Macmanus let fly a scream from the deepest chest of him.

'Will ye insult me, Peter?' he cries. 'Tis disgrace enough that you y'rself should mock the countryside with y'r lathy legs straddling two wheels and a leash of gaspipes, but and beyond that ye shan't drag me down in y'r own degradation. A bicycle!' he says. 'Man, I'd as soon ride the devil!'

'Every one to his own fancy,' says Sir Peter, cool enough. 'He should take ye far, Macmanus, for ye've done a deal of his dirty work in y'r time. But see you now—I'll meet you. Give me a start of a quarter of a mile—four hundred and forty yards b' measure—and I'll race ye from Ballybekilt to Moyle on me bicycle, and you may drive the four jug-tailed wans for all the breath in their starving bodies. D'ye take me? I'll

race y'r coach and four and beat ye b' the help of two wheels, me sixty years, and me old shins alone. Will ye take that, I say, will ye take it?'

The Squire grinned till the very ears of him rocked like leaves in a gale.

'Do I take you, says you? Well,' he says, 'tis many a wan will throw it up to me that I've beguiled a natural, you being what you are. But that's as must be. Ay, Peter, I take you, and if I was as sure of y'r paying as I am of winning, I'd buy me new harness to race you in this very day—so I would. Good-bye to you, me boy. God send you good luck at the races. Ye'll need it all to win a hundred pounds,' he says, still grinning, as he shut the door.

Sir Peter beckons me up to his room and turns round and stares at me.

'Tim,' he says.

'Sir,' says I.

'Have ye the same bicycle that fell down the quarry with ye, what time ye came back drunk from the mission at Moyle?' he says.

'No,' I says; 'leastways I have the bicycle, but b' this and that I'd not as much drink as would fill an egg-cup, for all Mike Slattery's false tongue—may the divil have him for a liar,' says I.

He shook his head impatient-like.

'Ah, leave that—leave it,' says he. 'Tis not Mike Slattery, but the bicycle, that I'm inquiring the health of. Have ye it mended?' he says.

'Yes,' says I. 'That is to say, in a manner of speaking, it goes with a bit of spurring. The joints scream disgraceful if ye *gallop*,' I says, 'but use her tinderly, and she'll walk you into Moyle well under the half-hour and refuse nothing in reason.'

'I'll buy it from ye,' says he. 'What are ye asking for this priceless gem of locomotion?'

'What!' says I, 'and you just getting the new wan from Moyle on the instalment plan with two months paid. What for will ye be wanting it? Will ye be hunting the two of them?' I asks. 'Sure I'd better come as second horseman,' says I, grinning at me joke.

'Ah, now, none of y'r familiarity,' he says. 'Would I disgrace mesilf meeting the Squire's circus team on a first-class bicycle? No,' he says; 'I'll meet him and beat him with the spavined wan from the quarry, and if I give ye fifteen shillings,

and the wastrel pig from black Nora's last litter, ye'll get twice the worth of the machine—ye know ye will.'

'Fifteen shillings and a pig that's got the blast of death writ upon it as plain as clouds in the sky!' says I. 'No, sir,' I says, 't'is not mesilf that would spoil any wan's sport, but I gave three pounds of me own money and five bushels of Prowtestant Rocks—Saints forgive me the naming them!—from me hill allotment to Thady Gavan for that same bicycle, and he'll swear he got it new in Belfast for no sum less than ten golden sovereigns, and the only throw back was what whisky he could carry in his own inside. Quarry or no quarry,' says I, ''tis worth anybody's fifty shillings, and might be give on to y'r son and y'r son's son,' I says, 'barrin' the Lord made ye a bachelor b' choice.'

'Twas half an hour or more before we come to terms on four and twenty shillings and the wastrel sucker that I knew Father Moriarty 'd take for the sivin shillings of masses I've owed him since me second wife went her way—God rest her soul! I brought it round from the hen house and Sir Peter took a long look at it.

'If it'll only last me the hill from Ballybekilt it'll do,' he says. 'Speak truth now, Tim. Has it any vice ye've kept from me?'

'Divil a wan!' says I, 'except, as perhaps ye'll be noticin', the off pedal's fixed and won't turn. But if ye take y'r foot off and give it a kick on the down buck, 'tis no matter at all. It goes the better for it. It does that!'

He gave a grunt.

'I'll take it,' he says, 'but may the saints be with me! I doubt I'm going to stretch their mercies over far. Listen to me now, and watch that ye do exactly as I tell ye. The first mile and a half from Ballybekilt I'll beat him easy—'tis all down hill. Perhaps I'll get enough start to rise the dip before he catches me. 'Tis the flat I fear,' he says, 'more especially if the wind should be contrary. Above and beyond that this tangle of scrap iron may fall into smithereens beneath me. So,' he says, speaking louder and slapping the fist of him upon the table, 'bring me own good bicycle to the top of the rise and don't let the Angels in Glory keep ye from being there when I want ye. We cannot tell what the future may have in store,' he says, rolling his eyes at the ceiling.

'What ye will,' says I, not understanding him but wishful to keep me character as a knowledgable lad, and left him there

grinning to himself like the Satan that's carved on Father Moriarty's Sunday shtick.

Such a stir and onset about a wager hasn't been in the countryside since Riordan challenged Willie Clancy to eat sausages against time, and himself handicapped twelve hard boiled eggs. They had to set up the winning post outside the town, though they desired it in the market place. But the Prowtestant Mayor—may the divil attind to him!—swore 'twould raise a riot and threatened to bring the sowldiers from Derry. Old Lady Donahue raised a grand stand, with the family arms on the box seat and green banners on ivery pole and baluster. Five hundred yards of Pat Shaugnessy's meadow against the road was four deep with cars and traps right up to the judge's box, and the foot people was out in their hundreds and their thousands. 'Twas said none but the sick and aged was left in their homes for ten miles round. There was talk of presenting Sir Peter with a service of plate, but every mother's son had bet himself three years' income deep, so 'twas left for the result to decide who was subscribers and who was not. Dear! Oh, dear! Those was the times—those was the times!

'Twas a morning ye'd choose for y'r own wedding, bright, with a September nip in it, but fresh and clear as the dew. When the two drew up for the start such a cheer and hullaballoo went up as would have startled the Squire's four jug-tailed wans into dipthery, barrin' that forty boys and more was hangin' round their necks. So, at least, Micky Flannigan told me, for I was two miles away, riding Sir Peter's new bicycle up and down and wondering with all me heart and sowl what possessed the old gossoon to buy my collection of tin tacks instid of riding his own good machine. I'd wondered for a week, but sorra a bit nearer the truth had I got. The old fox! Glory be!—he was as deep and inganious as the Pope and Parnell's self rolled into one—so he was!

Old Lady Donahue had lent them the cannon from the castle walls for the start. I heard the bang, and then the crowd opened like a blanket to let the two of them out. Against the white of the road they showed up like a bumble bee chasin' a bug. Behind them came the mightiest power of cars, traps, and twigs, galloping and spurring to see the end. The roaring of them was like the roar of the sea. Three parts of the tumult was drunk; Sir Peter's and the Squire's tenants was miscallin' each other most opprobrious; scarce a wan of them but had a

ballast of bricks and pebbles in the car bottom, and the same flew through the dust like feathers at a plucking!

Me, ah, me—such a settling of grudges! Jim Power—him that come out of Mayo what year I married me third—wears a squint to this day that he borrowed from a stone Nick the Fiddler lint him in the right eye of him at tin yards range, and Fogarty, decent man, and me cousin b' me first wife's first husband, hasn't smelt a sniff since b' reason of a bang Shamus O'Brien bestowed upon him with the broken shaft of Moran's brake that split on Shaugnessy's wall. They do say the chemists in Moyle ran out of plaster that same evening, and half the country didn't so much as dare sneeze for a week, that splintered was their ribs! Eh, me! The boys—the boys! They was divils—they was that!

'Twas in the dip before the rise that the Squire began to gain. Sir Peter was dunting his foot on the fixed pedal for all the power in his knee, and the hubs and joints was fair screaming with the jolting and the want of oil. One wheel was buckled and scraped against the back stays at every turn, and b' the time the old man 'd topped the rise and found the flat the Squire's leaders was fairly breathing down his shirt collar.

Sir Peter stuck to the centre of the road, and a howl wint up from the coach like a vent from purgatory.

'Out of the way, ye old omadhawn!' shouts Macmanus, 'out of the way, Peter, or as I live and look at ye I'll drive over ye!' he says.

Sir Peter never looked round, but over his shoulder he says—

'Do you take your way and I'll take mine, me bold sportsman. Mine's the middle of the road,' he says.

The Squire screamed like all possessed.

'Wan second I allow ye,' he bawls, 'wan second to give me road, and then, by Satan and all his angels, I'll drive over ye,' and he cracks his lash over the wheeler's withers like the fall of an oak tree.

The horses lepped like hares. The lips of the near leader brushed Sir Peter's cap. He gave wan cock of the eye behint him and saw the whole concourse rushing on him with ruin and destruction. Then he gave wan jump—begor! such a jump!—many a schoolboy 'd have envied him—wan jump, I say, and cleared from his machine to the gutter like a flea from a dog's tail to his back. He dropped the bicycle right under the leaders' feet.

'There's y'r road, Macmanus,' says he, cool as plate glass.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!—such a tow-row-row, such a smashing and a crashing, such a litter an' a labyrinth, such a mixing of horses and harness and coach and coachman, as never was and never will be, please the saints. The leaders just stepped right into that old mousetrap of a machine and wallowed. The off come down on his face; the near tripped over him; the wheelers rolled over the pair of them. They plunged, they kicked, they churned the road metal into mortar, and they ripped the pole into shavings; they bit, they fair shrieked with rage and distraction. Never was such a tangle and complication—never such a turn up of blood, and dust, and hair, with a noise like eliction day and the horse-fair cookin' in wan pot.

The crowd pulled up with a jerk, and the Squire's tenants swarmed around him, pouring out the black oaths as they flung themselves upon the nags to right them. They was cursing Sir Peter and ivery hair on the bald head of him, and after them, stick in hand, with ivery wan's pocket strainin' full of bricks, came our own men, and bedad! they came quick—so they did. 'Twas the best of faction fights before ye could so much as wink an eye.

I giv' the whistle and a score of our boys was around the new bicycle on the instant. Stones were flying like chaff before the gale; ye could bare hear y'rself speak for the howling of the crowd, the smashing of hoof and panel, and the general shiveraree. But Sir Peter managed to get a hearing with that bull voice of his.

'Y'r so much taken up with wan thing and another this morning, Macmanus,' says he, 'that I'll be getting along. Will I order ye lunch in an hour?' he asks, and skims off down the Moyle road like a lapwing.

Didn't the Squire have nothing to say, says you? Saints in Glory! Master Francis, 'twould earn me a thousand years of purgatory to repeat it to ye!

A PRIZE COMPETITION

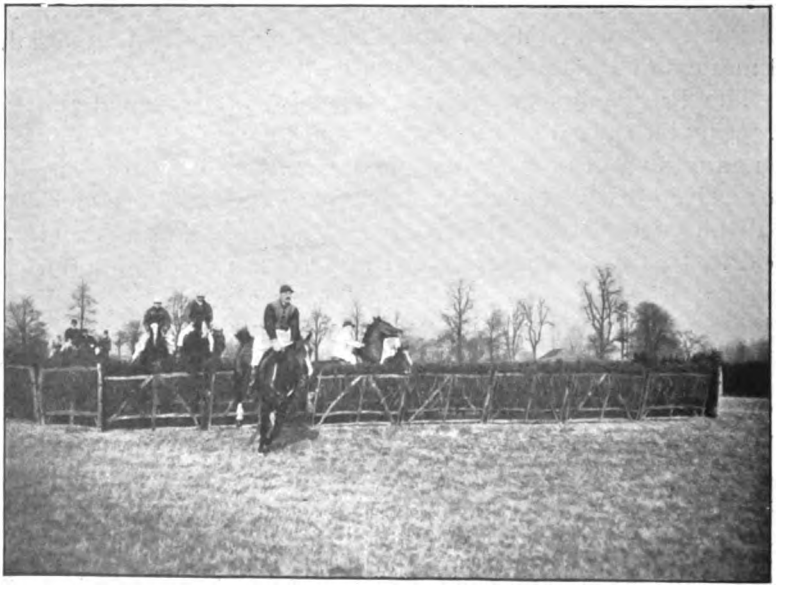
THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE FEBRUARY COMPETITION

The Prize in the February competition has been divided among the following competitors: Rev. E. Norman Coles, Seaton, Devon; Mr. John Day, Leicester; Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford; Mr. J. N. Spokes, Foxcombe Hill, Oxford; Miss Christie-Miller, Britwell Court, Burnham; Miss Wright, Anston, Sheffield; Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand; Mr. L. T. Edwards, Oxford; and Mr. Fred. C. Emblin, Seymour St., N.W. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

TROUT FISHING ON THE OTTER, DEVON, FROM OTTERTON WEIR
Photograph taken by the Rev. E. Norman Coles, Seaton, Devon



FEBRUARY HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, LEICESTER MEETING, FEBRUARY 6, 1902
Photograph taken by Mr. John Day, Leicester

CURLING AT BEDFORD. COLONEL HEATHCOTE LAYING DOWN THE STONE

Photograph taken by Mrs. Delves Broughton, Bedford

TOBOGGANING AT FOXCOMBE HILL, NEAR OXFORD

Photograph taken by Mr. J. N. Spokes, Foxcombe Hill, Oxford

THE OLD BERKELEY WEST HOUNDS WITH THE MASTER, MR. ALFRED GILBEY

Photograph taken by Miss Christie-Miller, Britwell Court, Burnham

OTTER HUNTING NEAR THORNTON-LE-STREET, YORKSHIRE

(The cows followed the hounds through two fields)

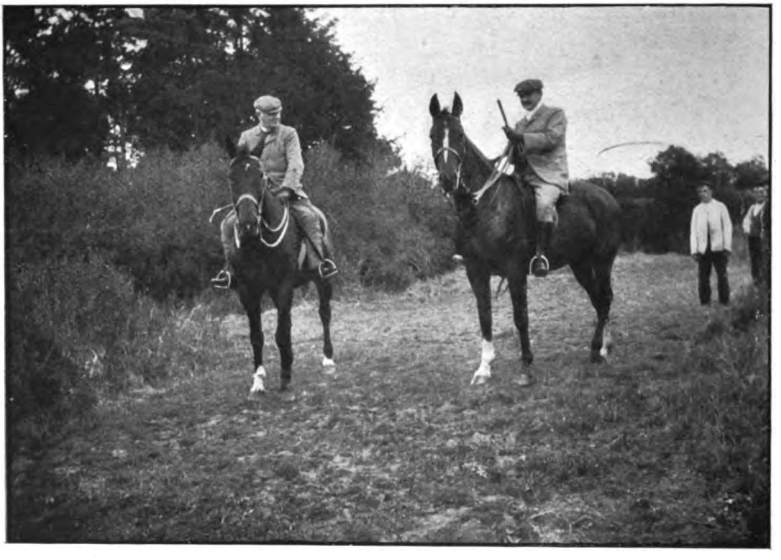
Photograph taken by Miss Wright, Anston, Sheffield

RACING IN NEW ZEALAND. AUCKLAND CUP DAY 1901
FIRST TIME ROUND

Photograph taken by Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand

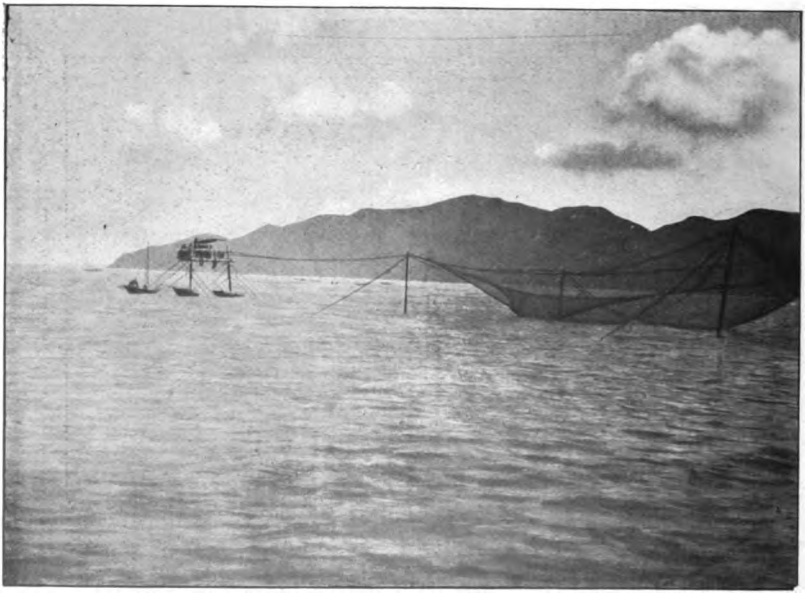
LUGING ROUND A PRETTY CORNER AT CHATEAU D'AIX

Photograph taken by Mr. L. T. Edwards, Oxford



WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE FOXHOUNDS

Photograph taken by Mr. Fred. C. Emblin, Seymour St., N. W.



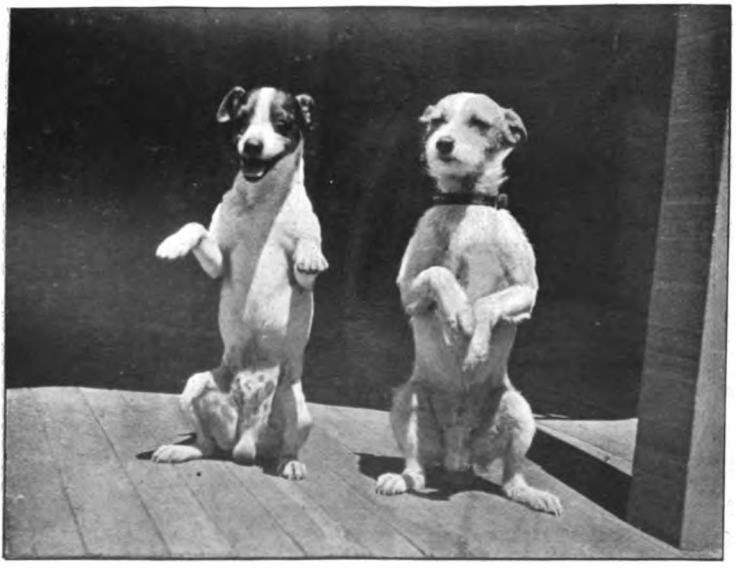
CHINESE FISHING STATION, HONG KONG

Photograph taken by Miss L. Darley, Bray, Ireland

START OF A TAILING PARTY AT CHATEAU D'AIX

'Tailing' is a sport which consists of being dragged along on luges tied behind a sleigh. With a long tail and a road with many corners a tremendous swing is got up, and upsets and rolls in the snow are not infrequent.

Photograph taken by Mr. L. T. Edwards, Oxford



DINNER TIME

Photograph taken by Mr. N. B. Bevan, Langton Lodge, Blandford

THE OAKLEY HOUNDS AT CRANFIELD COURT WITH THE MASTER, MR. P. A. O. WHITAKER

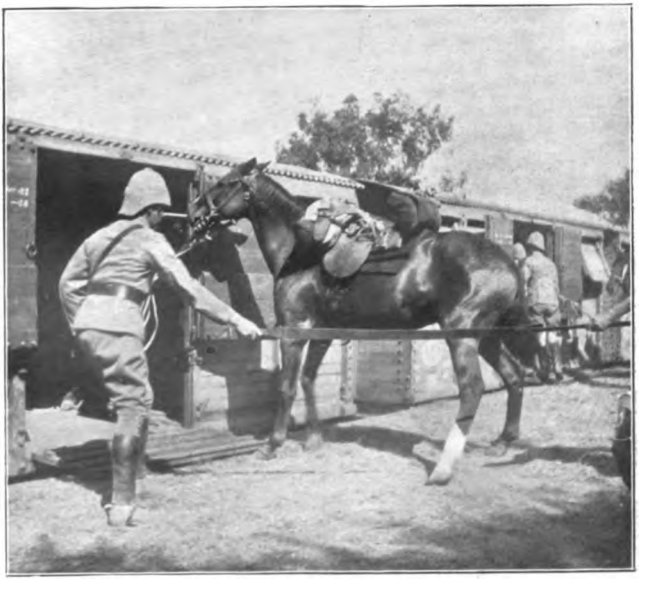
Photograph taken by Mrs. T. H. Barnard, Kempston Hoo, Bedford

BORDER COUNTIES CURLING TOURNAMENT, AT FOOT OF ELDON HILLS, MELROSE, N.B.

Photograph taken by Miss Lumgair, Melrose, N.B.

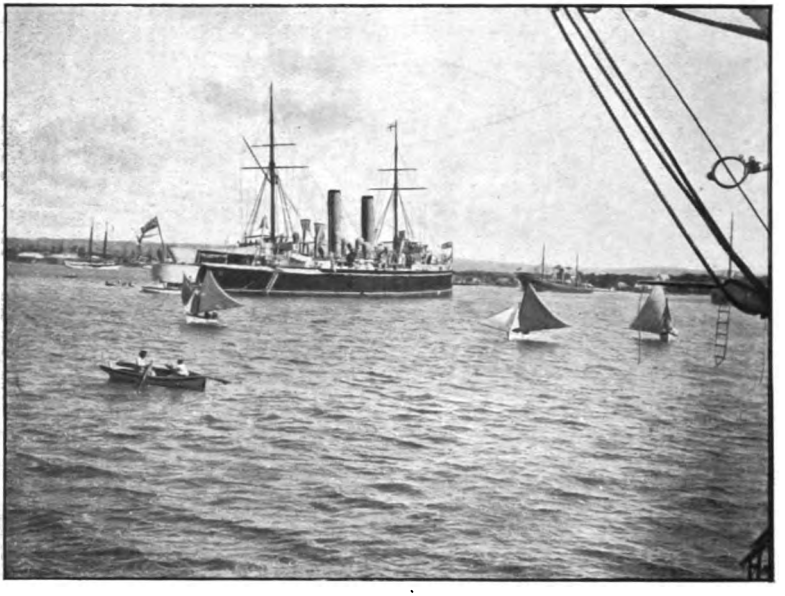
THE NEW FOREST FOXHOUNDS. DRAWING COVER

Photograph taken by Mr. Gerald R. F. Fitzgerald, Boscombe, Hants



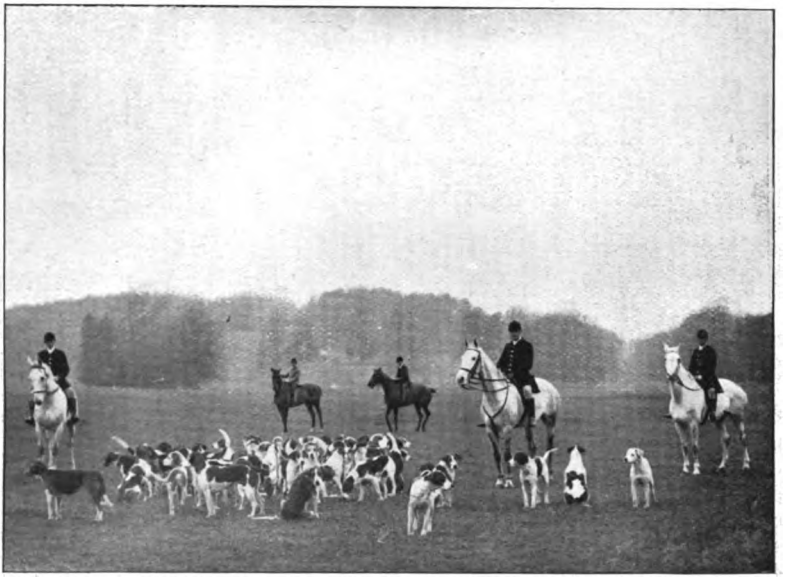
ENTRAINING 'WALERS' AT MHOW, INDIA

Photograph taken by Mrs. W. D. Whatman, Catton Hall, Norwich



START FOR SKIFF RACE. NORTH AMERICAN SQUADRON REGATTA, BARBADOS, 1902
Photograph taken by Mr. C. W. C. Strickland, H.M.S. 'Indefatigable,' N.A. and West Indian Station

MISS MURIEL PARSON'S DEERHOUND, 'RUDOLF,' STARTING OUT FOR A WALK
Photograph taken by Miss Muriel Parsons, Twyford Lodge, East Grinstead



MEET OF H.H. AT AVINGTON PARK
Photograph taken by Miss Maud Shelley, Avington, Alresford, Hants

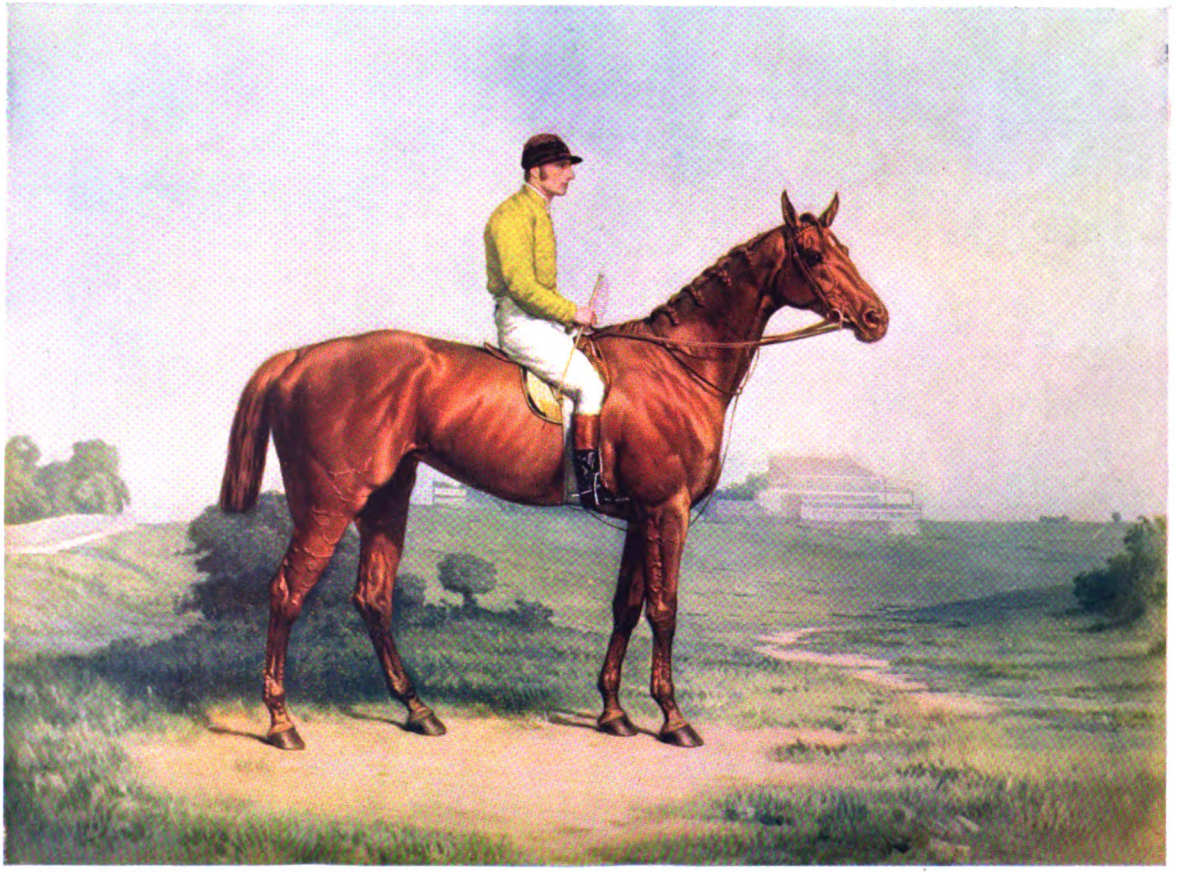
JAPANESE FISHING IN RAPIDS NEAR KYOTO, JAPAN
Photograph taken by Miss L. Darley, Bray, Ireland

G. W. SMITH, OF AUCKLAND, WINNING THE NEW ZEALAND 100 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP

Photograph taken by Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand

CAPE TOWN HOUNDS AT EXERCISE NEAR WYNBERG

Photograph taken by Major L. Byng, Chester Square, S.W.



SHOTOVER.

Reproduced from the picture by Sextie, by kind permission of Mr. Tom Cannon.

THE COLOURED PICTURES

SHOTOVER, the daughter of Hermit and Stray Shot, who won his first Derby for the late Duke of Westminster, was no doubt a very lucky animal. Any mare, indeed, may be described as lucky to win the great Epsom race, seeing that since its origin in 1780 it has only thrice fallen to a filly, Shotover (1882) having followed after Eleanor (1801) and Blink Bonny (1857). Shotover no doubt had excellent capacity, for she had beaten seventeen others in the Two Thousand Guineas; but in the Derby if Mordan had not let Bruce run out at the corner and make a wide sweep, involving the loss of incalculable lengths, the third filly would not have been successful. Tom Cannon handled her at Epsom with all the ease and skill which has made his name famous in Turf history, and this picture of the mare and the jockey, by Sextie, known in his day not only as a painter but as owner and trainer—an exceptional combination—is surely one of the best pictures of racehorse and rider extant. It is for this reason that we have, with many thanks to the owner of the painting, included it amongst the *Badminton* coloured pictures. The American Golden Plover (*Charabrius dominicus*) is called also the Field Plover, Greenback, Green Plover, Pale Breast, Toad Head, Prairie Pigeon, Frost Bird, and Squealer, an extensive nomenclature for so small a creature. The name of the bird is, indeed, a puzzle, being, it is said, derived from the word pluvia (rain); and as long ago as 1555 Belon, a French writer, speaking, however, of the European species, explains it by saying, 'Pour ce qu'on le prend mieux en temps plurieux qu'en nulle autre saison.' We have never noticed that this is the case in England, however; in America it is stated that the birds are, if anything, wilder and less approachable in rainy weather than when it is fine, and one is inclined to think that Belon was guessing. Golden Plover used to be so plentiful in America that they were sold in the streets of Chicago for fifty cents. a hundred. The other two pictures—'Spent,' from an original painting by Mr. G. Rankin, and 'The Falconer's Return'—speak for themselves sufficiently to need no description.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

WHEN these notes appear a peculiarly uninteresting cross-country season will be over, flat racing will have started, and we shall have seen what Sceptre has done in the Lincolnshire Handicap with 6 st. 11 lbs. on her back. If she wins the performance will tend to elevate the character of the three-year-olds, though not to do so unduly; for Clarence only carried 3 lbs. less, Wolf's Crag 1 lb. short of Clarence's weight, and neither of these was near the first class. It is true that Marcion failed signally at Lincoln with 6 st. 12 lbs., but that I take it was for the reason that he was not ready and fancied. Meanwhile we read that Duke of Westminster and Cup Bearer are doing good work—naturally not at present of an exhausting character—at Kingsclere; Ardpatrick and Port Blair could not be doing better, Nasturtium has shaken off his cough and will soon be ready to start, Minstead is covering a mile and a quarter steadily at intervals, Csardas has wintered well and will soon settle down to a steady preparation, Rising Glass is going half-speed miles—in fact all the chief three-year-olds seem in a condition to come out and fight their two-year-old battles over again; though probably in the course of a few weeks we shall begin to hear that there is doubt about some of them staying a mile and a half, and it will be lucky for the various owners if we are not told also that something or other 'makes a noise' and that about still something else there is a suspicion of 'a leg.' Some day or other I suppose we shall find a really great horse again with an uninterrupted series of winning brackets after his name, but it seems improbable that he will be discovered

during the season that has now started. As was remarked at the end of last year, the two-year-olds were too close together, and had beaten each other so often, that they could only be set down as a fair average lot, notwithstanding that at one time last year general impression existed that they were above the average.

That the same impression will again exist next summer seems highly probable, for in fact there is always a tendency to overrate the young horses. Something comes out and wins; it comes out again and beats one or two animals that have acquired some little reputation in public or private; and an idea begins to prevail that a treasure has been discovered. I could make a long list of very indifferent animals for whom from about three to seven times their value has been refused before Goodwood. It would be easy to name many owners who bitterly regret not having sold two-year-olds whose performances early in the season looked good and whose promise appeared immense; but on the other hand, in my experience at any rate, the list of owners who have subsequently congratulated themselves on refusing four-figure offers is an exceedingly modest one. You may dispose of a two-year-old that accomplishes great things afterwards; in the vast majority of cases the man who sells for a good price does a wise thing, even if the animal remains sound and fulfils something of what was expected from him; for there are always the innumerable chances of accident or disaster. I remember William Day telling me of a horse he sold to the late Lord Ribblesdale. It had never been sick or sorry, and the deal having been concluded for a large sum, the new owner said he would send for his purchase next morning. The seller of course acquiesced, half humorously adding however, 'but if he dies to-night he dies yours!' Next morning the horse was found dead in his box. That of course is an exceptional case; but how little exception there is about a horse developing 'a leg,' going wrong in some way (which the trainer for want of a better explanation not seldom puts down to lameness in the shoulder), or beginning to make a noise, every one who has had much to do with horses is too well aware.

If I remember rightly, when the House of Lords Committee on Betting was granted Lord Salisbury held out no sort of hope that any notice would be taken of their report. That document

will nevertheless be of much interest, though it is not likely to prove as amusing as would be the case if Lords Durham and Newton were not there to keep things straight. The subject is, in fact, such a complicated one that it is not at all strange it should sorely puzzle Lords Aberdeen, Peel, and the well-meaning but anything but astute Bishop of Hereford. Every one who knows anything about racing knows what it would be well to do and what cannot possibly be done. If betting could be stopped, an enormous bulk of those who engage in it (apart, of course, from professional bookmakers) would save a great deal of money; but there is no more chance of abolishing betting than of abolishing champagne, cigars, and mutton chops. It would not be a bad thing if bookmakers were licensed, but they never will be, partly because of the difficulties of finding a satisfactory licensing tribunal, and chiefly because of the outcry that would be raised about the 'legalisation of gambling.' Prohibition of the publication of the odds in newspapers is utterly out of the question. It would never be tolerated, and if it were would do far more harm than good; for the only result would be that backers and bookmakers would carry on their operations rather more in the dark than is at present the case, to the benefit sometimes of one, sometimes of the other. Telegrams about racing could not possibly be stopped, for the reason that if any such preposterous attempt were made codes would be employed. These appear to be the things about which the Committee is examining many witnesses. Lords Durham and Newton were perfectly well acquainted with the truth concerning these matters before they began to sit, and I am tolerably certain that they have gained no sort of enlightenment from any of the evidence that has been taken.

One of the witnesses talked about 'stable secrets,' a phrase which is heard almost with awe by persons whose acquaintance with racing is slight. A long and intimate experience of the Turf has led me to believe that in about nineteen cases out of twenty the value of a stable secret is considerably less than nothing. The average trainer tries his horse, and ascertains—always supposing the trial to be right, which in many cases it is not—that his animal is so many pounds better than something else. This something else has perhaps run lately; at any rate, the trainer has 'a line,' and he draws his own deductions from the result of the gallop. Supposing the horse that was being

tried has won the home spin it is probably backed; but the mere fact that as a general rule several horses are backed with much confidence in every important race is alone sufficient to prove the deceptive nature of these trials; for in several instances it is obvious that the confidence has been misplaced, and it very frequently happens, moreover, that the race is won by some animal that was not fancied at all. That, indeed, is a little tragedy which occurs at constant intervals, a number of more or less 'good things' going down before some hopeless outsider. The only stable secret possible in such a case is that one of the various trainers fancies his horse because it has won its trial. I do not mean to say that all trials are like this. There are some few, very few, trainers who have the rare knack of putting horses together, and whose conclusions, when they are confident, are much more often right than wrong; but these men are altogether the exception. One very often hears several trainers, each of whom has a horse that is being backed for some approaching race, discussing the situation together, and trying to arrive at something like a definite solution. Such incidents make one smile at the idea that the possession of a 'stable secret' is usually the road to fortune.

The new volume of the Badminton Library, 'Motors and Motor-Driving,' will be published in the course of the month. For this Magazine to eulogise the book would be too much in the nature of self-praise. I am tempted, nevertheless, to say that the work is singularly full of varied information, and covers the whole ground with wonderful completeness. As will be found set forth in the preface, the volume owes much—the phrase, indeed, does not nearly do justice—to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, an enthusiast who has devoted his exceptional knowledge and experience to its preparation, energetically aided by Mr. Claude Johnson, Secretary of the Automobile Club, who has done more than any one man to popularise motors in England. It is generally known that, fundamentally, motors are of three descriptions, the petrol, the electric and the steam car. As a rule, the man who has adopted one sort is apt to advocate it at the expense of the others; but it happens that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who writes on 'The Choice of a Motor,' uses all three varieties, and all three are exhaustively discussed. 'The History of the Motor-Car' is related in the coming volume by the Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, who has had so much to do with organising the long-distance races in

France; the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P., dilates on 'The Advantages of Owning a Motor Vehicle'; Sir Henry Thompson writes about 'Motor-Cars and Health'; Sir David Salomons about 'The Motor Stable and its Management'; the scientific chapters are all in authoritative hands; the exceedingly important 'Road Question' is treated by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, and amongst other chapters which lighten the book is one of the most entertaining reminiscences by Sir J. A. H. Macdonald, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. 'Sit on 'is 'ead, sir, don't 'it 'im!' was the remark of an omnibus driver to Sir John when on the ground one day in difficulties with his motor; and there is a quaint anecdote of a French hotel-keeper who spoke English (of sorts), considered it an act of madness for some of his visitors to start off in the middle of the night, and commented on the 'insanitary' proceedings of the English.

The long-distance races, to which reference has just been made, are severely criticised by opponents of the motor who do not understand their object. As a matter of fact, long-distance races for motor-cars are run for much the same reason that horses are raced according to the accepted theory that the improvement of the breed is the object in view. It is thus that the weak places in the cars and in the horses can best be discovered. The great question of the immediate future is with regard to pace, and a very vexed question it is, there being so much to be said on both sides. If all men who drove motors were thoroughly competent and invariably actuated by gentlemanly feeling, the point would be of the simplest. On the face of it, there is no denying that a motor dashing along at twenty miles an hour or more may cause or meet with accident; on the other hand, few opponents of the motor have any idea to what a marvellous extent the machines are under control. At twenty miles an hour a motor can be stopped in little more than two lengths, though, of course, in consequence of the strain put upon the mechanism, no one would pull up as hastily as this without occasion. It seems inevitable, however, that the present limit, twelve miles an hour, will have to be increased if the new industry is to thrive in England, and it is not a little curious to note to what an extent horses have already grown accustomed to motors even in England, where the number of users is only a very small proportion in comparison to the number in France.

For a long time past it was believed by many billiard players that John Roberts was unapproachable, and that his achievements would never be equalled. H. W. Stevenson, however, seems to threaten the older player's supremacy. The match with Dawson is only half way through as I write, but Stevenson is at the time leading by no fewer than 3767 points, and his play, including a break of 521, has been phenomenal. Dawson, it may incidentally be observed, appears to be frequently engaged in controversies with other players, and he conducts them in a manner which raises no little prejudice against him. I am told that he and his friends regarded this match in the light of a really 'good thing,' but before these pages appear I confidently expect that Stevenson will have won by some thousands. Roberts, of course, has not only done astonishing things, but has done them in a most astonishing manner; his performances must by no means be forgotten, for the ease and finish of his play are superlative. A man, however, must have a stupendous mastery of billiards to do what Stevenson did just before he reached the half-distance; in the afternoon he made 750 in four innings, an average of 187; in the evening he made 750 in three innings, an average of 250; 1500, that is to say, in seven innings, an average of close on 215: moreover, it must not be forgotten that push strokes are now barred, and that the size of the pockets is more scrupulously limited than used to be the case. Stevenson has certainly proved himself to be a great player.

I am anxious to acknowledge the good nature of contributors to the photographic Prize Competition which has been a feature of the magazine for more than two years. During all this time I have never had one single complaint, not even a hint that a good photograph has been neglected and the prizes given to inferior ones. The result of this, of course, is to make me scrupulously painstaking in the awards. The task is not an easy one, and I often regret being obliged to pass over notably sharp and well-defined pictures of easy subjects; but, of course, the idea is to give the preference to good photographs in which vigorous action is illustrated, for the difficulty of catching this must be recognised and acknowledged. Readers will perhaps have noticed how widely interest in the competition is spread. I do not select foreign subjects for preference, everything being judged strictly on its merits, but it happened in the last number, for instance, that the very

small percentage of those that could be given—only twenty-two in all—included contributions from Ranchi, Calcutta, the Naini Tal Lake in the North-west provinces of India, Nice, the Veldt, Cashmere, Sialkote, Bechuanaland, Lagos, Shanghai, Port Darwin, South Australia, Auckland, and two taken on board transports.

I have received a number of letters for and against a contention urged in the last number in an article on 'The State of the Turf.' There is not room for the correspondence and I must therefore summarise. The point is as to whether owners of racehorses are or are not at liberty to do what they like with them. The author of the article described the manner in which he differed from a friend who declared 'that since owners pay the piper they have a right to call the tune.' 'No,' say I, with emphasis, he observed. '*I* pay the piper, even I with my sovereign entrance or fiver subscription. If the owners like to race for private sweepstakes in each others' private parks there they pay the piper and there they may call the tune, let it be any slow march they please; but when they race in public, and the public pay to watch, the public is determined to get racing for its money, and if the public may not back its fancy without thought of anything but the fair chance of the race, the public is seriously aggrieved.' With this last contention, which practically means that every horse ought to try, I entirely agree; but I differ completely from the assertion that because a man pays his sovereign to go to a race meeting owners of horses are under any sort of obligation to him. Every owner must be governed by the Rules of Racing, but owners, it seems to me, have nothing to do with the general public. The author of the article in question and those who support his views appear to ignore the body which stands between owners and public—the men, that is to say, who, as directors of racecourses, lessees, or what not, run the meeting. On the one hand, it is they who tempt owners to enter their horses by the offer of more or less substantial (or unsubstantial) prizes; on the other hand, they appeal to the public to pay their shillings or sovereigns to see the sport they are able to provide. If the sport is not good the fault lies with the controllers of the meeting, who for one reason or another have not contrived to secure an attractive card.

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The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

V.—ON CAPTAINCY

BY LORD HAWKE

THE attempt to impart to others some account of what has been done in a certain department of the game of cricket for a good many years past naturally makes one introspective. There can be no question that the captaincy of a team involves a great deal of responsibility. The compliment and the honour come from those who repose the care of a side to one man. But that one man has so much to think of, so much dependent upon his judgment, that the importance of what is expected from him thrusts aside all false sentiment of vanity. He can feel proud that he is thought fit for his post, but beyond that is created a sense of humility at the limitations of individual capacity rather than arrogance. The last person to enjoy a match—though I would be far from suggesting that he never does so—might well be the captain. The happiest man is the bowler who has a pitch to suit him and a fielding side who can hold catches. Still, is not the pavilion critic happier still—the man who can coach everybody, yet who is never called upon to display his own practical ineptitude? True criticism

is helpful, nay, is invaluable—certain writers in the Press, for example, are of great assistance in modern cricket—but the consequential, dictatorial type, who is a plague to all his neighbours, is a spectator 'who never would be missed,' as Mr. W. S. Gilbert writes.

In response to the Editor's invitation to write on this topic, I am bound to begin with myself. This is not out of egotism, but simply because it has been my good fortune to enjoy a wide experience as a captain on many fields and in many climes; indeed, it would savour of affectation if I did not yield to the special request which has been made to me that my article should be personal. I feel very gratified at having been able to lead Yorkshire to so many victories, and I also keenly appreciate the way in which I have been treated. My county committee have reposed in me a degree of confidence which it is impossible sufficiently to acknowledge. They have in a great measure left the selection of the county side to me, a point on which I wish to lay great stress, because other captains have not been so fortunate. I know of cases—I trust all may be truthfully spoken of in the past tense—in which captains have been severely hampered by the selection committee. Instances could be given where the captain actually had not a seat on the committee—that is to say, he had no voice in choosing the men he was to lead into the field. Examples could also be quoted of captains who, though certainly on the selection committee, were not allowed to modify their teams whilst touring in out-matches without telegraphing for instructions from a hastily collected quorum in the county pavilion. Such anomalies are absurd. If a captain be capable of directing a side during a match, he must also be capable of choosing the men most suitable for that match. If he be not, he is not fit to be captain at all. If he be, he should be entrusted with large powers from his county committee.

The captain of a county team can adopt either of two courses with his men. He can be autocratic, or he can take counsel with one or two of his side—of course, assuming responsibility for the final decisions. I am not going to inveigh against the former course. Captains have found it successful, and have led elevens to victory; but I am not ashamed to own that I have derived valuable assistance from members of my team. I do not speak only of the amateurs, but also of the professionals. If I am to allude to my captaincy of Yorkshire, I should like to say that I have taken counsel in former days with

Tom Emmett and George Ulyett, whilst for years I have found John Tunnicliffe a right-hand man. In the multitude of counsellors there may be confusion, but on the sensible shrewd words of an acute judge much sound reliance can be placed. I also believe in a captain knowing all about his men. Let him feel interest in their home-life, and let them become aware that in him they have a sincere friend. The way in which he will come into touch with them by this means would surprise some captains who could not tell you the trades by which their professionals earn their winter wage. Cricketers are human, and when you play together for three or four months, bonds of mutual attachment and respect ought to have been formed. I consider that a captain is responsible to his committee and to the public for the *morale* of his team. The man who is a pernicious example ought to be sacked, no matter how skilled he may be as a cricketer. A black-leg in a side will work moral mischief, and tend to loosen the bonds of mutual co-operation in a way far more detrimental than is counter-balanced by his own performances. That trite old adage about *mens sana* is a golden text in cricket.

The action of a captain in the field should not be too arrogant. Whenever the bowler has sufficient experience, he ought to be allowed to place his field. Thus, could any one in England set men for George Hirst's bowling half as well as George Hirst himself? When Wilfred Rhodes first came out, he had not the knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of opposing batsmen to enable him accurately to modify the position of his fieldsmen; therefore, it was the captain's duty to support him. So also is it the duty of the captain to shift the field according to the obvious play of the batsman if this be unnoticed by the bowler.

About the changing of bowling it is impossible to speak with authority. It depends not only on the judgment of the captain, but on his intuition. It is often advisable to ask a bowler about to be taken off if he feels he would like one more over or not. Sometimes the man will be glad of a rest. Or again he may feel encouraged to the brief extra effort and obtain the desired separation. If the bowler likes it by all means let him have the over. It is to some extent a matter of temperament. And whilst alluding to temperament, it may be suggested that this is of exceptional importance in choosing the twelfth man. The cricketer who feels hurt because he is not included in the regular side, the man who loses heart and the man of a despondent

disposition, will never make a valuable twelfth man. The ideal for this rather thankless post is a superb field who will turn out cheerily at any moment. He should be a man who does not care where he is put in, but will do his best not only to make runs but to back up—a thing in which many cricketers on the verge of a county team are apt to be callous about after their first few trials.

Another duty of a county captain is to give judicious trial to eligible colts. He ought to be able to see which men are of no use whatever, and which will train on if carefully fostered. It takes three seasons of county cricket to bring out all the ability in a man. It must be borne in mind that nervousness often prevents a colt from doing himself full justice at his early appearances. If Hayward, Hirst, and Rhodes all made remarkably successful *débuts*, Braund, Brockwell, Briggs, Gunn, and Rawlin all ripened after protracted trials. But when in doubt as to the preference to be given to one of a batch of colts whose ability seems to be pretty well on a level, the choice ought to fall on the lad who is smartest in the field. To attain a high standard of efficiency in fielding should be another aim with a county captain; matches are thus won and lost. I believe some anonymous calculator declared that out of 187,000 runs scored last year, 78,000 would have been saved had all reasonable catches been held: a startling commentary.

I am emphatically of opinion that an amateur should be captain of a county team. Not only will the side work better together, but it entirely does away with any suspicion of personal interest in the matter of allotting talent money. On many sides the old-fashioned plan of giving a fixed sum for six wickets, fifty runs, and so forth has been abolished. In its place has been set up a system of marks given by the captain who estimates the value of the work done, not by its actual appearance on the score sheet, but by the help it afforded towards winning the match. This delicate task can be better entrusted in the long-run to an amateur than to a professional—who would not appreciate the job at all in his heart—or to a committeeman watching from the pavilion.[1]

[1] To be more precise, there are two systems of remuneration by marks. The one is for the county committee to set aside a fixed sum (in one case it is £120) to be divided among the professionals according to the marks given by the captain; the other system, employed by Yorkshire, is to allow me to give each man as many marks as I think he deserves, each mark being worth five shillings.

It is the task of the captain to write the order of going in. One thing experience points out is the advantage of sticking to the same order. This is a golden rule and ought only to be modified in the last quarter of an hour in the day. Of course this is a step more than advocating the desirability of the same pair going in first on all ordinary occasions. Look at the names inseparably associated in the minds of cricketers. In days gone by E. M. Grace and W. G. Grace for Gloucestershire, A. N. Hornby and Barlow for Lancashire, I. D. Walker and A. J. Webbe for Middlesex, had become 'household words.' To-day Brown and Tunnicliffe, Abel and Brockwell, A. C. MacLaren and Ward, are names which seem closely linked. A captain should not be afraid to insist on his bowlers getting out cheaply when batting. On occasions they may be allowed to amuse themselves by making a few runs. But as a rule their stay at the wicket should be brief. This may seem hard lines; but it is in the best interests of the man himself and his side that the bowler should get as much repose as possible whilst his side is batting. Another golden rule may be noted. Have a fearless man placed half way down your order to stop a possible rot. Men like Blackham, S. M. J. Woods, and Wainwright have worked marvels in this way. When a man has a fancy for a particular place it is a good thing if feasible to gratify his desire. If a man has had a run of bad luck it is advisable to put him in first so that he will not grow nervous whilst waiting in the pavilion. On the other hand, if the man out of form sincerely desires to be put in late, it is judicious to humour him, as a couple of 'not outs' may help him to regain confidence.

These seem to me the chief suggestions arising from experience of county captaincy, and the majority will of course apply to all sorts and conditions of cricket. But on certain points some further observations must be made.

In a touring team I am almost tempted to say that half the duties of a captain are finished before he steps into the field. In any foreign trips, whether to America, Canada, India, West Indies, South Africa, or Australia, a vast deal depends on the control a captain has over his men when the matches are not in progress. To show colonials and our kinsmen across the Atlantic the best type of Englishman must be the laudable desire of a captain. To do this he must ensure discipline, and his personal example amply suffices to set a good standard of conduct among his men. I have many happy reminiscences on tour of staunch friends, of generous hospitality, and untold kindness received

in distant parts of the globe. Of the tours that are ended the memories will live as long as life lasts. Finally, in a touring team, the captain has to make a succession of speeches. It is his duty not only to say 'thank you' from the bottom of his heart, but to do his share in promoting the unity of hands across the oceans, and he may often find opportunities to suggest how local cricket may be improved. All this does not require oratory, only sincerity.

The captain of a university eleven has one of the most difficult positions. His main business is to win the university match, and the selection of his side has to be based on that assumption; therefore he, more than any other captain, is forced to rely on contemporary form. But against that has to be set the fact that a young cricketer may be rendered nervous by the crowd at Lord's. All things else being on the whole equal, preference can be fairly given to the man who has played for Eton or Harrow, rather than for one who has seldom had a gallery. The delicate task of telling an Old Blue he is not good enough to play is one from which no captain should shrink when the interests of the side are at stake. Again, other things being much on a level, I would rather play a senior than a fresher, owing to the great steadiness a couple of additional years' experience usually affords. Yet, better than all, a couple of county matches is worth a whole term of college or even university matches. Regret has been expressed that university sides are so entirely recruited from sundry colleges, but the theories suggested above will in practice generally restrict the candidates to those drawn from a few colleges.

Finally, the captain of a public school can rely on older and wiser heads than his own. I am no advocate for the gratuitous and ubiquitous interference of the master who has charge of the cricket; but in the majority of cases he is an Old Blue and often a valued county cricketer, and his experience and advice will be of much service to the lad who holds the reins of office. The captain who will win matches for his school is the one who can see that there are good cricketers outside his own house, and who has regular fielding practice, not only for his eleven, but for those who at some schools are termed 'choices.' He must resist the temptation of over-working his best bowlers. Lads collapse rapidly in ability so soon as they feel over-strain. It is also a matter for delicate discrimination when the school-colours should be given. If apportioned too long before the principal match, one or two of the eleven may be slack. On

A VICTIM OF WIRE.

From a painting by George Rankin.

UNIV. OF MICH.

the other hand, a lad of high-strung temperament, with an obvious aptitude for the game, may not be able to do himself justice until his place is assured. It is all a matter for the personal judgment of the captain, part of the splendid education provided by British sport.

In the preceding observations I have endeavoured to provide some serviceable suggestions ; but my own belief is that there is intuitive disposition towards good captaincy in some cricketers, and a hopeless inability among others who have attained fame at the wickets. The importance of sympathetic captaincy cannot be exaggerated, and individuals have sometimes pulled a team together by sheer personal energy and power over their comrades. There are leaders in cricket just as there are leaders of men in other branches of activity. But the ideal captain should possess all I have hinted at and something more—the enthusiasm for the game, the quiet self-confidence which is not mere vanity, and, a most important point, ever ready self-sacrifice for the benefit of his side.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

BY LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW HAGGARD, D.S.O.

And when in other climes we meet
  Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all seems flow'ry, wild and sweet,
  And nought but love is wanting,
We think how great had been our bliss,
  If heaven had but assigned us,
To live and die in scenes like this
  With one we've left behind us.

IT was in words like these that the poet Moore wrote one of his sweetest ditties, and sometimes when I have been visiting the Island on Lake St. John in the province of Quebec, it has seemed to me almost as though the spirit of the great Tommy Moore must hover around its precincts. For the Island is one of those corners of the earth where nature is to be encountered in every mood, and in every mood alike is charming. We can imagine his poetic soul hovering in the lambent sunbeams over the borders of the lucid lake, exclaiming to the fair peri by his side, 'If there be Paradise here upon earth, it is this, it is this.'

A Paradise indeed is this sweet spot, the Island on the Grande Décharge of the Saguenay River, not only to all poetic souls but to the worthy disciple of the great Izaak Walton, who can say with that great father of the art of fly-fishing :

> I care not I to fish in seas,
> Fresh waters best my mind do please.

It is indeed the Eden of fishermen, this little islet situated, like our lives, ever on the borders of peace and the borders of

PEACE—THE ISLAND

passion, yet never certain whether rightly belonging to the one or to the other.

This is not merely a poetical simile but a positive fact, for often has it occurred to the writer of these lines to start from the western side of Lake St. John expecting to see the Island the centre of a storm, expecting indeed to see the waves of the lake washing furiously against the rocky cliffs of the Island, and yet to find on arrival, owing to the shelter afforded by adjacent hill and forest, the broad placid stream of the mighty Saguenay sweeping past the Island in majestic silence, all unruffled by the storm dashing over the surface of the beautiful lake just traversed.

But take a birch-bark canoe, engage a couple from the group of picturesque French-Canadian or half-breed guides whom on landing you find lounging about, like Italian lazzaroni, on the strand near the hospitable Island House, and then, if you be not an old 'voyageur,' you shall soon, in perfect safety to yourself, enjoy a grand and new sensation.

Seated on the bottom of that frail craft, composed of sheets of birch bark sewn on the ribs of cedar with the sinews of the tamarack or larch tree, you glide swiftly from stillness to storm, from nature in her kindest mood to nature in her most self-assertive moments. As, quietly and without the slightest effort, the guide kneeling in the bow and his companion seated at the stern dip their broad-bladed paddles together, you hear at first nought save the ripple of the water as the canoe glides through it, broken by the regular and harmonious sound of the rhythmical time beaten by the paddles. And thus, without any effort, the canoe progresses, and progresses swiftly. But as you pass down near the shores of the Island, and note the silvery birches, the twisted cedars, the white-pine trees, and the fragrant scented Canada balsams, all reflected faithfully in the placid waters at its base, your ears soon become aware of another sound besides that of the dip of the propellers.

A moaning roar, now rising higher as the summer breeze wafts your way, now sinking lower again and but faintly heard, only a second later to break upon the ear with a still louder insistence; this wild and ominous sound it is which now arrests the attention, and it must be owned, when heard for the first time, arrests it with a sensation of awe almost indeed amounting to a shudder of fear.

You have already begun to feel the force of the current, and are now learning by experience how the Island lies between the placid lake and the seething eddy, between the tender bosom of the lily-bearing waters at rest, and the terrible tearing rapids of the foaming Saguenay River.

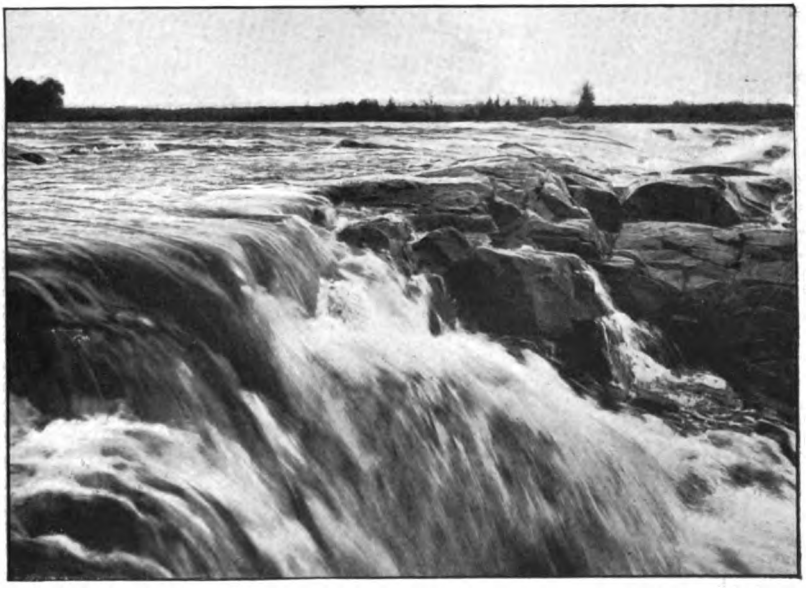
For the Island is now left behind, huge grey cliffs clad with forest trees ascend to your right, sloping shores, a mass of pine and birch, rise to your left, while fantastic rocky islets, covered with tangled masses of cone-shaped spruces and cedars, bar your view ahead in the centre of the river.

Now the roaring increases, and, although the guides do not quicken the pace of their stroke in the least, you feel yourself slipping along quicker and quicker, until presently you see broken water ahead of you and all around. You now realise

that you are in the first rapid of the Saguenay, and, with a shock, see yourself gliding down swiftly towards some white foaming ridges, to approach which seems to your inexperienced eye to court certain destruction.

But, having been warned beforehand, you say not a word to the guides which may divert their attention from their work, for now is the critical time indeed, and a single stroke of the paddle one way or the other means safety or, perchance, death.

Swifter and swifter you approach the first foaming ridge,



STORM—THE CATARACT

from the surface of which only just appear at intervals frowning fragments of rounded or jagged rocks, over which and around the base of which the mighty current of the Saguenay seethes and boils and roars, and throws up glistening globules of spray, which glitter with myriad rainbow hues in the golden sunlight.

Straight towards two such vaguely appearing points of rock, which almost touch each other, the canoe is drawn by the mere strength of the rushing torrent, the guides doing nothing save to hold her head straight by a dexterous stroke of the paddle now and again. Looking ahead you perceive that there is a sheer descent of several feet of green water beyond

the rocks, and hold your breath and drive your finger nails into the sides of the canoe as you realise that you are either going to be dashed to pieces on the crags which menace you, or else to 'jump' a fall. Here you are, on the very edge! will the canoe strike the rocks? Yes, surely it must—but no, there is just room, you glide between them and plump over the brink you go in a deep unbroken body of green water, and the next second are wildly bounding up and down in the huge waves of the rapid thrown up below. The canoe now seems like a thing

THE RAPIDS

of life, she appears like a sea bird to ride safely over the awe-inspiring current. Hardly will you, at times, receive a little dash of spray from the curling waves over the low free board, but, though you know it not, save for the extraordinary skill of your guides, a whole wave might come over at every yard. But now, while bounding forward, you are also flying along. There is another foaming ridge before you, and you approach it far more swiftly than the last. You are already on it; over you go with a delicious sensation; you have not time on this occasion to be afraid before you are dancing again in the broken water below. And now a few strokes from the strong arms of the guides take you into a still back-water, under the moss- and fern-clad cliff of an islet, and as Johnny Lessard or

Alfred Muret at the bow turns round and laughingly asks you, 'Well, how did you like that?' you realise the fact that you have 'jumped' the first rapids of the Grande Décharge of the Saguenay, the mighty river which drains the beautiful Lake St. John. Scarcely have you recovered your wind as it were, after your exciting experiences, before the sturdy French-Canadian or Indian guides begin to ply their paddles once more, and, issuing from the shelter of the verdure-clad islet, push for the very centre of the powerful flood, in a direction which seems to lead to certain death.

For now the roaring of the rapid is almost deafening in your ears, and not half a mile ahead you see a narrow rocky gorge into which the whole river, now grown furious, is pent, while huge masses of yellow foam are wildly dashed skyward in every direction. The canoe is now right in the centre of the main rapid, the waves are tossing wildly all around, and straight for the yellow foaming gorge do you steer. 'Heavens! are we going to jump that rapid?' you inly exclaim, and indeed it looks like it. Meanwhile, while resigning yourself to what seems your inevitable fate, you find time to wonder why it is that your birch-bark canoe, although in the very centre of such whirlpools and troubled waters, is travelling so quietly; for scarcely now indeed is the fragile craft, made so famous in 'Hiawatha,' affected by the tossing waves.

The fact is that in the middle of the storm you are at peace; for a few years ago our friend that intrepid 'voyageur,' Mr. Albert Patterson, of Quebec, discovered for the first time that the right way to run the Grand Rapid was to do it, as you are doing now, down the middle; that a smooth channel of oily unbroken water existed in the centre throughout its whole length to just above the gorge, and that skilful canoe-men could follow this channel without so much danger as the old method of 'running the rapid' along the shore.

Being on the spot, Mr. Patterson had opportunities of observing the river in all its moods, and was in the habit of doing so from the crest of a hill overlooking the Grande Chute or Cataract. More and more it dawned upon him that, in most conditions of the stream, at all events in the summer-time, the safest and best way would be to run the Grand Rapid down the centre. But not one of the sturdy guides could he get to share his opinion, until at length one day he expressed his intention, if no one would help him, of running the rapid alone, and actually embarked by himself in his canoe at the Island House

with that determination. Then one of the honest *habitants*—it was either the well-known Johnny Lessard or else Jean Morel, who is equally well known as a skilful guide—jumped up and seized his paddle, declaring that he would not let Mr. Patterson drown himself unattended. Together they successfully shot the Grand Rapid for the first time ; and then, going back to the Island House, Patterson, having embarked her in his canoe,

A TRIBUTARY TROUT STREAM

took his intrepid wife down it safely. Since that time, except in very heavy water, all the guides have given up the shore route, which is dangerous on account of sunken rocks. Thus it comes, gentle reader, that you now also find yourself right out in the middle of the rushing rapid and whirling along at a splendid pace straight for the entrance to the foaming gorge. Scarcely a minute or two have elapsed before you find yourself close to the entrance and going as it were straight to destruction in the Niagara below.

But what is this? Lo! and behold, instead of plunging into the seething foam, the force of a huge eddy has borne you swiftly and safely to one side and out of the current behind a series of large rocks; and in a few seconds more you hear the grating sound of sand as your canoe grounds on the shallow beach. You have now shot the rapids in perfect safety, in a very few minutes, without taking a single drop of water on board, and have experienced a sensation which it is worth having lived to have known.

You must now take the beautiful portage trail through the forest, to skirt around the rocky gorge to the magnificent pools, full of Ouananiche or land-locked salmon below. And, while the guides walk on ahead with the canoe, paddles, fishing-rods, frying-pan, tea-kettle, and other paraphernalia, you may dawdle along the mossy trail with your companion, and observe with what a liberal hand nature has showered down everything calculated to make these woods lovely.

Beautiful Swallow-tailed or Fritillary butterflies or the equally showy Camberwell Beauties hover around, fanning their wings in the sunlight; the birds sing notes of gladness in the trees above, the raspberries, wild cherries and blueberries hang on every bush in clusters. Under foot the pure white petals and scarlet fruit of the pigeon-berry plant glitter everywhere, while the delicate and deliciously scented twin bells of the plant beloved by the Swedish Professor, and named after him Linnæus Borealis, fill the air with fragrance.

And then, as the roar of the now distant river subsides to a drowsy murmur, you and your companion will pause and look around, and your eyes will meet, and the same idea will fill both your hearts at once:

> Oh! if there be Paradise here upon earth,
> It is this, it is this.

And then you pass a happy, healthy day capturing the bounding little salmon in the pools below the cataracts.

JOCKEYS, BETTING, AND BOOKMAKERS

BY 'THE MAN ON THE COURSE'

THOSE of your readers who did not find my last article too dull to get through will have understood that the real burden of its song was the necessity, the crying necessity, for 'jockey reform.' The modern jockey is to my mind one of the most remarkable products of modern times, and if I blame him when he does not go straight I can but acknowledge that the system which produces and rears him must share with him a great part of the responsibility and the blame. A fortune at his feet by the time he has left school, rich before he is out of his teens, for the next few succeeding years belauded by the Press, sought after in all directions, paid at a rate which has become an absurdity and threatens to become a scandal, he may retire on a fortune before he is thirty, having been, throughout his career, at any time the master of any employer, and at no time the servant of anybody at all. And why? Because the system makes him so, because owners and trainers conspire to keep him so, for the reason that they will have whatever they consider the best available talent and are careless what they pay for it; and further because they have not the inclination or the time in the busy round of racing to think how their actions are surely reacting on their sport. What shall be said of a turf world which consists of many scores of stables, many hundreds of owners, some thousands of horses, and fifteen jockeys to ride them! Can its position be stated without the weakness of it being shouted aloud? Sharp-eyed stewards may threaten and may punish, but the thing will only crop out again in another place, the best arranged system of control will

fail to deal effectively with so powerful a monopoly, so close a jockey borough, so small a jockey ring.

Let us spread our riding and increase our riders in every possible way. To this end racing rules may do much, and probably are at this moment doing something, but every owner and especially every trainer may do more ; they need only be less careful to demand on every ordinary occasion the best available talent, and more careful to see that their own demand is becoming more and more likely to be met by their own supply. And in this connection of demand and supply, the 'men on the course,' who have the interest of the sport at heart and the love of racing in their souls, and who, while they are ignorant of weighing-room ways have yet some perfunctory knowledge of the system and the staff of training stables, wonder constantly at the present state of things. To them it has for long been a cause of surprise that owners and trainers, with all their material at their very finger-ends, with their own lads growing and riding under their very noses, have yet allowed the laws of demand and supply not only to lose all their proper balance and proportion, but actually to change places. What shall be said of a turf world where an owner demands (with many an 'If you please') a jockey, and the jockey supplies himself or not, as he chooses ?

Should not the jockey demand a ride, and the owner, if he so pleases, supply the mount ? Unfortunately I do not get racing as often as I should like, and it may be that I have missed some big fields (Derby, for instance, is a place I never visit), but I can hardly remember the time when I have seen more than thirty starters. At the outside, allowing for all clashing of meetings and accidents of that sort, we only want to establish fifty jockeys to put the balance of the turf world straight in these matters, and to put our jockeys in the position of having to ask for employment. To tell me that in the length and breadth of this country we cannot find fifty English lads or youths physically and mentally capable of riding races and of riding them thoroughly well, is simply to tell me that which I do not believe, and which no amount of sophistry about the timing of a 'Chifney' rush, or the patient waiting for one run for speed, will make me believe. Go racing and use your eyes and glasses, go any day and anywhere, and I dare swear that you shall see any one of the most sought after jockeys in the world ride like a fool ; lie out of his ground in a well-run race and pull his horse about for half the journey to do so ; get mixed

up in a tangle because he will try for impossible openings or because he ventures to think he can bluff So-and-so into giving way to him. Go, I say, and see for yourself and trust your eyes and your judgment, and don't be talked out of your own opinion by any blarney about the art of riding races, and then you shall come away at the end of the day and say, as I and many a better man have many times said: 'Well! it may be all very nice and very pretty, but it isn't my idea of getting home.' And do you think that you shall be alone in this opinion? Certainly not. An owner much more interested than you are will think so too, and will twist his moustache in vexation and disappointment. Poor man, what can he do? he must lie on the bed he has helped to make, and wish for better luck next time. And when next time comes it finds him still on the same tack, still bowing down to and worshipping fad, fancy, and fashion; this time probably complaining that his favourite horseman is otherwise engaged and that he can have no chance with a stable-boy up. But watch the race and see how he fares, and cry aloud with joy when the stable-boy wins or rides well!

Fad, fancy, and fashion! they are responsible for a system of race-riding which has crammed the whole art into those eager moments which pass between the half-distance and the judge's chair; it is here that the jockey must play to the gallery, and advertise his abilities to keep his ascendency, here where it wants neither glasses nor sharp eyes along the crowded rails to see his skill; what do the earlier stages matter to him, when a misty distance hides even his colours? I thought at one time that the Americans would do us some permanent good, but the more I saw of them the more I doubted it; their strength was just where we are weak, but their weakness was painfully apparent just where we are strong, and just where every eye along the crowded rails could see it for itself. One can hardly hope to amend a faulty system by setting up another which throws up into strong relief the strongest point of the system one attacks; and I have lately noticed that not only are our jockeys inclined to slip back into their old habits, but the Americans themselves show a tendency to abandon their early methods. I feel certain that we shall not do any real good till we have succeeded in setting up a real and healthy competition among our own countrymen, and it seems to me that this can only be done by means of sustained effort on the part of owners and trainers. Gentlemen! put up your own lads,

teach them and practise them, but above all practise them! Put them up whenever you can and don't take them off till they fail you and fail you utterly; if they do at first lose you a hundred-pound plate from inexperience or over-anxiety, they will save you five or six times the amount for a probably useless third call upon the services of a condescending artist. But, if I know anything of your judgment, and of the material from which you may choose, you will soon have at your beck and call more than one anxious, eager, trustworthy servant, who will add to his keenness the satisfactory qualification that he is not three pounds behind the best of them. May I have one final word before I leave it: Practise him! and if one fails you utterly, practise another!

When the turf world finds itself under the control of real and effective rulers, there is another matter of turf politics which must, as it seems to me, press itself immediately upon the attention of those rulers, and which should be at once taken in hand and dealt with by them. I refer, of course, to the great and pressing question of betting. The present and pleasant fiction that the Stewards of the Jockey Club and race stewards generally do not recognise betting, and are officially ignorant that any such practice exists, is, in my opinion, utterly and absolutely played out, perfectly effete and useless. Things have come to such a pass that free Englishmen going racing want countenance and assistance from the rulers of the meetings to help and protect them against the impudent and grotesque interference of faddists. This state of things arises partly from the attitude of the law with regard to wagering, and partly from a confusion of ideas which springs up in the popular mind in consequence of that attitude. If for the next few sentences I use the word 'wagering,' it is because I wish to avoid the various meanings which, during the last few years, have clustered round the word 'betting,' and to present an aspect of the case which will not involve me in any of those subtleties.

I take it that wagering is as absolutely lawful as buying and selling, as insurance, as any other form of business contract for the payment of money. If a certain limitation be conceded to the word 'lawful' in this connection, the foregoing statement is, I fancy, absolutely true: and, if so, then it is a curious comment upon the confusion of ideas that I have just mentioned, that people who make their own private fortunes by backing their carefully calculated table of averages against the winds and waves of the Almighty should nevertheless be able to

pose as anti-wagerers, and should venture to interfere in that capacity with the business of their humbler brethren. It is, of course, true that the courts of law will not bother their heads about recovering for the successful wagerer his winnings from the loser; it is, of course, true that that attitude, which was at one time only an attitude of the law courts, has been now approved by statute, and that various enactments have been passed with a view to prevent a successful wagerer from succeeding by any artifice in bringing his wager before the courts to bother their heads, and to get his judgment for his winnings. But what does all that matter to the general proposition? It does not make wagering in any sense unlawful. If I go into a shop and order, say, a carriage for £250, and promise by word of mouth to pay for it by posting a cheque, but sign no order and make no payment, the seller cannot hold me to my bargain, and cannot, by the mere device of delivering the carriage, recover his £250 in the law courts. All that doesn't make it unlawful to order carriages. Just as it became necessary for the law courts to take up the attitude, 'We will not bother our heads about wagers,' so it also became necessary for the legislature to take up the attitude, 'If you are asking as a litigant for a decision of your rights upon important contracts, you must furnish the law courts with satisfactory written evidence of what those contracts are.' However, a nice argument as to how far it is true to say that wagering is lawful may furnish material interesting and remunerative to lawyers, but is hardly amusing to readers of the *Badminton Magazine;* it is enough for them that wagering exists, always has existed through ages during which memory runneth not to the contrary, and always will exist as long as two men remain to wager, as long as horses may run, cards may be shuffled, billiard balls may roll, or raindrops run down a window pane.

Everybody recognises that mankind is free to wager if he pleases; not even the most rabid member of any anti-gambling league would venture to maintain the contrary, nor, even if he ventured to maintain that contrary in the abstract, dare he put into a concrete form proposals to interfere with the freedom of mankind in that regard. But what that rabid person does is to attack the business of wagering, to allege that that at least is unlawful, and to assail by every means in his power the bookmaker as the representative of the business. His attitude towards the backer and the bookmaker is on a par with the

attitude which I should take up towards the insured and the insurer if I should allege that, though it may be a prudent act of the owner to insure his vessel, yet the underwriter must always be blasphemous and immoral, because he is always willing to lay, and, in fact, makes his living by laying, long odds that the Almighty with all His winds and waves will not succeed in destroying any particular ship! Therefore it is that I say things have come to such a pass that free Englishmen (and a bookmaker is at least a free Englishman) going racing want countenance and assistance from the rulers of the meetings to help and protect them against the impudent and grotesque interference of faddists.

Not only is the attitude of official ignorance of wagering assumed by the rulers of the turf world an attitude which is reflected upon the wagerers themselves, but it is, as I believe, in danger of becoming fatal to the sport itself. Much nonsense is annually written and spoken about the sport of racing flourishing in the absence of the bookmaker and his clients. I for one like to face facts as I believe them to be, and to have the courage of my convictions founded upon them; and, rightly or wrongly, I for one do not believe a word of it. Whether or not the sport of racing flourishes ultimately depends only upon one thing, and that one thing is whether or not the public attends race meetings in such numbers as to make the meetings a financial success. If the public from any cause will not so attend, why then the owners may have their sweepstakes and their races in their own private parks, and very excellent fun they will have, no doubt, but we shall all admit that racing must inevitably languish under such conditions, and may probably collapse entirely. I believe that the attendance of the public ultimately depends upon one thing, and one thing only, namely, whether or not they may comfortably and safely back their fancy without much trouble, go away and watch it win or lose, come back and draw their money in peace without bothering their heads about rampers and welshers and ticket-snatchers, and persons of that highly objectionable class.

It may be that I am wrong, but my own opinion has always been that the bookmaker is one of the necessities of racing, at least of racing as we now understand it; and for the sake of the sport as we now understand it I want the bookmaker protected, fostered, and controlled by the rulers of the turf world. He is in danger of being classed by the rabid faddist as a rascal attending a carnival of rascality; and he is not that

nor anything like it; at least none of those that I know could possibly be thus spoken of. As a curious instance of even judicial disbelief in the bookmaker, I saw the other day that one of his Majesty's judges was reported as having said publicly in Court that he had long been waiting for an opportunity to give this advice to the public: 'Never take a bookmaker's cheque!' With all respect to Mr. Justice Grantham, to his great position, to that general knowledge of the world which his great position necessarily brings, I will most unhesitatingly venture to say that this advice of his is 'stuff and nonsense!' and with all the perils and the pains of contempt of Court before my eyes, 'stuff and nonsense' again! Many and many a dozen of bookmaker's cheques have I had in my time, and never a wrong 'un amongst them, and the British public (and, after all, they are fine judges) will take any bookmaker's cheque that they can get, the more the merrier, and will be content to wonder at Mr. Justice Grantham and at his strange and gratuitous advice.

But all this is really a mere digression. I was arguing that the bookmaker should be fostered and controlled on the racecourse and that he should appear there no longer when he is in default, and that this should be done not in one ring but in all on every racecourse in the country. I find it hard to suggest that at great open heath meetings, like Epsom and Ascot, control can be exercised over wagering on the hill and at the booths for the benefit of a public which is free to come and go for nothing; but I do urge that at all our gate-money meetings something should be done in this respect even on the open ground, and, if your readers will forgive me for making a noise, I raise my voice in clamouring for a real effective control at every race meeting over every person who makes it his business to shout or lay the odds in any enclosed ring. I want the bookmaker to have upon the racecourse a legal status according to racing law, a recognised position, a something that he can forfeit; I want him to appear there under certain rules made by the rulers of the meetings and to disappear when he breaks them. Exactly how all this is to be done I need not now discuss, the only point I want to urge with all the emphasis of which I am capable is that it must be done and done quickly if the turf is to keep its present position against attacks which, as I think, threaten its very existence.

WOMEN ON THE LINKS

BY MARGARET BOYS

IN this strenuous age when competition is the mainspring of existence, women struggle and scramble to attain their desire as keenly and ardently as men. Possibly our sex is not too acutely blessed with sense of proportion, and it is almost tragic to see how they throw themselves body and soul into the pursuit of the moment. A game becomes a business, a pleasure a toil. And there is no game pursued with more ardour than golf.

The golf enthusiast is often a woman to avoid. According to medical diagnosis she is recognisable by several distinctive peculiarities—at a distance by a long stride and protruding elbows, while on closer inspection she is betrayed by the fixed intensity of her gaze and the wrinkles on her brow. Sailors and golfers have these characteristics, the former from constant gazing across unlimited space and the latter from following the flight of the ball through the air. An American authority says that the arms of women golfers are unbecomingly tanned, as they invariably play without gloves and with sleeves rolled up to the elbow. But this remark can only apply to our Transatlantic cousins, for Englishwomen are practically never to be seen on the links with semi-nude arms, and the majority wear gloves. Still it cannot be denied that the constant gripping of the shaft tends towards the broadening and thickening of the fingers and spoils the contour of the nails. To the initiated,

however, the hall-mark of the golfing enthusiast is the dark line of sunburn above the collar. But when all is said, 'every occupation,' asserts a well-known authority, 'has its marks. The only human beings who seem to escape these inexorable

MISS M. A. GRAHAM, CHAMPION 1901

signs of their occupation or fad are the beautiful women whose faces rarely express anything but artistic perfection.'

Golfers cannot be classified under one special characteristic; they vary according to their individual idiosyncrasies. The outward disadvantages already referred to are trivial in comparison to the advantages gained by women who follow the game with praiseworthy enthusiasm tempered by a wise moderation. The athletic woman of to-day may be occasionally

marred by one or two minor peculiarities, but even so, she is an infinitely more beautiful spectacle than the lackadaisical hypochondriacal woman of the last generation. Since the adoption by our sex of golf and similar health-giving pursuits, these moral abnormities have become as extinct as the Dodo. These are not the views, however, of Mr. Dooley. He is not reconciled to the invasion of the modern Amazon into the athletic world. 'I don't know anything that cud be more demoralising,' prates

MISS ADAIR, IRON SHOT. DUAL CHAMPION 1900, SILVER MEDALLIST 1901

this clever satirist, 'thin to be married to a woman that cud give me a sthroke a shtick at goluf.' He goes on to predict domestic disruption in the spectacle of 'the large lady, a little peevish because she's off her dhrive.'

Sceptics have said that the temperament of women is antagonistic to golf. But time has surely proved this theory a fallacy. To become an expert player one must be endowed, argued these scoffers, with strength, a keen sensitiveness of eye and nerve, a stock of unlimited patience and an acutely developed power of seizing on the psychological moment. Pre-supposing, for the sake of argument, that women are by

nature not endowed with these attributes, how have such golfers arisen as Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell, the Miss Whighams, Miss Adair and others? Is it not justifiable to claim that golf has stimulated in women the subtle growth of much that has hitherto been dormant? Our mothers were capped-matrons at forty, while now a woman of that age shares the sports of her children and proves a formidable antagonist to any young player half her age.

Fifteen years ago golf was only played by one or two isolated women; now the Ladies' Golf Union, inaugurated in 1893, has an aggregate membership of over 6000 players.

In the initial stages of the adoption of golf by women they were relegated to the 'Jews' Corner' of the links, where putters were the most suitable clubs to meet all the so-called hazards. A drive of 60 or 70 yards was considered remarkable, and the woman who achieved it became the most envied of her sex. Soon rumour had it that in various favoured spots in Scotland there were one or two players who could meet and occasionally defeat their men-kind. But there were always sceptics who doubted the existence of these players until the first championship competition took place, and Lady Margaret Scott's play dazzled all who had the pleasure of seeing it.

There is little doubt that the present high standard to which ladies' golf has attained is mainly due to the inauguration of championship and other minor competitions. From 1893, the year of the first championship competition, golf may be said to have 'boomed.' New clubs sprang into existence all over the country, some on independent lines, others merely off-shoots of the men's clubs. The majority could boast of nothing but ladies' links where—to quote an amusing definition of such links—'while holing out on No. 3, it is possible to leave our coat in safety on No. 1, our hat on No. 2, watch Miss Short lose on No. 4, hear a dispute on No. 5, a gown gossip on No. 6, be referred to for a rule from No. 7, and while in the direct line from No. 8, be hit dead by a ball from No. 9.'

Still ladies' links is a comprehensive title, and some clubs have links where the carries from the tees strain the skill of the most expert, and the 'par' runs into the nineties. The Royal Portrush Ladies' Club has an ideal 18-hole green with numerous natural bunkers of formidable dimensions: 9 out of the 18 holes considerably exceed 200 yards in length. The value of such a course as a school for young players is illustrated by the skill of the members, of whom the most noteworthy are

Miss R. Adair and Miss M. Hezlet. The West Lancashire Ladies' Club has an excellent 18-hole course at Blundellsands, but the most popular and crowded ladies' 18-hole links in England is the Princes' Green at Mitcham. There, in half an hour from Victoria, the West End can enjoy a delightful round, and if the captious murmur that the lies through the green are not all that could be desired, they are rapidly improving under the indefatigable efforts of a most praiseworthy secretary.

MISS NEVILE DRIVING. SILVER MEDALLIST 1900

There is a considerable divergence of opinion as to the distance a woman can 'carry.' Many argue that 90 yards is sufficient, and if the bunker be more distant it only conduces to pressing. But this is underrating women's capacity. Even the second-class player can negotiate 100 yards carry without the slightest effort, while players of the Miss Whighams or the Miss Neviles calibre can accomplish tee shots with a carry of 150 yards. Miss Kent, a member of the Middlesex county team, can drive an immense ball with a carry of 170 yards. Miss Adair is not considered a long driver, and her average is probably 180 yards

carry and run. Women in this country are supposed to achieve longer tee shots than Americans, yet at the driving competition held prior to the last American Championship, Miss Margaret Curtis won with an aggregate for the three shots of 558 yards, an average of 186 yards. Auchterlonie holds a theory that it is possible to add 20 yards to your drive in America, his hypothesis being, to put it briefly, that the ball carries further because of the rarefied crispness of the atmosphere. There

MISS E. C. NEVILE, SILVER MEDALLIST 1898, BRONZE MEDALLIST 1901

is some corroboration of this idea in the distance attained in the States with the Haskell ball. There it is claimed that the Haskell has added 40 yards to the length of the tee shot, while in this country the average addition is from 15 to 20 yards ; and experimenters assert that they attain this more frequently with iron than with wooden clubs. Playing with a guttie and a rubber ball at several tees, Miss E. C. Nevile only succeeded in once obtaining a longer stroke with the Haskell, and the difference between the two balls was, if anything under 15 yards. From personal experience the writer

has found 15 yards the utmost she adds to any shot when playing with a Haskell. This increase in length to a short player is, however, a considerable advantage, as frequently an extra 15 yards will make the second carry feasible instead of impossible. To the long drivers the Haskell ball should prove of little value; the links are laid out for these players, and an additional 15 yards on to the length of each shot would, in all probability, land the ball in many of the hazards which are intended to be negotiated in the second shot.

One often meets a player who can carry an immense

MISS M. WHIGHAM DRIVING IN MATCH WITH MISS R. ADAIR

distance, yet when *carry and run* are taken proves to be only an average driver. This apparent anomaly is caused by the swing and *stance*. A player who stands with the right foot about twelve inches behind the ball, and hits with an exaggerated full swing, scoops her ball, and though it attains a considerable height and carry, it will drop practically dead; while another, who stands further back and plays with a moderate full or three-quarter swing, achieves a shorter and less lofted carry, but the ball, on falling, will run from 20 to 40 yards, according to the nature of the ground. This is obviously an advantage, as in the majority of instances the carries are seldom longer than 100 to 110 yards, and those can be negotiated by the low flying ball with a yard or two to spare, while the more

lofted ball will drop dead some ten yards beyond the hazard and be, at the finish, in actual length, as many yards behind the less showy but more effective shot.

Women exaggerate the importance of a long tee shot out of all relative proportion to that of the other features of the game. Take, for example, the two drives of over 220 yards achieved by Miss M. Whigham, at Westward Ho, in the championship of 1901. They became the all-absorbing theme of conversation. Every competitor resolved in her inmost soul not to rest content until she had done likewise. And, to attain these extra yards, she strained every nerve and tied herself into every imaginable shape; with the inevitable sequel—a severe attack of pressing, foozling, and subsequent despair. It must have been at this time that the golfing bard wrote:

He thought he saw a whirligig
Entangled in a knot;
He looked again and saw it was
A well-developed Scot.
'She needs a private moor,' they said,
'To practise such a shot.'

In the enthusiasm of admiration which followed these magnificent shots of Miss M. Whigham's no one appeared to realise that though out-distancing her opponent off the tee by many yards, she only secured a half in the one instance, and at the next lost the hole by an ill-judged approach and weak play on the green.

The majority of our best players are comparatively weak in their short game. There are, of course, exceptions; Miss Adair, for example, who is an all-round fine player. Her style is peculiar, probably due to the fact that she is self-taught, Badminton being the only authority applied to for instruction. She drives an extremely lofted ball, and this also applies to her brassy shots, neither being as long as those of Miss Whigham or Miss E. C. Nevile. In iron play and putting Miss Adair is at her best. Invariably playing the odd through the green against the long players, by deadly approach play and putting she snatches holes when they appear irretrievably lost. Miss Adair has appreciated the immense importance of the short game, and her wonderful accuracy is due to persevering practice of these so-called minor strokes.

Temperament, says the American ex-champion, Miss Griscom, largely assists or impedes the cultivation of the attributes which are necessary to the making of a fine match-

player. But she confuses temperament and nationality. British, to the American mind, implies no distinction between English, Scotch, and Irish temperaments, while, to the dwellers in these Islands, the temperament of the Irish and Scotch is in direct antithesis to that of the English. Temperament is—as regards golf at any rate—an individual, not a national, idiosyncrasy. Miss Adair has achieved her victories over the Miss Whighams, Miss E. C. Nevile and Miss Hezlet, mainly by the steadiness of her nerve at critical moments. Miss Whigham, with triumph in the hollow of her hand, betrays the ascendency

MISS WHIGHAM DRIVING

of her nerves by weak putting. Miss E. C. Nevile frankly acknowledges that when the psychological moment on the green arrives she is frequently unable to snatch it. With nerves strained to their highest pitch women fail on the green, their judgment of the line of putt is blurred, their hands clutch the putter and unconsciously they 'pull' the ball. The phlegmatic temperament of the Englishwoman has, as yet, not brought England conspicuous success. Of the nine competitions which have taken place, Scotland has appropriated six, Ireland two, and England only one. Scotland's victors are Lady Margaret Scott (Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell), champion from 1893 to 1895, Miss E. C. Orr, champion 1897,

Miss Lena Thomson (Mrs. Lyndhurst Towne), champion 1898, and Miss M. Graham, champion 1901. Ireland's winners are Miss M. Hezlet, dual champion 1899, and Miss Rhona Adair, dual champion 1900. Miss Pascoe secured the Blue Ribbon for England in 1896.

Irish women have vindicated their right to the first place as match-players, and this is mainly attributable to the predominance given in the best Irish clubs to match over medal play. In golf, as in other things, the platitude 'Practice maketh perfect' is proved an undeniable truism. English clubs devote

MRS. WILSON HOARE AND MISS D. EVANS, MEMBERS OF THE KENT COUNTY TEAM

too much time and energy to the 'cult of the Biscuit Box' by medal play; one rarely hears of tournaments being instituted in the more important English clubs. But since the inauguration of county golf, match-play has received a strong stimulus, and the practice attained by the better players in these inter-county matches has already effected a marked improvement. There may be, as some authority has said, an inclination towards taking the whole county competition question too seriously, but the reflex issue from county golf is in itself of importance; a new field has been opened and a new motive given. Hitherto perhaps golf has shown a tendency to develop the selfish side of women: they played mainly for their own personal aggrandisement. Now, a county club contains first-class representatives

from all the important local clubs, and these unite with true *esprit de corps* to bring victory to their county.

In inter-club play the system of scoring by holes throws too severe an onus of responsibility on the individual, it being possible for one to make or mar the match. A young nervous player begins by losing the first two or three holes, becomes

MISS THOMPSON DRIVING

utterly demoralised, and ends 12 or 15 *down*. The remainder of the team may all come in *up*, but by a narrow majority of holes, the total not amounting to 12 or 15 ; consequently, through an acute attack of nerves in one member of the team, culminating in a fever of foozling, the side which has won the preponderance of individual matches is defeated. Surely an inequitable result ! By the inter-county system, the failure of one member of the team to record a win only represents the loss of one point, and the triumphant team is the one which contains the best players.

Obviously an equitable result for a team match, which is intended to evolve the survival of the fittest.

These county matches have proved an excellent training school for young players. The home-and-home system of play has enabled them to gain a wider knowledge of links, and they have learnt to adapt their play to the different varieties of lies and hazards. Players who were comparatively unknown have come to the front and established reputations. Difficulties have been experienced, as was anticipated, in playing these home-and-home matches, such an arrangement obviously entailing a considerable expenditure of time and money, and, in consequence, county teams when away from home were not always at their potential strength. The want of funds being the paramount trouble, the zealous and capable captain of the Kent County Club—Mrs. Stanley Stubbs—met the situation by organising concerts which realised a considerable sum. With this reserve fund in addition to the subscriptions, Kent pays half the travelling expense of the team, and this concession has materially lessened the difficulty of obtaining players when outlying counties are to be visited. The energetic example of this county is being generally followed by others, and it is thought the home-and-home system of match-play, which embodies the true ethics of all county sport, will, during the ensuing season, be established on a firm basis. Mrs. Stanley Stubbs is a magnificent match-player. A bronze medallist of 1901, she was only defeated by Miss M. Graham on the 19th green. At Great Yarmouth in 1898 she was also beaten by the ultimate winner, Miss L. Thomson, but that not until the match had been carried to the 21st green. With Mrs. Stanley Stubbs a match is rarely lost until the last green, and it is no uncommon occurrence for her to record a sensational win, when four or five down at the turn. Through the green she is frequently outplayed, but by judgment and skill equal to those of Miss Adair, she proves to be a deadly antagonist on the green. Miss D. Evans, Mrs. Wilson Hoare and Mrs. Ryder Richardson, are also strong Kent representatives. Surrey, the champion county of 1900 and 1901, is able to put a team in the field containing several scratch players. Among these the most notable are Miss Pascoe, champion 1896, Mrs. Lyndhurst Towne, champion 1898, Miss Issette Pearson, silver medallist 1893 and 1894, and Mrs. Willock, bronze medallist 1895. Middlesex has two formidable players in Miss Sparrow and Miss Kent. Sussex, Essex and Hampshire have not such a

wide field of selection as the three metropolitan counties, while Devonshire has only recently organised a county club. Of the midland and northern counties, Yorkshire is the most powerful. Headed by such players as Miss K. Moeller and Miss B. Thompson, and with others of nearly equal prowess, Yorkshire may, at no very distant date, emerge as the champion county. Lincolnshire, hitherto rather weak, is to be reinforced by the services of the Misses Nevile.

These ladies are the longest, if not the strongest, players

MISS ADAIR PUTTING

south of the Tweed. They acquired their knowledge of the game in 1892, and four years later competed at the first Midland championship. The elder secured the premier honour, while the younger took the bronze medal. The relative positions were reversed the following year, and in 1899 and 1900 Miss E. C. Nevile again won the gold medal. In the open championship events the sisters have also won honours. Miss E. C. Nevile was runner-up to Miss Lena Thomson in 1898, and in 1901 she only fell in the semi-finals to Miss Adair, but not until the game had been carried to the eighteenth green. Miss Nevile was runner-up to Miss Adair in 1900. Both sisters are superb match-players. The inter-club record of the Worcestershire Club bears witness to this; for there it is 'writ large' that

during the last five years, when representing their home club in inter-club matches, both have only been once defeated.

It is unfortunate that neither Lancashire nor Cheshire has a constituted county club. Miss M. Graham, champion 1901, and Miss L. Dod would form an excellent nucleus for a Cheshire team, while Lancashire has such strong clubs as Lytham and St. Anne's, West Lancashire and Formby upon which to draw for players. But the North has never shown the same degree of keenness as the South in the county club association. The local clubs are more scattered, and the distance to be travelled so great, before even the home team is collected, that a lack of interest is pardonable.

The northern temperament on either side of the Tweed does not 'enthuse' over golf. To find the competitive spirit acutely developed, one must either visit the metropolitan counties or cross the St. George's Channel. Miss Adair is only one of a coterie of brilliant Irish players. Miss M. Hezlet is a colleague of equal repute, while Miss Walker Leigh is also a first-class exponent of the game, and one who ere long may rival the dual record of Miss Adair and Miss Hezlet. Miss Walker Leigh, like others of the same class, is weak in her short game. The brilliant long players are too numerous to be tabulated, but the equally fine exponents of the short, tricky features of the game are but too easily counted.

> My son, count not too much upon thy drive,
> But heed thy putting when thou shalt arrive ;
> This have I seen ; though thou be Up in Two,
> Thou may'st not after all be Down in Five.

Approach shots and putting require patience and perseverance, and a lack of these qualities is attributed to the sex. How frequently one sees men with half a dozen balls practising short approach shots, but a woman so wisely employed is seldom seen.

Impatience is a most ruinous fault in a match-player. A woman with an approach shot of fifty or sixty yards to play will walk towards the ball, hurriedly calculating the distance to be traversed between the ball and the hole, and deciding which club to use, while still too remote to know the nature of the lie. With the optimism of the sex she plays the shot, in all probability with the wrong club, merely because it is in her hand, and the distance to be covered entirely misjudged owing to the focus of her eye having taken a wrong impression while moving

towards the ball. But, alike to the novice and the expert, the brilliant features of golf prove demoralisingly attractive, and the *motif* of every tiro is to excel in the long game. The average player's knowledge of the varieties of approach play is strictly limited. One *pitches* all her strokes, irrespective of the nature of the ground; another attempts nothing but *running* balls, and when the green is guarded comes hopelessly to grief; whilst a third runs them up with a putter.

MISS H. M. FREE BUNKERED. CAPTAIN, WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB

Golf, some adduce, needs no intellect, but this thesis is incorrect. To become a first-class exponent of the game the different features must be minutely studied before they can be mastered. 'Play with your head' is no idle phrase; and a golf tiro requires a brain of no mean calibre if she intends to become mistress of the technicalities of the game.

Only recently Lord Wemyss referred to golf in the Upper House as the game which had added so much to the civilisation of nations. Ethically, golf has developed many fine characteristics in men and women. Hasty tempers have been curbed,

selfishness lessened, and perseverance and patience acquired. Socially, it has introduced a broader spirit of tolerance towards others' idiosyncrasies. Those who had been previously stigmatised as impossible are found to be 'good golfers'—a term synonymous with 'good sort' in the golfer's vocabulary. A purer spirit of *bonne camaraderie* has been introduced, and in consequence the generally narrow outlook of the average woman's life materially widened. Thus, to quote the words of President Roosevelt, 'The whole test of the worth of any sport should be the demand that sport makes upon those qualities of mind and body which in their sum we call manliness.'

THE KING OF THE PRAIRIE

BY R. B. TOWNSHEND

OF old the buffalo bull was the king beast of the prairie. Who was there but man to dispute his sovereignty? The bull elk carried a pair of horns like the branches of an oak, and the mustang stallion could kick like a hurricane, but the buffalo bull weighed two thousand pounds as he stood in his tracks, and the biggest elk or mustang that ever stepped was as a child's toy beside him. Old Ephraim, the grizzly, might indeed have made a hard tussle for it with his terrible claws and fangs, but his surly strength mostly chose to expend itself in other directions; too many of his ancestors had had their ribs driven in by a pair of strong sharp horns set in a head of adamant for him to take any chances, and he preferred to give best to the bull buffalo without a fight. As for the rest of the animals, they followed the example of their betters, and left the king of the prairie severely alone, only the lank grey wolf sneaked in the rear of the herds, where battle and old age and lightning flash and tempest provided victims enough to keep the hunger-bitten scavenger of the prairies from starvation. And so the millions of buffalo lived on, proud and happy, generation after generation, until the last quarter of the last century.

Then the white men built their railroads out into the heart

of the buffalo country, and, armed with Sharpe's rifles and Winchesters, they poured forth in their thousands to finish him off. It took them scarce fifteen years to do it, but I am proud to think I, John Kimber, of Bijou Basin, had neither part nor lot in that slaughter. I had my ranch and my cowboys and my herd of cattle, and that was good enough for me. What should I want to fly around for, trying to earn a few paltry dollars as a hide hunter, when from my hardy Texas cows and splendid shorthorn bulls I could raise year by year the very finest kind of improved steers to sell to the miners in the mountains. My cattle fattened themselves summer and winter on an untouched range forty miles across ; how could they help fattening when on Squirrel Creek they had the run of the very best buffalo and grama grass, the strongest and sweetest feed that ever grew out of doors. Thousands of buffalo grew fat there on it in the old days, and it was there that I ran on to the very last buffalo I ever saw or expect to see alive outside of a menagerie. There had been no buffalo in on the range for years, and that was a magnificent old bull whom I found absolutely alone. If I was no slayer of the buffalo I knew right well their nature and their ways, and I knew what had brought him there away from the rest of his kind. It was here on Black Squirrel Creek that his mother had borne him as a calf, and here first he had drunk at the clear cool springs and cropped the short curly buffalo grass almost at the foot of Pike's Peak. From this range in the great migration of his tribe he had swung north to the Republican and the Platte, and south to the Arkansas and the Cimarron.

As he grew older he fought his way up in many a desperate struggle with rival after rival till he proudly trod the earth the unquestioned master of his band. His huge frame developed, and his thews and sinews became as iron. His great hump and neck and head were clad in a rough mass of shaggy mane, the wealth of his thick dewlap almost swept the ground. His reign lasted many a long year, and he was every inch a king. But lately there had come a day (as it must come to all of us) when his muscles were less elastic and his breath was shorter than of yore. That day a younger bull—one of his own sons perchance —now in the very prime and flower of his age, equal to the monarch in weight and strength, superior in quickness and in wind, had challenged him to mortal combat. They had fought for hours, round after round, pushing and thrusting, butting and horning, till both were fairly spent and almost foredone.

But youth will be served, as they say in the ring ; the younger lasted longer and came off victor in the end.

Deeply the vanquished champion felt his disgrace : before the very eyes of his cows and of his heifers he saw himself put to utter shame. Sullen and savage he withdrew, and spent the night alone for the first time, nursing his wrath. To-morrow he would be rested ; to-morrow he would seek his insolent rival again, and he would win, or else die fighting, fit end for a warrior. To-morrow came, and the combat was renewed. Alas for the old hero ! he could neither win nor die. For the second time his more youthful and vigorous rival fought him to a standstill, and left him helpless and exhausted, yet with his life whole in him yet. The triumphant victor moved off proudly over the hill accompanied by the faithless band ; the fallen champion saw himself deserted, and he laid himself down, longing for the death that would not come. There as he lay thoughts of his lusty youth came back to him ; he remembered the cool springs of Black Squirrel Creek and the sweet pastures where he was born, and he desired to taste of them once more. There was virtue for him in those crystal waters, and with the strong rich grama oats of the sand hills he would renew his youth ; his lost vigour would surely come back ; after that he would return once more and find the band—his band—and then the presuming upstart who had supplanted him should learn what he still could do. With the thought he felt his strength revive a little ; he struggled to his feet ; he turned his shaggy front towards Black Squirrel Creek ; never since his calfhood had he forgotten the exact direction in which lay the place where he was reared ; and thitherward he pushed steadily ahead. And stealthily behind him and on either flank skulked half a dozen lank grey buffalo wolves, following. He did not condescend to notice them. He had disdained them all his life : why should he now stoop to give them a thought ? He did not consider that now for the first time he was alone, stiff and weak from his great battle, with a red gash on his side left by his rival's horns, nor did he know that the hungry wolves had smelt his blood. On, on, he pushed, following an old and once well-travelled road that in their migration the buffalo had made ; it ran from the Republican to Big Sandy, from Big Sandy to Rush Creek, and from Rush to Black Squirrel Creek ; the latter part of it was grass-grown now, but his instinct led him true. And ever as he went the wolves went also ; there were more of them continually, and continually they grew bolder, closing in

upon their prey. Big Sandy had long been left behind, Rush Creek was passed, and the edge of the Black Squirrel Creek ranges was gained. He stopped to taste the first bite of the pastures of his youth. Pah, they were dry and dusty now. What was it that had changed? Could it be he? And the tireless wolves drew nearer still, and lay down to rest themselves and get ready for the end. They would need all their strength for the final onset.

But the end was not to be quite as they imagined, for over the hill on a sudden there came a man riding alone. The bull did not see him, for his shaggy frontlet half concealed his eyes; the wolves saw him, however, and were on their feet in an instant ready for flight. The solitary horseman was myself, and this was how I came to be there.

It was early spring, and wherever the ground was a little moister or the air a trifle warmer than elsewhere the sweet fresh young feed was just beginning to start. My band of saddle horses, sick and tired of the old dry last year's grass on which they had grazed all winter, went plumb crazy for a bite of the tender sprouts of the new growth, and deserting their wonted haunts by Holcombe Hollow, they hunted eagerly for green grass all over the country. And so it came about that I presently missed two of them, nor was it hard to guess that they had wandered away southwards where the grass started earlier. My two cowboys were busy breaking in some colts, so I left my books (we cattlemen are not all savages, and I read a great deal in winter), and, saddling up, I started out alone to look for the runaways. I searched all day without seeing a sign of them, and that night, of all places in the world, I slept at MacTaggart's sheep camp. Cattle- and sheep-men, as a rule, agreed about as well as buffaloes and wolves, for where the sheep graze the cattle die. In the early days we pioneers had boldly pushed out on to the great ranges with our Texas herds, and we felt ourselves to be every bit as much the lords of the prairie as ever the buffalo had in the past. But now that our cowboys had taught the Indians to keep at a respectful distance, and made the country comparatively safe, these sneaking sheepmen were beginning to creep in, digging wells where they liked on government land, and squatting right in the heart of our best cattle grazing. Were we, too, to follow the buffalo and be driven out? Was our day of doom at hand? There were cattlemen who said 'No' to that, who resisted by violence, who went at night and stampeded flocks

of sheep, and fired into the houses of their owners. But I was not one of them. The sheepmen were within their lawful rights, and I, John Kimber, was a law and order man, first, last, and all the time. Perhaps twenty years earlier I might have kicked, when I was still young and my blood was hotter. But now that I have grown older I see more and more clearly that fate will have its way, and that the new order of things is always being built up on the ruins of the old. Well, well. Kismet! Let it come, say I.

And so I went to MacTaggart's. I had seen him once or twice already in Crockett City, but I had avoided his shanty; the sight of it in the distance was enough to sicken me, for on my range he was the first invader. A rank tenderfoot he was, a great, red-faced, beefy sort of man, a British colonist, hailing from that very out-of-the-way spot in the Gulf of St. Lawrence known as Prince Edward's Island. Well, I had no objection to him on that ground, for I was from the old country myself originally, though twenty years of life on the frontier had made me feel a regular Western man, and, on the spur of the moment I accepted his invitation to stop the night when I met him about a mile from his shanty. He was on his way out from Crockett, and he had a pair of really fine young American mares hitched to his waggon that it would do any one's heart good to see.

'Lost your horses, heh?' said he in a rallying voice, when I told him how I came to be there. 'That's what you cattlemen are always doing, heh? I cut hay for mine, and keep 'em tied close round home. Safe bind, safe find, heh?'

I wanted a new name for cheek. Was this confounded tenderfoot going to teach a frontiersman how to manage his horses?

'Can't do that sort of thing when you've got twenty cow-ponies,' said I briefly; 'you can't tuck 'em up in bed every night at home when you've got to ride hundreds of miles on the roundups after your stock.'

'Wouldn't suit my constitution,' laughed the fat-faced flock-master. 'Don't care about riding much, nowise. Nay, I don't so much as own a saddle. Not but what I used to gallop around in the pasture on the plough-horses when I was a boy on the farm.' He certainly didn't look much like a horseman as he sat there with an old army blanket rolled round him on the spring seat of the farm waggon.

'A man had better be able to ride,' said I; 'yes, and to

shoot, too, if he's going to live in the Far West. He never knows the day when he mayn't want to do one or t'other, and if he does he'll want to do it powerful bad, as the Arkansas gentleman said.'

'Well, as for shooting, I've got a scatter gun,' he returned. 'Does to kill these long-earned jackass rabbits with first-rate, and that saves my mutton, d'ye see. And then one of the Jackson boys has a revolver.'

The Jackson boys were twin brothers whom he had got to come out from the island to work for him at twenty dollars a month. If the Mac in his name meant that he was of Scotch blood, he certainly did no discredit to his ancestry. He was canny if ever a man was, and the idea of paying men what I paid my Colorado cowboys, forty dollars, would have made him feel sick.

The Jackson boys had just corraled the sheep for the night as we reached the shanty. They really were the two very finest young fellows I ever laid eyes on. Each twin was as like the other as two peas, and 'six feet four and as broad as a door' was about their mark for size. It warmed my heart, even if they were tenderfeet, and sheep-herders at that, to see their friendly faces and listen to their innocent talk. I had got into the habit of thinking that everybody in North America was born, so to speak, with a gun in his hand and a six-shooter in his hip pocket, and it was quite a relief to run across these Arcadian youngsters who knew precious little of firearms and nothing at all of bloodshed. They had come from a quiet, decent, law-abiding district, where shooting scrapes and Indian fights had scarcely been heard of except in story-books, and I vainly tried to make their hair stand on end by telling them what the Cheyennes had done when they raided us three years back. I might picture all the horrors of the scalping knife and the stake; but they were armed in a happy unconsciousness that made them proof against qualms.

'We've seen Indians at home,' said the younger twin; 'there's plenty of Micmac hunters in the woods; and there's bears too; why, brother Will here killed a bear with his axe last fall.'

'Yes,' said I; 'and ten of your little black bears wouldn't make one Rocky Mountain grizzly. And as for your Micmac hunters—well, if the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers ever run on to you when you're herding sheep, you'd better get into a buffalo wallow with a Winchester or they'll have you on toast.'

Within an hour after I left them next morning I began to

think that I had found a Cheyenne warrior myself when I came in sight of a solitary black object more than a mile away that at first I took to be nothing less than an Indian sitting bent forward over the neck of his mount. A cattleman scorns to run from a single Indian, and I rode towards him, not without caution though, for there might be more of them about, but unseen. And then of a sudden I made out that what I had taken to be the bent back of a man on horseback was nothing else than the great hump of a solitary old buffalo bull.

Under cover of the hill I rode undiscovered to within eighty yards, and gazed at him awhile. He stood motionless, a lonely and majestic survivor, type of the era that was so swiftly passing away. I read his history, even as I gazed, in his great head hanging low, and in the long red gash upon his scarred side. And then I caught sight of the wolf pack lying down in the grass and waiting. I knew well what that meant. As soon as the pinch of hunger gave them courage to attack, they would make a combined rush at him; the more cunning ones would bay him in front, always avoiding his irresistible charge and the fierce toss of those wicked horns, till at last the boldest of the cowardly lot, seizing his opportunity, and springing on the victim from behind, with one tearing snap of his terrible wolfish fangs, would cut the hamstring; and behold, the ex-monarch of the prairie crippled and helpless! Last of all, I saw in my vision the fall of the monarch, the disembowelling alive and the gruesome feast of victory. Every detail of the cruel scene printed itself on my brain, while I watched their slinking steps as they rose. Should I baulk them? Should I end his career by a merciful bullet? But I had robes and meat enough at home already. 'No, old warrior,' quoth I, 'you shall go unharmed for me. Live as long as you can, and the wolves shan't get you yet if I can help it.' With that I suddenly drove spurs to my pony and dashed full speed over the brow of the hill straight at them. The wolves and their prey were equally taken by surprise. Away fled the buffalo in the curious rocking gallop of his kind, and as fate ordained it, he took a line for MacTaggart's ranch, while the hungry wolf pack scattered before me like a frightened covey of partridges before the stoop of a falcon. I wasted half a dozen pistol shots just for the fun of seeing them stretch themselves, but I could not afford to waste horse-flesh in riding them down, so I presently left them and turned once more to renew the search for my lost stock. The buffalo bull was already out of sight.

As luck would have it I ran on to my two strays a few hours later, and brought them at evening back to the sheep ranch. When I rode up I noticed that the sheep were already corraled, and the two young giants were kneeling, very busy over something or other, up on top of the shanty. As I came close I saw that they were stretching an immense green buffalo hide which covered the whole roof. Then I knew.

'Man,' said the younger twin, looking down at me over the eaves, 'man, but you had ought to have been along with us here to-day! We've had a grand time entirely. We've killed a great big buffalo.'

'So I see,' said I; 'and I'm wondering to myself how you managed to do it among you.'

'Oh, it was a grand fight,' he answered, grinning, 'and the boss come mighty nigh being killed.'

'How did it all happen?' said I, getting down to shift my saddle on to a fresh horse.

'Why, brother Will was out with the sheep this morning,' said the young tenderfoot proudly, 'when he saw a great black thing as big as an elephant coming over the hill. At first he didn't know what to think of it, and then he guessed it must be a real live wild buffalo. So he left the sheep, and he ran to camp, and halloed to me and the boss that over yonder there was a buffalo bull as big as a house. And the boss unhitched the team, and stripped off the harness all but the blind bridles; and he gathered the scatter gun and put two loads of buck shot in it, and jumped bareback on one of the mares, and lit out for the buffalo. Me and my brother fetched a surcingle, and rolled up a blanket so as to make a good pad, as there's no saddle on the place, and we girthed that on to the other mare, and then he took his revolver and lit out after the boss. I followed on foot, and just as soon as I come in sight of them over the hill, I saw the boss go galloping up to the buffalo, and he loosed off the first barrel of the shot gun, and I guess he missed him clean. But the team mare wasn't used to being shot off, and she give a big plunge sideways, and the boss rolled right off on to the ground, and the buffalo see'd him there and come at him. And right as he lay, without getting up—for he was a goodish bit shaken—the boss slung the gun across his thigh and loosed off again and hit the buffalo, as he came up, in the near foreleg, and that charge of buckshot broke the bone, and the buffalo was sort of turned aside so that he missed his charge. Then the boss scrambled on to his feet and started to

run away, but the buffalo came after him on three legs and caught up with him in a moment. Man, it was grand to see! The boss saw that the near leg hung loose, so he turned sharp to the left and ran in a little circle, and the buffalo kept circling after him. That near foreleg being broken, the buffalo had hard work to turn, and as long as the boss could whirl short to the left, the bull's horns missed him every time. But it was just nip and tuck, I can tell you, and the boss is a big fleshy man, and he soon gets short of wind. Three minutes more and I guess the buffalo 'd have got him. But then came my brother on the other mare, and he hung on tight to the surcingle with one hand for fear she'd jolt him off, and with the other he loosed off all six shots out of the revolver at the old bull, and the very last shot went into his lungs, and he fell down and bled at the mouth, and died. And you'd have laughed to see the boss set down beside him and puff and pant and snort and blow. Fair tuckered out he was. But, man, what a monstrous size a buffalo is! I reckon it took us nigh three hours to skin him and cut him up; and then the boss put strychnine in the offal for the wolves, and started straight off to peddle the meat around in town. "Poor as it is," says he, "'twill fetch three cents a pound in Crockett, and the four quarters will weigh a thousand pounds. I'll net thirty dollars." '

Thrifty MacTaggart!

By this time I had shifted my saddle on to one of my runaways, and now I swung myself into the seat, and driving the two loose horses before me, I started for my night ride homewards. Dimly through the gathering dusk I saw the hungry grey wolves busy over the poisoned entrails as I passed the spot where the king of the prairie had fallen.

'Good-night, old hero,' I sighed, 'your day is over; your time had come; all my goodwill could not give you an hour's longer life; it did but hasten your end. I reckon my day is pretty nigh over too. The cattleman is no more wanted here than the buffalo, and these tenderfeet look on one as pretty nearly as wild as the other. You faced the Indians and the wolves and the blizzards for many a day before your time came; so we cattlemen have borne the brunt of it, and now we are to give place to a set of creeping sheep-herders who can neither ride nor shoot. And yet, old warrior, they are successful; they cover their roof with your hide, they make your offal bait for wolves, and they sell your meat for thirty dollars in the market-place.

'But after all—does the success belong to these men? Was it the strength of your own sons that drove you out of the herd to die alone? Was it not old age that tamed your strength, the inevitable fate against which even the gods strive in vain? And is it not the same inevitable fate that drives me forth, and not these men who are my brothers? I cannot fight them, they are but the blind tools of destiny, the forefront of the crowds that are rolling westward with as irresistible an impulse as that which ruled the migration of the buffalo herds. The flood of men will sweep onward, and in their turn farmers with their ploughs will come to oust these shepherds as they have ousted me. Each one of us has but

> A moment's halt, a momentary taste
> Of being, from the well amid the waste;
> And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
> The nothing it set out from. . . .

'And we men can see the doom coming, and cannot avert it nor struggle against it. For the end is denied to me that was granted to you. One thing, old warrior, I envy you and one thing only. You died fighting, and that was what your great heart desired.'

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FORGET-ME-NOT.

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SARK: THE GARDEN OF CYMODOCE

BY THE HON. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY

MORE than thirteen years have passed since I first visited the little island that Swinburne paints with all his enthusiasm for beauty and the sea in the melodious rhapsody entitled 'The Garden of Cymodoce.' It is high praise which he awards it in his apostrophe to the sea :

> One birth more divine
> Than all births else of thine,
> That hang like flowers or jewels on thy deep, soft breast,
> Was left for me to shine
> Above thy girdling line
> Of bright and breathing brine,
> To take mine eyes with rapture and my sense with rest.

And yet there is something so unique in the beauty and charm of the little island that lovers of nature and quiet are drawn again and again to its shores, although sport, except sea-fishing, is non-existent, and golf has not yet been introduced, although, as one of the hotel-keepers wrote to me in 1896 (with sublime ignorance of its mysteries), 'there are doubtless many places in the hotel grounds where it could be played with advantage.' The gregarious tripper prefers the attractions of Guernsey or Jersey, where he can dash through scenery of great beauty in a four-horse *char-a-banc*, accompanied by congenial spirits, and halt at frequent intervals for refreshment where alcoholic stimulants are cheap ; or, if he desires to be able to say that he has

visited Sark, he crosses by the morning steamer from St. Peter's Port, is conducted as one of a herd to such points of interest as can be visited in a short day with an hour's interval for a heavy midday meal of lobsters and ale ; stares into the windows of the Seigneurie, the beautiful gardens and grounds of which are courteously thrown open to the public at stated times, and returns in the evening, after enriching various parts of the island with his autograph, with a hazy impression of cliffs and ocean, and a general conviction that there isn't much to see in Sark, but that at all events he can say that he has been there. To the artist, however, the naturalist or the poet, or to that more numerous class which loves and appreciates nature, beauty and repose, without laying claim to any of those high titles, the little island is replete with interest and charm, and they return again and again where:

> midmost of the murderous water's web
> All round it stretched and spun,
> Laughs, reckless of rough tide and raging ebb,
> The loveliest thing that shines against the sun.

Sark is a very small island ; only about three and a half miles long, and not more than one and a half miles wide in its broadest part, but it is all compact of loveliness ; surrounded as it is by cliffs honeycombed with caves hollowed out of its granite ramparts by the action of the sea, in front of which great rocks stand out as sentinels, the home and nesting-place of innumerable sea-birds. Of these the most remarkable are the two great rocks named 'les Autelets.'

> The black bright sheer twin flameless Altarlets,
> That lack no live blood sacrifice they crave
> Of shipwreck and the shrine subservient wave.

On these I have seen cormorants, guillemots and kittiwakes nesting at the same time, each species of bird having appropriated distinct ridges and ledges as its own peculiar property, and none encroaching upon or interfering with that of its neighbour. The guillemots nested highest of all, and their darting flight to the sea in search of food was a revelation of grace and beauty. As I stood below their home at low tide they skimmed over my head at a great height at a pace and angle which would have taxed the skill of a De Grey or Stuart Wortley, although far be it from me to suggest that those great shooting experts, or any sportsman one degree removed from barbarism, would molest such harmless and beautiful creatures.

I have heard of one ''Arry' who fired some shots at them with very indifferent success, but I am glad to say that he was hauled up before the magistrates and heavily fined, as well as having to bear the more disagreeable penalty of exposure.

The wild cliff and rock scenery form a striking contrast to the fertile and flowery interior—the commons blazing with furze blossom, the hedges and banks starred with primroses, the lanes bright with hawthorn bloom. I have nowhere seen primroses grow more luxuriantly. In addition to the ordinary yellow sort,

LES AUTELETS

(From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by W. A. Toplis)

three other varieties—a dark red, a pale pink and a pure white—are not uncommon, and 'sports'—common primroses with twelve and even fourteen petals instead of the ordinary five—have been brought under my notice. The climate is far more bracing than that of Guernsey, and *a fortiori* of Jersey; indeed the quality of the air of the high tableland surrounded by sea is such that the late Dr. Chepmell—no mean authority—himself a native of the Channel Islands, used to declare that it was the healthiest spot within a thousand miles of London. The marine zoologist finds a rich field for his labours. Crustacea of all kinds abound round the submerged rocks which fringe the

coast, the lobster-fishing being particularly good. Many varieties of octopods frequent the bays and pools—the scene of Victor Hugo's great description of a combat with a devil-fish in the *Travailleurs de la Mer* being laid in the immediate neighbourhood. I never, however, had the good or bad fortune to fall in with a squid sufficiently large and formidable to account for an absconding bankrupt, and retain and preserve his valuables and papers for future production when the exigencies of the situation require such a marine *deus ex machina*.

Beautiful shells abound, and the curious univalve, the ormer, known as Venus's ear, is found adhering to the boulders at low spring tides, and is much sought after for food. I have eaten these molluscs but did not care much for them, although they are considered a great delicacy by the natives. I found a few myself and bought others at first, as they are welcome gifts for children or bazaars; but further experience taught me where I could always get as many as I cared to take away. It was only necessary to search the dust-heaps at the back of any farmhouse or cottage, and any quantity of fine specimens could easily be obtained, far better than the dead shells washed up on the shore, which in addition to their loss of colour usually bear marks of the perforations of their enemies, the cuttlefish and whelks. But it is in anemones, sponges, and zoophytes of a similar character that the island is especially rich. The rocky caverns and hollows covered and disclosed by the great rise and fall of the sea, amounting to as much as twenty-six feet at spring tides, furnish ideal homes for these light-avoiding creatures. One spot especially—the celebrated Gouliot cave—is, in itself, sufficiently unique to furnish a reason for a visit to the island by any one interested in these beautiful and strange inhabitants. These caves, for there are really two, can only be penetrated at the lowest spring tides, when they must be approached either by a boat, if the sea is sufficiently calm to admit of landing, or by a somewhat precipitous and difficult path from above, not dangerous to any one with a reasonably good head, although Mr. Swinburne, with permissible poetical licence, gives a somewhat exaggerated view of its perils:

> For the path is for passage of sea-mews, and he that hath glided and leapt
> Over sea-grass and sea-rock, alighting as one from a citadel crept
> That his foemen beleaguer, descending by darkness and stealth at the last,
> Peers under, and all is as hollow to hellward agape and aghast.

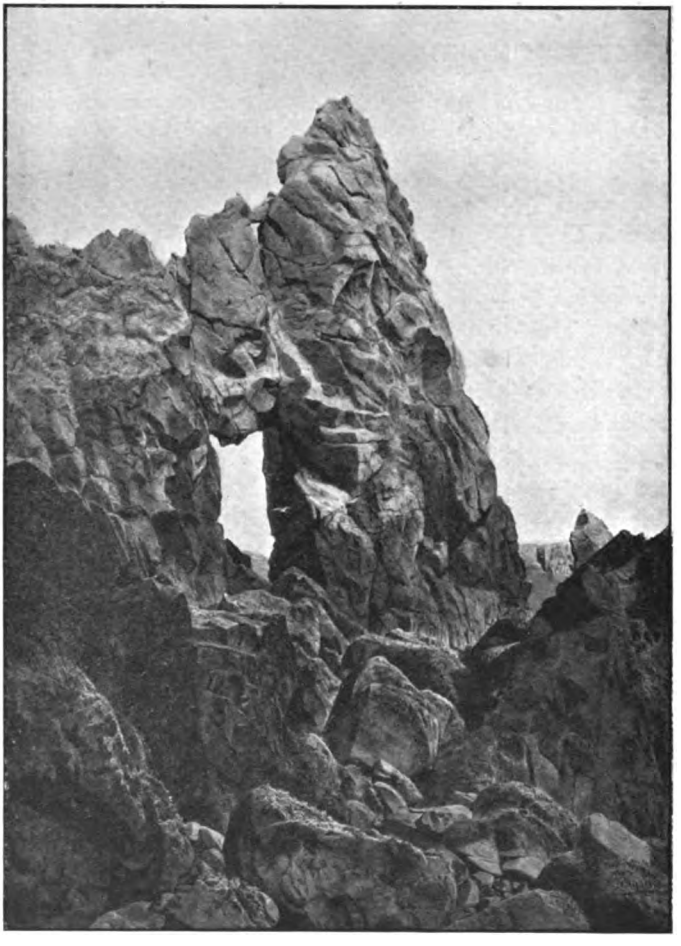
But he does not exaggerate the beauty of the vision that meets the eye when the seal of the tide

> On the seventh day breaks but a little, that man by its mean
> May behold what the sun hath not looked on, the stars of the night have not seen.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Afloat and afar in the darkness a tremulous colour subsides,
> From the crimson high crest of the purple-peaked roofs to the soft-coloured sides
> That brighten as ever they widen, till downward the level is won
> Of the soundless and colourless water that knows not the sense of the sun;
> From the crown of the culminant arch to the floor of the lakelet abloom,
> One infinite blossom of blossoms innumerable aflush through the gloom.

I have twice had the good fortune to visit these caverns of mystery, once by landing from a boat, once by climbing down the path on the cliff side, and on each occasion I penetrated to their extreme depths, although not without a certain amount of wading. Where the two galleries nearly meet, a natural shaft pierces upward to the daylight, and it is impossible to exaggerate the loveliness of the jewel-studded arches and walls when the rays of the sun strike down upon them. It is true that most of the anemones are closed, but the brilliant colour remains. Myriads of smaller gorgeous zoophytes and sponges glitter around their big brothers, and the strange *tubularia indivisa* hangs all around like bunches of white currants, with its flower-like petals closed. It needs no great stretch of imagination for the visitor to fancy that he has forced an entrance into Aladdin's cavern, where, as the old, ever young, romance tells us: 'The fruit of each tree had a separate colour. Some were white, others sparkling and transparent like crystal; some were red and of different shades; others green, blue or violet, and some of a yellowish hue; in short, there were fruits of almost every colour. The white globes were pearls; the sparkling and transparent fruits were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the paler a particular sort of ruby called balaz; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires; and all the other coloured fruits varieties of precious stones.'

There are many other caves of great interest, and on a calm day some can be visited in a boat. Indeed, nothing can be more enjoyable than a row completely round the island when the weather is favourable for such an expedition. The deep water in most places comes quite near the shore at high tide, and the passenger is taken close under towering cliffs where he

may perhaps see, as I did, a couple of thieving ravens carrying away the eggs from the nesting gulls, pursued and screamed at by the bereaved and outraged parents. Round standing pillars, through natural arches, into deep caves, the boat winds its way,



A MONARCH OF THE SHORE
(*From an Oil Painting by W. A. Toplis*)

and the colouring of the rock, and the brilliant blue and translucent clearness of the sea are a revelation of contrasted splendour. Sark is, as is well known, a happy hunting-ground for artists, but I know of no one who has reproduced the actual colouring of the cliffs with such patient fidelity and accuracy as the resident artist, Mr. W. A. Toplis, who has kindly permitted

me to make use of some of his work to illustrate this article. A disciple of Ruskin, he spares no pains to be accurate in the smallest details, and as he lives in Sark and has brought up his family there, there are few parts of the beautiful scenery that he has not studied and painted in oil or water colour.

It seems strange that in an island indented with so many bays and creeks there should be only three places where boats can shelter. In nothing is Sark more unique than in the character of its harbours. Creux Harbour, where steamboats and yachts land passengers at the little pier, is backed by a great wall of cliff apparently impenetrable; and there is a malicious and doubtless untrue story that the Admiralty yacht with the First Lord on board, once came to visit the island in state, but failed to detect the tunnel behind the pier, and sailed away, reporting that there was no entrance. Doubtless the story is by our old friend, Ben Trovato; but there is a peculiar charm in one's first introduction through

> the dark deep sea-gate that makes way
> Through channelled darkness for the darkling day.
> Hardly to let men's faltering footfall win
> The sunless passage in,
> Where breaks a world aflower against the sun;
> A small sweet world of wave-encompassed wonder.

On the opposite side, near the small island of Brechou, is the little fishing harbour of Havre Gosselin, hardly less peculiar and picturesque than Le Creux; for there the fishermen, to gain access to the boats that float snugly in the little cove, have to climb down the cliff by a precipitous path ending in a perpendicular ladder. The third harbour, 'Les Eperqueries,' at the northern extremity of the island, is now little used, although before the construction of Le Creux it was the only place where a vessel of any size could land passengers.

I have not yet mentioned the crowning wonder of the island, the well-known natural bridge called the Coupée, where the only road between the two islands—for there is a Great Sark and Little Sark—runs for a hundred yards between two precipices 290 feet high without any fence or wall, a track only just wide enough for a small cart to pass. It is a queer enough place on a windy day, and one that it would not be pleasant to drive a shying horse across; but the natives look on it as all in the day's work, and decline to maintain a rail because experience showed that children would swing on it, and that thereby the danger would be increased! It is recorded that when the silver

mines were worked in Little Sark (the shafts and buildings are still there, and traces of ore can be found, although the enterprise was a lamentable failure) one of the workmen, who was a little convivial, used to try his walking powers on a more protected part of the road a little before reaching the Coupée, and if he found that he swayed too much from one side to the other, used to lie down and sleep off his potations instead of attempting the dangerous transit. For most sober men, however, it has no terrors, and I myself, although I have a bad head for precipices, never objected to crossing

> that steep strait of rock whose twin-cliffed height
> Links crag with crag reiterate, land with land,
> By one sheer thread of narrowing precipice
> Bifront, that binds and sunders
> Abyss from hollower imminent abyss,
> And wilder isle with island, blind for bliss
> Of sea that lightens and of wind that thunders.

It was, however, too much for my friend Frank Lockwood, who got a headache after crossing it, and always spoke of it afterwards as a 'dreadful place.'

Dear Frank Lockwood—it was with that brightest and cheeriest of companions and truest of friends that I last visited Sark in 1896; and, although the Coupée was too much for him, he thoroughly appreciated the island, with its beauty, its quiet, and its grandeur of scenery. It was one of the last of those happy Easter excursions when, with his family and friends, he threw off the weight of Parliamentary and legal cares and became a boy once more. Like him, I had my wife and children with me, and I shall not forget that happy gathering, and how devoted all the young people were to the cheery and sympathetic friend who joined so heartily in all their amusements—never patronised or lectured them, but talked to them without pedantry or affectation on a footing of equality. How we all enjoyed the walk we had together when my daughter's little Scotch terrier incontinently fell upon a duck, and nearly slaughtered it in full sight of a cottage, at the door of which the outraged proprietress appeared. How he laughed at the old women holding up their hands at the door—at the dialogue in dog French which took place between me and a not altogether sober emissary of the duck's owner. 'Qui est le propriétaire du méchant chien?' 'Moi.' 'Il faut payer.' 'C'est juste.' And then, when ransom had been duly offered and accepted, at the tough old duck running away apparently none the worse,

'Il vit encore!' A specimen of his handiwork appears in an imaginary portrait of the Seigneur of Sark, with his old-world feudal rights and privileges, as he expected to find him—not the least resembling the actual proprietor of the Seigneurie,

AN IMAGINARY PORTRAIT OF THE SEIGNEUR OF SARK—WHAT I EXPECTED!
(*From a Sketch by the late Sir Frank Lockwood*)

who will be as amused as any one at his supposed likeness if he should happen to see it. We all played paper games together in the evening, and my son has preserved and framed two of his lightning cartoons from history and fiction: the one depicting Walter Raleigh offering his cloak for Queen Elizabeth

to walk upon ; the other, inspired by the *genius loci*, having for its subject the great fight between Victor Hugo's hero and the devil-fish. I little thought that this happy holiday was to be the last we should spend together ; but, alas ! Frank Lockwood's death 'eclipsed the gaiety of nations' only the next year—in December 1897.

I have stayed at two of the little hotels on the island: one, the Bel Air, near the harbour ; the other, the Dixcart Hotel, at the head of the beautiful little valley which leads down to Dixcart Bay, with its fine natural arch and expanse of sand. Those who require elaborate and luxurious accommodation had better go elsewhere, but I always got what I wanted—clean and comfortable quarters, good and wholesome food, and attentive and thoughtful care for my comfort and that of my party. Each place has its advantages, which I should be sorry to balance ; the visitor cannot go wrong who finds himself in either. I for one hope that it may be long before a monster palace, with gold-laced porters and charges to match, sullies the simplicity of the little island. There are not too many such oases left in the desert of civilisation. As I write the rich scent of the whinbloom seems once more to delight my nostrils, and a vision of all the varied beauties celebrated by the poet rises anew before my eyes.

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,
Made lovelier by love of the sea
Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers,
Like foam of the sea-facing tree
No foot but the sea-mew's there settles
On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,
With snow-coloured spray for thy petals,
Black rocks for thy thorns.

THE TEST MATCHES IN ENGLAND

BY HOME GORDON

THE advent of another Australian team to play a series of five Test Matches against the picked eleven of England naturally suggests a retrospect over the previous encounters at home. Recent cricket has not been in our favour, for we have had only two victories in the last fifteen matches played in both hemispheres. But up to 1899, the record in England was one which inspires a thrill of national pride, and there is no reason why we should not wrest the laurels of victory from our visitors in the coming months. For the earlier matches of this grand series, I have the privilege of recording the reminiscences of that magnificent cricketer, Mr. A. G. Steel, and for the later ones the observations of a prominent amateur who desires to remain anonymous. At the same time it is only fair to mention that they are not responsible for all the comments and opinions expressed in the present article.

There is no need now to dilate on the protracted amount of preliminary negotiation which formed the prelude to the first Test Match in 1880. Dr. W. G. Grace had endeavoured to arrange the fixture at Lord's in July, but though the executive of the premier club gave a certain amount of lukewarm assistance, nothing came of the effort except a forcible declaration by Mr. A. N. Hornby that he would never play against the Australians owing to the disgraceful row at the Antipodes when he formed one of Lord Harris' team. But Lord Harris was far too good a sportsman to bear malice. He wanted England to meet Australia, and it was due to his active exertions that the historical match began on September 6 at the Oval. The

Surrey executive had chosen the English eleven. It was a good one, though the claims of Dr. E. M. Grace to a place were historical and sentimental rather than based on contemporary form, Mr. A. N. Hornby, Barlow, and Ulyett all seeming preferable at the time. The Australians had lost the services of their greatest bowler Mr. F. R. Spofforth and had no change bowlers of high rank as soon as Messrs. Boyle and Palmer were taken off. Therefore the more credit is due for their great display.

England went in first on a splendid wicket and made the best use of the opportunity. The elder Graces began together and the champion gave a superb display for 152 marred by only one sharp chance. The attack just suited him, for there was none of the very tricky slow bowling which alone troubled him in his prime. Mr. Steel remembers that when he himself went to the wicket to join Lord Harris the Kent captain told him never to play back, and the very first ball he received from that atrociously bad bowler, Mr. Alec Bannerman, though it hardly pitched half way, whizzed past his ear. On fourth hands he had actually changed when the wickets fell so fast that he had great difficulty in getting on his pads to be 'next man in' when the winning hit was made. Of the famous catch by which the late Mr. G. F. Grace dismissed that gigantic tapper Mr. Bonnor, Mr. Steel observed that the fieldsman never had to move. The ball was miss-hit into the air and looked as if it were coming back to the bowler, Alfred Shaw, but it gradually rose until it was one of the loftiest ever seen and then came straight down to the place where the youngest of the great triumvirate stood. The only time that Mr. Frank Penn met the Australians in England was in this Test Match. Yet the honours went to the losers and the real hero of the great game was Mr. W. L. Murdoch. His magnificent 153 not out was faultless. It began when his side followed on in a minority of 271, and except that forcing bat the late Mr. Percy McDonnell, no one gave him much support until the last two batsmen, Messrs. Alexander and Moule, who offered a stubborn resistance. Add one other point, that Mr. Blackham actually allowed only eight byes in an aggregate of 477, which elicits the testimony from Mr. Steel that only he and the late Richard Pilling ever bothered him when he was batting. With all other wicket-keepers he could concentrate his attention on the bowlers, but with these two he knew the slightest shifting of his foot might entail his instant dismissal.

'Better twenty runs by Massie than a century from Quaife,' wrote Mr. A. G. Steel in a volume of 'Wisden,' and it forms the text for the appreciation of that extraordinary match in 1882 when our visitors won by the narrow majority of seven runs. In every instance the batting average of the English side, prior to the match, was higher and the bowling lower than that of the Colonial, a fact which enhances the credit of the victory of the Australians. Mr. A. N. Hornby was in command of the home team, which was powerful in every department and absolutely representative. It was recently suggested by a modern critic that Alfred Shaw should have been included, but he was not bowling quite at his best—against the Australians up to that time he had taken seven wickets for 118, a worse average than those of Barlow, Peate, Ulyett, and Mr. C. T. Studd—and not only would his presence have weakened the batting, but with the Yorkshire slow bowler his trundling would have been superfluous. As for the game, it was a grand struggle right through. The visitors went in, and as things were against them Mr. Blackham after his wont compiled top score, Barlow bowling in his most cunning fashion. On first hands we had a lead of 38, Ulyett batting with confidence, but Mr. Spofforth was bowling his 'darndest,' luring the Yorkshire bat out with a slow off which he was stumped, dismissing Mr. C. T. Studd with a bailer which seemed to go through his bat and coming out with an analysis of seven for 46.

Next morning, with rain affecting the pitch, Messrs. Bannerman and Massie not only knocked off the minority but put up 66 in an hour, of which the freer batsman had hit a beautiful 55, an innings Mr. Steel regards as seldom surpassed. How bad the wicket had become may be gathered from the fact that except the captain no one else had double figures to his credit. A regretted incident has become part of the history of the game. Mr. S. P. Jones, having made an awful mess of the pitch by slipping up in achieving a short run, went out of his ground to pat the wicket, when Dr. W. G. Grace promptly whipped off the bails. It was within the letter of the law, but the feelings of the rest of the English side were corroborated by the hooting of the crowd. Indeed, some went so far as to say they were glad the Australians won after such an incident. The last morning was bitterly cold and England felt very little doubt of making the necessary 85. So good was the start that only 34 runs were required with seven batsmen to go down. The first check came when Messrs. Lucas and Lyttelton had to play a

dozen consecutive maidens. When the wicket-keeper was sent back, 19 were required with five men to bat. Mr. Steel remembers how he walked confidently in, could only stick his bat against the first terrific ball he received from 'the Demon,' and found himself easily caught and bowled. After this came the appalling rout, Mr. Spofforth bowling his last 11 overs for 2 runs, 10 maidens and 4 wickets—Messrs. Steel, Lucas, Lyttelton, and Maurice Read—Mr. Boyle taking Barnes and Peate.

Now, as to one point, Mr. Steel wishes something to be said. It has become a tradition that Mr. C. T. Studd was so nervous that Peate had to hit out and so was dismissed. Peate made some remark to that effect, and Mr. Hornby not only put Mr. Studd in tenth, when his average was 29, but was also of that opinion. This is what Mr. Steel desires should be contradicted. He avers that he played more cricket with Mr. C. T. Studd than any one else, knew him as intimately, was his guest for the match, was with him when he put on his pads to go in, and that the old Etonian was in no sense 'paralysed with fright.' As a matter of fact he never received a ball. Moreover, had the charge been true, he would have been considered too nerveless ever to play again in a great match, whereas he appeared in both fixtures of the Gentlemen against the Australians in 1884 and in numbers of other important engagements until he gave up cricket to become a missionary. Such strong and unsuggested defence ought for ever to relieve the name of this great amateur from the only trace of failure in a fine career.

After this it was felt ridiculous that international honours should depend on a single game, therefore three were arranged for 1884. Rain marred the first match at Manchester, but Mr. Steel regards it as a remarkable achievement that in a minority of 87, against the attack of Messrs. Spofforth, Palmer, Boyle, and Giffen, the English should have kept up their wickets all Saturday on such a ruined pitch. The highest defensive honours went to Mr. A. P. Lucas. Over the encounter at headquarters, Mr. Steel provides an interesting piece of autobiography.

'The game was fixed for Monday, July 21. On the previous Friday I made a century in a Bar Match, and on the Saturday at Trent Bridge scored about 120 for Liverpool *v.* Notts Castle. On the Sunday in London I was seized with acute lumbago, and had to be assisted to see Wharton Hood, who handed me over to a masseur. I had an hour and a half with

him, and George Harris would not hear of my standing down. Next morning I had another dose of rubbing and was terribly crippled. They made me play and I could only field short slip. Scott and Boyle had a big stand for the last wicket, and Harris insisted on my bowling. I could not run, but stood and delivered six miserable balls; off the last full-toss Murdoch, who was fielding substitute for W. G., caught Scott plump. Next morning was a terrifically hot day, and after I had played my first over I never felt a twinge of my foe.'

The result was that magnificent innings of 148 which will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Such brilliant and aggressive hitting all round the wicket has rarely been seen in a match which tends to cramp the freedom of batting owing to the importance of the occasion. Mr. H. J. H. Scott made a gallant effort to save the game, but Ulyett was irresistible, though his seven for 36 was helped by the ground. It is not long since I gave some account of the third Test Match of 1884, but about such a fixture it is pardonable to recapitulate. On the first day the Australians scored 363 for two wickets, the whole English eleven going on to bowl before the tail of the side threw away their wickets to the lobs of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. This is not the only occasion on which Dr. W. G. Grace kept wicket, but it is the only time Shrewsbury bowled. By big hitting, Mr. Percy McDonnell took the sting off our attack, and then Mr. W. L. Murdoch and Mr. H. J. H. Scott followed with magnificent contributions of 211 and 102 respectively. Defeat was possible when England had lost eight batsmen for 151. Then Mr. W. W. Read, going in tenth, actually scored 117, hitting twenty fours, his stand with Scotton adding 151. The deceased Notts professional's display was a marvel of defence, as his 90 took nearly six hours to make, and pulled the game out of the fire.

As another of the rare examples of a century made late in an innings under adverse circumstances, the incident in M.C.C. *v.* Yorkshire at Scarborough in 1881 may be cited. Mr. C. I. Thornton, who was captain, observed, 'I go in first, Sherwin and Morley wind up, and the other eight can draw lots.' Mr. A. G. Steel, much chaffed, drew the ninth place, but when he had to go in with the total only 62, he observed, 'After all I may do as well as some of you fellows.' At the wicket was that invulnerable stone-waller, Mr. Herbert Whitfield, and the old Marlburnian setting about him compiled 106 in eighty minutes off Peate, Emmett, and Bates. It will be of interest to

add that Mr. Steel himself considers the finest innings he ever played was 35 not out for Gentlemen *v.* Australians at Lords in 1884, when only Messrs. Robertson, Bush, and Christopherson had to follow, whilst Mr. Diver was hitting at everything. However, their undefeated partnership of 46 won the game by four wickets.

In 1886 could be discerned the first real decline in Australian cricket, and the Old Country had no difficulty in winning all three games. Mr. A. G. Steel became captain for the first time at Manchester because Mr. Hornby was injured. Barnes was selected but stood down owing to the effects of a strain, and twelfth man, Barlow, was the hero of the match, for he took seven wickets for 44 runs, made three catches and scored 68 for once out. The English side was not regarded with satisfaction, and considering that a fortnight later Briggs won the second Test Match by taking eleven wickets for 74, it is curious that he never bowled a ball in the first encounter. The Australians played a good up-hill game, though Mr. Bonnor missed Mr. Steel badly at the crisis, and Mr. S. P. Jones gave his best English display. At Lord's, Shrewsbury played astounding cricket for 164, compiled upon a wicket which underwent all kinds of variations. A word of defence ought to be made to-day for the choice of Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote. He was an admirable wicket-keeper and a formidable but not safe bat, who made many long scores, getting 107 for Gentlemen in 1885. By the date of the final match our visitors had lost form, and after a total of 434 from our men, Lohmann and Briggs sent them back for 68 and 149. On the other hand, 'W. G.'s' 170 was, for him, a very fluky display, but he was only at the wicket while 216 was scored. At one time Scotton was over an hour at the wicket without making a run. Our score would have been higher had not a lot of our wickets been thrown away. About that famous caught and bowled by Ulyett off Mr. Bonnor, Mr. Steel recalls that the ball was really caught on a level with the thigh half involuntarily, as the bowler had entangled his feet over his delivery and was not prepared for the terrific return, the force of which nearly threw him backwards, sending his hand up. Mr. Steel was fielding at cover-point at the time.

The strenuous match at Lord's in 1888 ought never to have been begun on the Monday. But Mr. Perkins had opened the gates to the crowd and a start was eventually made on a pitch abnormally far up the ground towards the grand

stand. It was felt that the two new bowlers, Messrs. Turner and Ferris, might wrest the game from our batting strength; and so it proved. The Australians played the right game, hitting hard, and little Ferris had the top aggregate in the match. To get 124 on fourth hands was hopeless and the young bowlers were superb, so amid terrific enthusiasm that strange tussle ended in a handsome margin for our visitors. Mr. O'Brien and Abel had been selected at the eleventh hour, but proved complete failures. The next match was one-sided, for we played magnificent cricket and our opponents collapsed, except the indomitable Mr. Turner, who bowled with his dogged skill and a good deal of irritability. After this a good judge wrote the following as the best eleven then in the world: Dr. W. G. Grace, Messrs. M'Donnell, Turner, Blackham, and W. W. Read, with Ulyett, Briggs, Lohmann, Peel, Abel, and Barnes, the reserve being Mr. Ferris. Winning the toss at Manchester ensured the rubber. In a minority of 91, the Australians followed on and gave an extraordinary exhibition. Here is the observation of an eye-witness.

'The wicket was abominable with sunshine ruining the wet ground. The leviathan caught Alec Bannerman off Peel's first ball, as easily as an elephant waves its trunk. M'Donnell hit out at a deceptive ball of George Lohmann's and found his bail off. Only an extra had been notched when the giant Bonnor patted a slow tamely into W. G.'s hands. There was a smart piece of running out, effected by Abel and his colleague from the Oval, which dismissed Trott, to his unaffected surprise. The score was now seven, of which Blackham had made five. Lohmann smashed his stumps with a beauty, and then sent back Woods with a trimmer off the next delivery. The crowd, not a big one, for it was the forenoon, were raving with joy. Walter Read dropped Lyons directly, and then he and Turner had an up-hill but cheery bout before the now inevitable conclusion.'

Almost the earliest case of preferring to play for county rather than country came in 1890, when Mr. Stoddart chose to appear for Middlesex *v.* Kent, and let Maurice Read come into the national side. As it happened, the Surrey man had an invaluable stand with George Ulyett which turned the game. Mr. S. P. Jones had to be left out of the Australian side, and the two features were the excellent hitting of Mr. Lyons and the wonderful stubbornness of Dr. Barrett. 'W. G.'s' final 75 not out was a beautiful illustration of fine placing, his scoring

all round the wicket being extraordinary. The crisis came when he, Mr. W. W. Read, Shrewsbury, and Gunn were out for 20 on first hands. But the partnership just alluded to settled doubts. Neither Mr. Blackham nor Mr. M'Gregor allowed a bye in 618 runs, a marvel of wicket-keeping.

Mr. Stoddart, Ulyett, Peel, Attewell, and Briggs would or could not play at the Oval, and there was a keen finish. England won by two wickets. But after Sharpe had over and over again been miserably beaten by balls which actually broke too far, Dr. Barrett failed to throw him out. Maurice Read and Mr. Trott did the hitting, but 'W. G.' for the second time in the match ought to have been caught first ball, which would have altered the result. Martin claimed twelve for 102 and Mr. Ferris nine for 74. Had the Australians more cordially pulled together, the game as well as the tour would have been the better. A novelty in 1893 was that owing to an injured hand Dr. W. G. Grace for the first time could not play in a Test Match. Mr. F. S. Jackson was, however, to the fore, and had a great partnership with Shrewsbury, making 91 out of 137, the famous professional eventually scoring 106. Lockwood bowled with deadly effect until the 'two midgets,' Messrs. Graham and Gregory, defied every attack, playing the pluckiest game to the delight of the throng, and taking risks which the crisis justified. Gunn and Shrewsbury gave a sterling display before rain settled the fate of the match.

For Maurice Read's benefit, England took the field without a right-handed medium-paced bowler. Our batting was pretty solid, as the total of 483 betrays. But with Mold in, Mr. F. S. Jackson still wanted a single for his century, and with Mr. George Giffen giving him no quarter had sore trouble before he raised a ball on to the tin roof of the covered stand. Lockwood and Briggs devastated our visitors, who at one period lost seven men with only 29 added. The follow on was redeemed by a grand 92 from Mr. Trott, the best innings he ever played here. The captaincy of Dr. W. G. Grace had much to do with the large total of 349, which left us a majority of 43 and an innings to spare.

Over the Manchester match there were 'excursions and alarums' as no Yorkshireman would leave his county at Brighton, whilst Richardson came to replace Lockwood and bowled better than any one else, taking ten wickets for 156. 'W. G.' ran Mr. Stoddart out badly before he had scored, but the great feature was that for once Gunn played in his early

fine free fashion, scoring admirably to the tune of 102 not out. The way Messrs. Turner and Blackham batted when things looked very dubious for their side was another of the illustrations of the desperate determination which is so characteristic of Colonial cricket. The draw was even, for we needed 80 runs to win and had six wickets to go down. With the advent of the 1896 team, the comparative ill-luck which had attended recent Australian tours came to an end. Though only five of the side—Messrs. Trott, Giffen, Graham, Gregory, and Trumble —had been here before, the team gave a capital account of themselves. The England side at Lord's was badly chosen. K. S. Ranjitsinhji was left out. At this time there were still a lot of old gentlemen who used to complain of the ignominy of being shown improved batting by an Indian, and who protested he ought not to play for England, even though he was regularly appearing for Sussex. J. T. Brown did big things that year, but the bulk were after this date, and to many Lilley, who came in as the wicket-keeper, was almost a stranger. The fortunes of the game ebbed and flowed in most perplexing fashion. The nerveless batting of the visitors caused them to be dismissed by Lohmann and Richardson on a perfect wicket for 53. As they dropped easy catches, 'W. G.' and the Surrey champion Abel compiled 66 and 94 respectively, so the English lead was the large one of 239. All honour to Mr. F. S. Jackson. He had hit with brilliance for 44 out of 69, when the encroachment of the crowd prevented Mr. Darling from catching him, and he at once palpably hit a ball intentionally to him. Still the game was going all for England when Messrs. Darling and Eady were out for 3. But Messrs. Trott and Gregory added 221 against the best attack, playing an up-hill game superbly and giving an exhibition of wonderfully valuable cricket. With rain in the night our victory, however, was easy.

The Manchester match was more wonderful. The English team was again selected with scant judgment. True, K. S. Ranjitsinhji was brought in, but Mr. MacLaren was quite out of practice, Lohmann made a trivial pretext not to play, and our attack was scanty. At half-way we were 181 behind, and had to follow on. The chief incident had been Mr. Trott's intuition in putting himself on first as a contrast to the express deliveries of Mr. E. Jones, and getting 'W. G.' and Mr. Stoddart stumped. It is well to add that Mr. Iredale played almost as beautifully as might Mr. Lionel Palairet, because so many people

never saw this nervous batsman make a long score. Ranjitsinhji had previously played well and, in our second dilemma, he batted as perhaps no one ever batted before. Certainly Australian bowling was never so treated, and his leg-glances were phenomenal. Remember that whilst he scored his 154 not out, no other batsman could make 20; yet he was never for a moment in difficulties. 'Peall on the spot' as one man remarked in the pavilion, and it may be interesting to add that at breakfast the young Indian had remarked, 'I do not feel like getting many to-day.' After this Richardson gave the finest bowling display of his career. The Colonials needed 125 to win, but bowling at breakneck speed and with astonishing variation of pitch, 'our Tom' had four dismissed before 50 went up. Messrs. Trumble and Kelly had to get 26 with only Messrs. M'Kibbin and Jones to come in. The task took a whole breathless hour, and was accomplished after Lilley had badly dropped the rival stumper.

The score was one all before the final match at the Oval, prior to which what was known as the Cricket Strike convulsed the cricket world. There is no need to rake up the ashes of this old trouble. It must be regarded as the most outspoken fulmination against paid amateurs, but by far the least satisfactory. For England Captain Wynyard should never have been chosen, and he failed to atone for his inclusion by success. It was a match of sharp changes. Dr. Grace and Mr. Jackson opened well, yet when Mr. Trumble crossed over, he took five wickets for 2 runs apiece. Messrs. Darling and Iredale were equally successful, after which J. T. Hearne was quite as destructive. On the last day the fortune of the game depended on any improvement in the ground. None came, so we easily won, Mr. Trumble, Hearne, and Peel respectively doing sheer conjuring with the ball.

Owing to the grave discontent, a Board of Control and a Selection Committee managed the Test Matches of 1899, and so far as the choice of our representatives was concerned, made a far more hideous mess than any of the county committees had done. There were five Test Matches, only one of which was played to a definite finish, and this was won—at Lord's—by our visitors by ten wickets. Twenty-four cricketers in turn were invited to play for England, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. F. S. Jackson, and Hayward alone appearing in all five contests. Not a single bowler except Lockwood averaged fewer than 20, our fielding was uncertain, and criticism was

often sharp. At Lord's, when 'W. G.' and Gunn were dispensed with, neither Shrewsbury nor Abel were included, the only fast bowler being Mr. Jessop, whilst Walter Mead was given the preference over J. T. Hearne on the latter's home wicket. At Nottingham, Hirst proved another failure, never being near his marvellous form of 1901. The one item for rejoicing there was the superb play of K. S Ranjitsinhji. After a strong Colonial protest against a decision by Barlow, that sturdy old Lancastrian did not again stand in an Australian fixture. This was alluded to by Mr. A. C. MacLaren in his letter about Coulthurst in January 1902 at the Antipodes. The only redeeming feature of that ignominious match at Lord's was the powerful hitting of Mr. A. C. MacLaren, who actually debutised in first-class cricket that season to be captain of England. At Leeds, after poor Johnny Briggs had been seized with a fit, rain prevented a stubborn finish. Had the Selection Committee retained Rhodes our task would have been easier. At Manchester, the follow-on rule pressed heavily after Hayward had given quite a free exhibition for his 130. Only in the last game did the English representatives get on quite good terms with themselves, for on the opening day at the Oval we compiled 435 runs for four wickets, Mr. Jackson and Hayward making 181 before they were parted. This and the five minutes when J. T. Hearne performed the 'hat trick' with such victims as Messrs. Hill, Gregory, and Noble, were the only incidents gratifying to English pride. Allusion is not made to all the great, if leisurely, achievements of our opponents. To select would be almost invidious, but the cricket of Mr. Noble at Old Trafford was perhaps the most meritorious of all the imposing exhibitions.

Statistics shall be brief. Appended are the averages for the first eleven specially compiled from Test Matches in England only :

	Completed Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	9	513	154	57.0
Mr. M. A. Noble	7	367	89	52.3
Hayward	9	451	137	50.1
Mr. W. L. Murdoch	11	491	211	44.7
Mr. F. S. Jackson	15	612	118	40.0
Shrewsbury	18	699	164	38.15
Mr. H. J. H. Scott	9	330	102	36.6
Scotton	5	184	90	36.2
Mr. V. Trumper	8	280	135	35.0
Mr. A. E. Stoddart	8	265	103	33.1
Dr. W. G. Grace	29	934	170	32.6

The first eleven bowlers with a mimimum of twenty wickets are :

	Runs.		Wickets.		Average.
Peel	289	...	27	...	10.19
Mr. J. J. Ferris .	289	...	22	...	13.3
Lohmann . . .	441	...	31	...	14.7
Mr. F. R. Spofforth	558	...	36	...	15.18
Lockwood . . .	338	...	21	...	16.2
Briggs	585	...	36	...	16.9
Richardson . . .	595	...	34	...	17.7
Mr. C. T. B. Turner	649	...	34	...	19.5
Hearne, J. T. . .	532	...	28	...	19.20
Peate	426	...	20	...	21.6
Mr. H. Trumble .	993	...	41	...	24.9

To have reviewed within the limits of one article a range of encounters so varied, and so full of displays extorting admiration and incidents deserving notice, has proved a difficult task. Yet it suggests the consideration of how much can be deduced for the immediate future. We now know the calibre of our new foes. To collar the bowling of Messrs. Trumble and Noble will not be easy, but their changes may not prove deadly. Their batting may lack the element of sensational hitting, and the eleven may have the suspicion of a tail, but it will certainly play a great game. Given unlimited time, we might confidently expect to win the rubber. But in three days it will need a mighty effort to obtain a definite conclusion. I see no reasons to alter the eleven I suggested in the March issue of the *Badminton*. The chief criticism passed on it was that I omitted Abel, and as fast bowling will not be a great feature in the Colonial attack, this seems to have disappointed many. I had not forgotten to weigh his claims, but I consider he is not good enough in the field to appear for the National side. Should Mr. R. E. Foster not have sufficient opportunities for practice, I imagine his most effective substitute would be Tyldesley. Therefore my England Eleven, provided the men keep their old form, consists of Messrs. A. C. MacLaren, F. S. Jackson, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, J. R. Mason, and R. E. Foster (or Tyldesley) with Lilley, Hayward, Rhodes, Hirst, and Braund.

SAMMY: MY DOG FRIEND

BY A. J. BOGER

BEING a lonely bachelor, and consequently unprovided with those family ties on which many people lavish their stock of affection, my own supply of kindness and consideration—apart from that which devolves upon myself—is to a large extent bestowed on Sammy. This is lucky for Sammy, and, moreover, he finds that the arrangements which I make for his welfare and comfort are thoroughly in accordance with his own ideas of canine bliss. Of this fact he has frequently assured me.

Thus the best portion of the hearth-rug is reserved for him —without fear of his being trodden upon, save by a clumsy stranger, when one vainly endeavours to get the cigars off the mantel-piece without upsetting everything else thereon—the best bath-towel is bespattered with mud on his behalf when he comes in from shooting soaking wet and filthily dirty; his owner's best dress trousers are cheerfully sacrificed should he exhibit any desire to place his fore (not four, the latter is *never* allowed) paws upon them, and as may be seen he is generally spoilt all round, save that no act of direct and wilful disobedience has ever been passed over without the sequel of a just and salutary chastisement wherewith to mark the occasion.

Sammy (his name is taken from that of the friend who gave him to me as a pup) is now between three and four years old;

he is a shiny black field spaniel, low in the body, short and stout in his well-feathered legs, has a huge pad, large honest, dark brown eyes set in rather a massive head, the neck and chest of a bull, and weighs about 45 lbs. He also possesses a little stump, which he says is his tail and never ceases to wag, besides the pluck of a David (though he never fights) and the temper of an angel.

Some months ago when we were going North in a London and North Western Railway carriage, about an hour before

SAMMY AND THE AUTHOR

we were due at Carlisle he looked out from under the seat for a moment to inquire if we were 'nearly there.' I told him 'no,' for we were bound for Rosshire, so he retired out of sight for another period of several hours. One view of him was, however, quite enough for my travelling companion, who until that moment had remained in blissful ignorance of the fact that there was a dog in the carriage. Edging away to the farthest corner of the compartment he gasped out, 'Will he bite?' Until this moment I had thought that for a casual railway acquaintance he was rather an enlightened being. I hastened to assure him that he would bite nothing except his food, but the man was obviously uneasy and at Carlisle got into another carriage.

Would he bite? Would the stationmaster bite? Why a glance at the dog's suave, kindly features was in itself an answer in the negative. The dog whom the tiny bairns in the north run after to pat, exclaiming: 'Eh, wot a bonnie wee dawg.' Bite forsooth!

Sammy is getting an experienced traveller now as he and I do some few thousand miles of it each year, covering the distance between London and Inverness and back generally twice, besides going for a week's visit to Wales and Devonshire now and again. He tells me that he approves of the Board of Agriculture's recent action in removing the restrictions concerning the landing of dogs from Ireland, and expects me to take him over to west coast shortly, where he has heard that there is 'lots of water, and that duck and widgeon often drop into it.' Who told him this I don't know, but am glad of his assurance that he will be delighted to fetch them for me as I never derived much pleasure from having to retrieve them myself, in winter. (I suppose if we go I shall have to take my own bath-towel or otherwise I may become unpopular with my host!)

When I originally told him that I could not afford to pay for two dog licences, and that consequently he would have, in addition to flushing game, to fetch it for me and keep to heel when required, in fact act the part of a steady retriever, he intimated that he had no objection to fetching anything for me on the occasions when I could manage to knock it down, but as to keeping to heel, that was too ridiculous, especially after the gun had gone off. I said that when he and I were alone it was not perhaps of such great importance as a rule, but that when we went out as other people's guests they would prefer to see him at my heel till told to leave it, rather than covering ground at his best pace some two or three hundred yards away. He met this remark with a muttered something which sounded like 'he didn't care two straws about what other people preferred.' As the argument presented no prospect of arriving at a satisfactory termination, I gave him to understand that transgression of my wishes in this matter would in future be visited with the application of the stick, and there and then gave him a slight but practical demonstration of the signification of my last remark. With a shrug of the shoulders and a few words to the effect that if I was brutal enough to take advantage of my superior size and strength in that fashion he supposed he must give way, the interview came to an end, and with but an occasional lapse of memory he has acceded to my wishes ever since.

The best laugh that he ever had over me was on the occasion when he retrieved his first runner, but he was good enough not to say 'I told you so' more than about three times, whereas some of one's friends would have said it every day for a month.

We were both staying in Cornwall at the time, and one morning found ourselves in a large field of thick well-grown turnips on the side of a steep incline. At the top end of the field, however, was an acre or two of flat ground, and on this part I knocked over a partridge, which fell as I thought 'dead in the air' on the brow. I sent Sammy for it, but when he arrived at the place where it dropped he went on at full speed over the hill. Whistling him back (and the fact that he came does him credit) I insisted upon his hunting for a good ten minutes around the spot where I thought the bird was. He said it wasn't there, but I refused to believe it, and with caustic remarks about the scent and his nose, continued the search. At length I gave it up in disgust, and left the dog to his own devices to show him the folly of supposing he knew more of the matter than I did. The leaves were over his head, and the only index to his whereabouts for a time was the movement of the tops; then he suddenly dived into the hedge at the far end of the field, some 200 yards from where I stood. There I lost him, till hearing a rustle *behind* me, I turned and beheld the triumphant Sammy with the bird in his mouth! A most promising *début* in the runner line, and his first season too! I admitted that I was extremely gratified and apologised profusely, but the little man took it as if he had been doing this sort of thing season after season. 'That's all right, old fellow,' he said, 'let's say no more about it, only next time it occurs *do* rely on my judgment a *little* bit.' I need hardly say that I have fallen in with his views in this matter and have had no cause to regret having done so.

As in the case of many another couple of friends, our opinions as to which portions of the cook's efforts are the most appetising, differ. Now I find a snipe particularly suited to my palate, whilst he, on the other hand, shares the not unusual dislike of his race to even the odour of both snipe and 'cock, cooked or otherwise. Not infrequently he declines to pick up a snipe for me when it lies within my easy reach; if it should fall where I cannot get at it he is, of course, too much of a gentleman to refuse to fetch it, but then he takes great care to carry it by one foot or the corner of a wing. As to my *eating* one, the bare idea of it is preposterous to him. His favourite

bird is perhaps a widgeon; ordinary wild duck he is not at all partial to and only eats when very hungry. Brent goose he thinks delicious, whilst common plover he considers nauseating. Any of the ordinary game birds, such as grouse, pheasant and partridge he finds acceptable, whilst he agrees with me that mutton is preferable to red deer. When he and I go away together to some out-of-the-way spot in pursuit of wild fowl, we dine together, I at the table, he from a tin on the floor.

SAMMY AND HIS FRIEND TEDDY

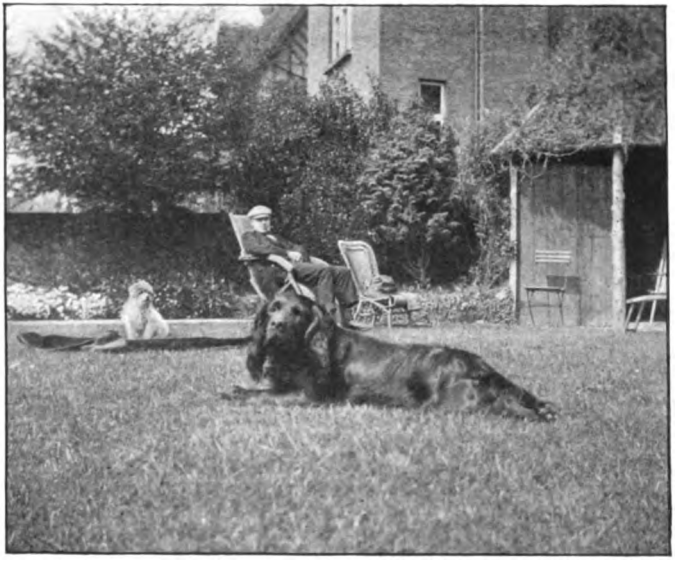
The dinner hour naturally forms for him (and frequently for me when the weather is adverse) a great incident of the day, and his behaviour on these occasions is not without interest. One item in the dish is always a Spratt's dog-biscuit, well broken up and mixed with gravy, bones, vegetables, &c. The allowance of this is increased or diminished according to the severity of the day's work, though practically he has as much as he wants of it, for nothing keeps him fitter, not that he particularly cares about this method of satisfying his appetite, but as he considers it beneath his dignity to steal, he good-naturedly puts up with the inconvenience. His dinner before him, a close inspection

takes place as to the flesh attached to the bones. This is followed by a delicate withdrawal from the tin, on to a sheet of the newspaper, of the morsel which he considers best. He firmly believes that the correct method is to enjoy the best bit at once whilst still hungry and then continue with the less agreeable portions. Personally, were my choice so limited, I should act in the reverse manner, but *chacun à son goût*, and no doubt he knows what suits him best. Having disposed of everything but the biscuits he invariably comes to me for a tit-bit, and I as invariably tell him that no tit-bit will be forthcoming until he has made good progress with the biscuit. This little farce takes place every night, and then with a smile and a wag of the tail he returns to his tin and the biscuit is demolished. The tit-bit follows, and after a drink of water a heavy slumber is indulged in, usually accompanied by diminutive grunts and liliputian barks as he dreams of pursuing imaginary rabbits and hedge-row pheasants.

He has a curious little habit of occasionally making signs, instead of saying openly what he wants. For instance, a moment ago he wished to call my attention to the fact that the fire was low and needed coals. Instead of telling me so he planted both his fore-feet over the fender-rail so that his nose was but three inches from the dying embers, and then, half turning his head, solemnly gazed at me. Not until the fire was poked and coals were put on, did he say 'thank you,' or resume his former recumbent position on the rug. Again, although he has never in so many words actually advised my refraining from taking a ticket for him when travelling, he has in the clearest manner always signified his intention to aid and abet me, should I feel disposed to attempt such a nefarious proceeding, by disappearing under the seat the moment the door is opened, and usually remaining there until we arrive at our destination. At all events, he has always sat very tight at the words 'Tickets, please,' and when I tender his ticket as well as my own, the collector invariably requests me to give the former up to the guard, obviously under the impression that I have a dog in the van. The consequence is that the ticket is, in nine cases out of ten, thrown away. On one occasion, having stowed him under the seat, I had shut the door and was walking about the platform, when an inspector, who had been watching the performance, accosted me with, 'Beg pardon, sir, but have you a dog ticket?' The fact of being able immediately—and I may say triumphantly—to produce that ticket

afforded me with one of the most pleasing moments I ever remember. When I told Sammy he did not appear to think it such a 'score' on my part as I did, but agreed with me that it would have been most embarrassing had I been unable to produce a ticket for him as well as my own.

As dogs go he is naturally truthful, but I have known him prevaricate, and sooner than admit he is afraid of a cat, even tell a downwright lie! When I compared his valour to that of David, I omitted to make an exception in favour of a cat; but then who knows? Perhaps David *was* afraid of cats. Any-



how, we have no evidence to prove that he was not. I have on many occasions observed Sammy's dealings with both classes of cats, unbeknown to him. When a stray cat of No. 1 kind (the slinking, runaway sort) crosses his line of vision he is after it like an express goods train (for his speed is not great). Of course the cat is up the tree or over the wall long before he arrives bristling with importance and indignation. 'You come out of that tree,' says Sammy, 'and I'll make mincemeat of you.' 'Go to blazes,' says the cat, licking a muddy fore-paw. 'Very well, you just wait till I catch you,' replies Sammy, at the same time looking round to see if there are any passers-by to help him dislodge the enemy. If there are none, or if they refuse to assist him—they always do refuse unless they happen

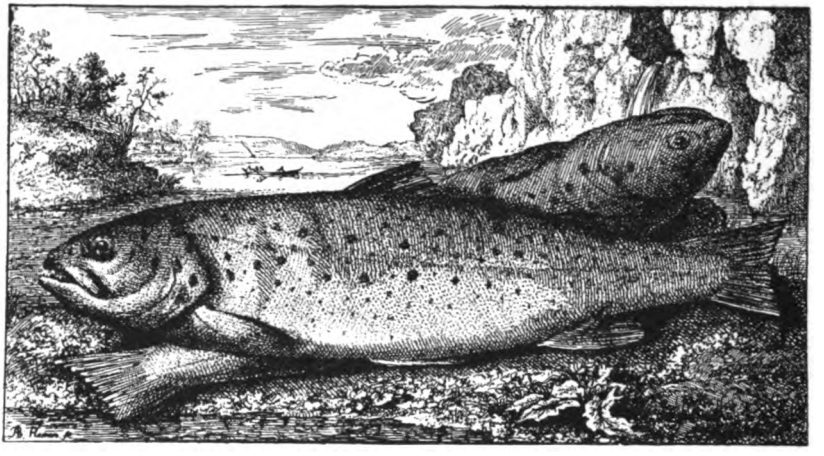
to be small boys with their pockets filled with stones—he goes off in pursuit of other game. With cat No. 2—the well-fed, sharp-clawed tabby—it is quite another pair of shoes. The opening scene is the same as in the first case, for Sammy cannot distinguish the two species until at close quarters, and on viewing his quarry he puts his head down and rushes blindly on his fate. After going some thirty or forty yards he looks up to see which tree or wall the cat is scaling, but to his horror and amazement the cat is standing its ground with its back in the ominous semicircle, and worst of all *he cannot pull up in time!* The cat stands the charge like a square of British

infantry, and Sammy, with a despairing shriek, goes heels over head into the cat's embrace. The shock is like a miniature railway collision, and the cat spins round like a teetotum. But the dog gets a resounding slap in the face, and extricating himself as quickly as possible, bolts away tail down, in a bee line, yelling, 'Help! help!' till want of breath compels him to stop.

Coming suddenly round a corner one day I encountered him in full career in just such a predicament. The cat sat shaking with laughter about fifty yards away. As soon as he perceived who it was that he had collided with he pulled himself together and swaggered about a bit until he had got his wind. Then he delivered himself thus: 'You know it *does* please that poor cat so much to think that I am afraid of it, beside, I hardly like to trust myself any longer too near it for

fear I should do the poor creature some terrible injury, for I'm a regular devil with cats.' I, of course, didn't believe a word of it and he *knew* that I didn't; however, it was obviously impossible for him to admit defeat at the hands of a mere cat, so the lie had to go forth. Anyway, it wasn't a mean lie, he would never descend to that level.

Some of these pages have been submitted to him for approval before going to the press, but though he admits that what he has read (and I know he is dying of curiosity to see the rest) is neither inaccurate nor untrue, he complains that there is a certain levity of tone about the article which is inappropriate to the story of his habits of life and accomplishments, besides being foreign to my usual literary method; however, as I have told him, the fair copy has been made, the post is leaving, and the soup is on the table, so that his reputation must at present stand or fall on the pages already written. He says that later on he may take up the pen on his own behalf and turn the tables on me! We shall see.



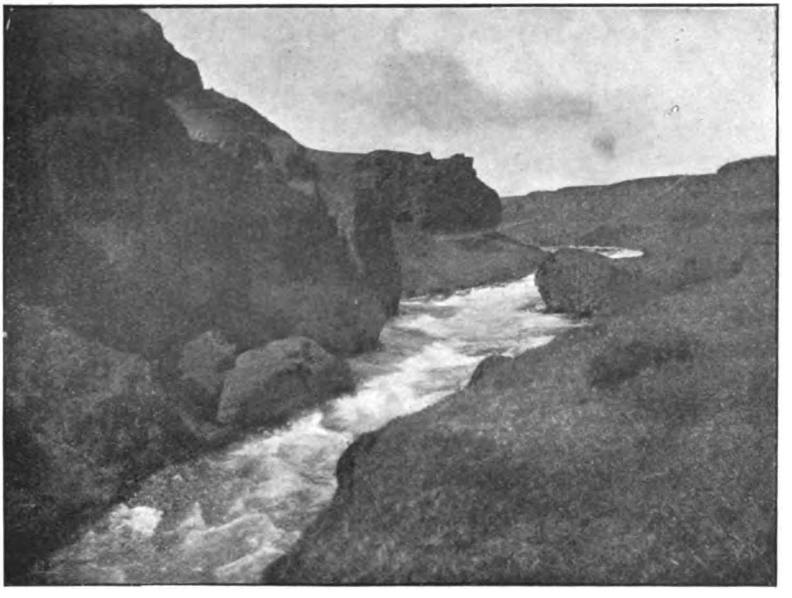
OUR OPENING DAY IN ICELAND

BY JOHN FORT

IT was June 3 of the past year, and a glorious afternoon at that, when the good ship *Laura* brought her somewhat leisurely mode of progression to an end by dropping her killick in the harbour of Reykjavik. The low-lying, tin-roofed town looked as uninteresting as ever, but the encircling hills, barren and almost forbidding in days of gloom, lit up as they now were by the radiant sun, took on a rugged beauty of their own; while eighty miles away to the north-west, its base hidden in mist, the snowy dome of Snaefel's Jokul rose like a glistening island from the shimmering waters of the Faxa Fjord.

Owing to the presence in the harbour of men-of-war of several nationalities, watching the interests of their respective fishermen, we were berthed some three-quarters of a mile from the shore; but boats soon put off from the town, in one of which we recognised the portly form of our old friend and guide, Thorgrimur Gudmundsen, who was expecting our arrival. To his craft my companion and I transferred ourselves and our belongings, and were soon beneath the hospitable roof of the 'Hotel Island,' where, as became old friends, we received a warm welcome from Julius and his sister. But here a disappointment met us. We had come to fish salmon on the upper waters of the Grimsa River; one of our fellow passengers

was the owner of the lower beat, his river-watcher had come down to meet him, and reported that the salmon had not yet commenced to run. What were we to do? Obviously, if the fish were not in the lower waters they could not be in the upper; how should we put in our time till their arrival? Reykjavik itself is a hopeless place, and it was useless to proceed to our quarters on Grimsa, for a country parsonage in Iceland is no great catch anyway, and, save for the fishing, would be impossible. After due consideration we decided that



I. THE RAPIDS

it would be best to spend the intervening time on the river Sog, an eleven to twelve hours ride from Reykjavik, so, having made the necessary arrangements with Gudmundsen for the journey on the morrow, we supped and turned in.

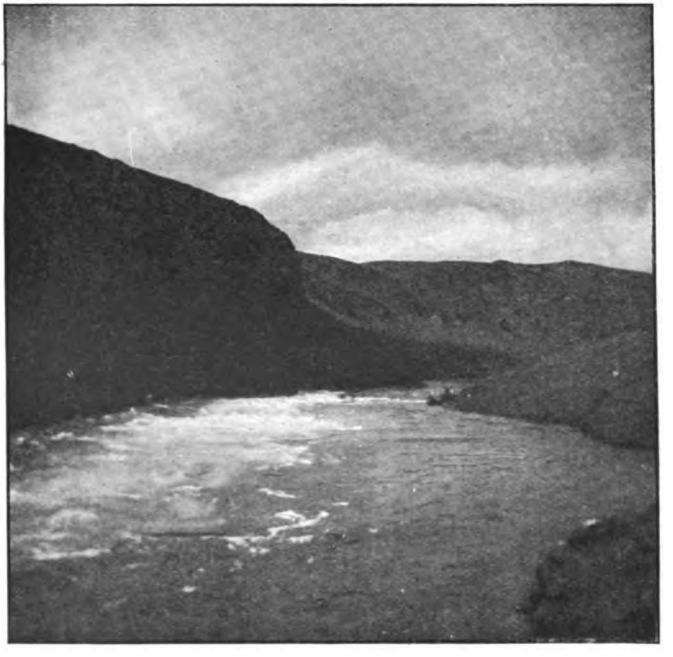
But, alas! we were awakened next morning by the pattering of the rain upon the tin roof, and on getting up we found the outlook dismal in the extreme. The summer of yesterday had gone and winter had taken its place. For the last six years indeed there has been practically no summer in Iceland, owing, as the natives assert, to a change in the direction of the Gulf Stream. Be that as it may, it is a fact that latterly the clear bright sunny weather of olden times has given place to

cold and wind and wet. And cold and windy and wet indeed was the morning that confronted us; but our horses were ready, and, as there was nothing to keep us in Reykjavik, we decided to brave the elements and make a start. But first as a precautionary measure, for which we were afterwards abundantly thankful, we sallied forth to a neighbouring store and rigged ourselves out in oil-skin suits and sou'-westers; and then, having seen our tinned provisions and other gear safely packed, mounted our sorry steeds and started. Sorry they were, for Iceland horses are half-starved in winter, and only after the grass begins to grow do they recover condition. Three weeks later we rode these same horses on an eleven hours' jaunt, and they were then sleek and fat; and low-conditioned as they might be, they seemed scarcely tired at the end of a journey which would have almost foundered a pampered English horse.

Three and a half miles out from Reykjavik we crossed the Ellidaar, a well known salmon river, which, however, owing to the shyness of the fish in taking a fly (and this is almost universal in Iceland), while it provides the fisherman with any quantity of fish, affords him very little true sport. Two of our friends of the *Laura* were at work close to the bridge, and shouted to us that they had already killed three fish; but two were with the worm! From the Ellidaar the road gradually rises for some 1800 feet, when the dreary plateau of Mosfell is reached—a waste of stony desolation, the silence of which is unbroken, unless indeed it be by some wandering golden plover's mournful plaint. Away, in an apparently endless line across the fell, stretches the row of stone cairns reared to mark the road in time of snow, while the bitter wind searches us to the marrow, and the rain lashes us in the face. But it is a long lane that has no turning; even Mosfell ends at length, the great lake of Thingvellir comes in sight, and Almannagja is reached—that mighty fissure in the lava by which you descend to the sunken plain some 150 feet below. Here, as the lava cooled, the entire centre of the plain, four miles across in each direction, sank down, leaving two yawning fissures east and west; the Almannagja (all men's rift) on the east, and Hrafnagja (raven's rift) on the west. From the serrated edge of the former the general public used to watch the proceedings of the Althing at the Logberg (law rock) lying beneath them; for here through many centuries the public business of Iceland was transacted and its laws promulgated. Now, with a keener eye to comfort, though probably with less sense (for their last law

seeks to put a stop to all foreign enterprise in Iceland), the Althing occupies a comfortable parliament-house in Reykjavik.

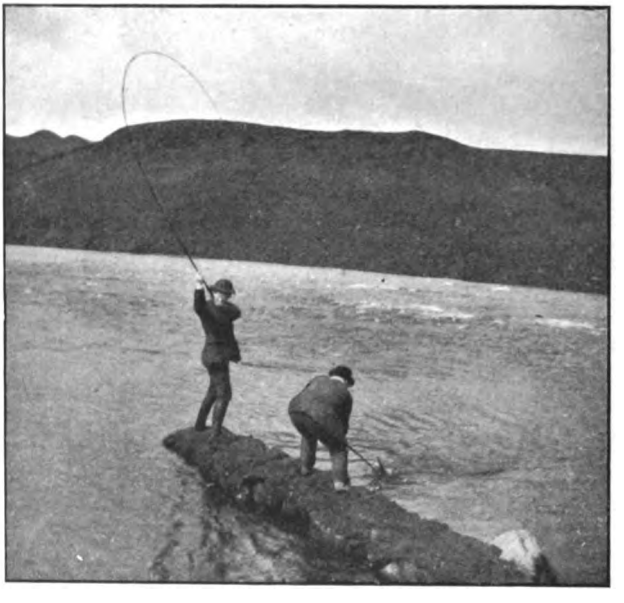
At Thingvellir we halt awhile to rest our steeds and give them a nibble of the still scanty herbage, and then remount for the four hours jaunt which will bring us to our destination on the Sog. Here in due course we arrive, and, cold and famished, burst in unexpectedly upon our old friends Ofeigur and Kristin his wife. Poor Ofeigur is, we find, in bed laid up with an attack of sciatica, but Kristin soon does the honours,



2. THE TOP POOL

clearing out the guest-room, and making us up a couple of beds. And here it might be interesting to some if we describe what an ordinary Iceland farmer's house is like—for, in the absence of hotels, it is either in farmhouses or parsonages that the traveller has perforce to stay. The side of a hill is generally chosen for the site, and out of this a large part of the rooms that are to be are scooped, the rest of the house being built up with walls of mingled stone and turf. Photograph No. 7 will show how this is done. Entering by a low doorway, some five feet high, we pass up a dark and tunnel-like passage, at the end of which is a room called the eldhus (fire-house). Here the fire

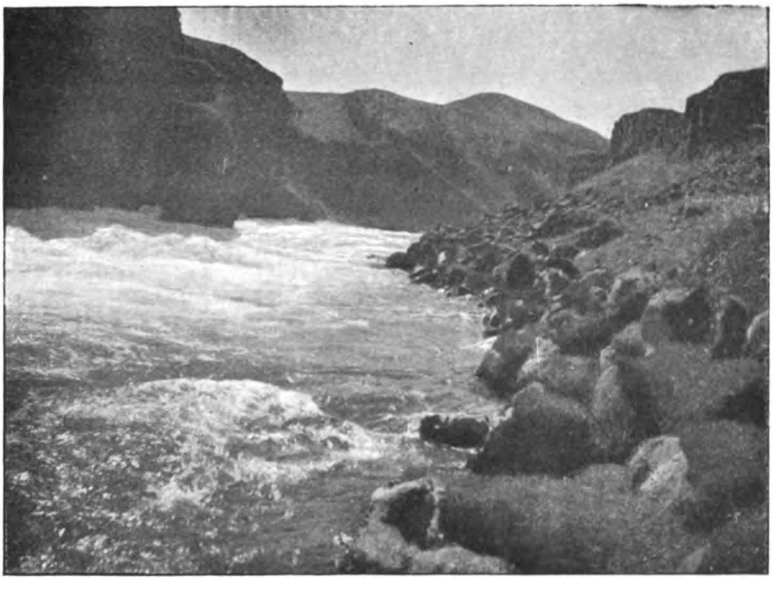
is lit when needed, the smoke finding its way out through an opening in the roof. A doorway on the left of the tunnel leads into the stofa (guest-room). In this, as the name implies, travellers are accommodated, while at the right there is an entrance from the eldhus into the bathstofa (bath-room), the living-room of the family. Why this room should be called 'bath-room' this deponent sayeth not, for I grieve to state that no self-respecting Icelander ever takes a bath; but perhaps the Viking forefathers of the present race were more prone to



3. THE BOTTOM POOL.

ablution than their descendants are. Be that as it may, the customs which those ancestors handed down in other respects have not changed; for, as in Norway whence the Icelanders came, the whole family and their workpeople occupy but one room. Here they are born, eat, drink, sleep, and die. In Norway, where wood is plentiful, there is no excuse for this unseemly custom, but in Iceland it is necessitated by the lack of fuel. For, incredible as it may appear, Icelanders have to pass the dreary winter without artificial heat of any kind. Their one and only fire, which is not lit unless meals are being prepared, is made not within the living-room but in the eldhus. Here sheep's dung is used as fuel. The sheep, herded together

during the winter in their cotes, trample their dung into a hard mass. This in the spring is cut out in brick form, dried, and sparingly used as fuel. Hence the tunnel-like approach to the living room, and hence the crowding of the whole family into it, and hence the one little window, seldom or never opened, and, I should imagine, an atmosphere too fearful to be described. However, with the bathstofa we have fortunately nothing to do. The stofa is match-boarded and painted a cheerful colour, its two windows giving us ample light and air. To us, cold and exhausted as we are, it seems a veritable haven



4. THE POOL WHERE I HOOKED THE ELEVEN-POUNDER

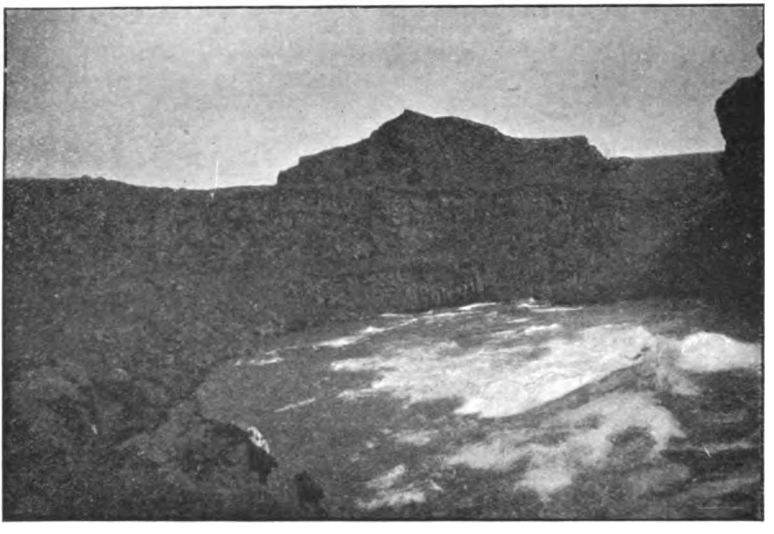
of rest, so we doff our oil-skins and chafe our numbed hands, and after copious draughts of hot coffee conclude that, Iceland's summer climate notwithstanding, 'all's well with the world.'

The prospect on the morrow was not reassuring. The wind, if anything, had increased, while the rain still lashed the window-panes, and the thermometer registered 49°. But we had come to Iceland to fish, and fish we would. Accordingly we donned our oilskins and sou'westers, and sallied forth, having tossed up for our respective beats. The Sog is the outlet of the great Thingvellir lake, some forty-five miles in circumference. After a course of less than a mile it joins

another lake, the Ulfjotsvatn. The latter lies at a much lower level than Thingvellir, and, in consequence, the greater part of the river connecting the two consists of rapids, some idea of the violence of which may be gained from an inspection of photograph No. 1. These rapids are, of course, unfishable, so that the river provides but three pools, or rather eddies at the sides of the rapids, viz., the top pool, where the river issues from Thingvellir lake (photograph No. 2), the middle pools (photographs Nos. 4, 5, 6), and the bottom pool (photograph No. 3), where the river discharges itself into Ulfjotsvatn. The toss-up gave the top and middle pools to my companion for the morning, and the bottom pool in consequence fell to me; in the afternoon our positions were to be reversed. Accordingly, with 'tight lines' to each other, we wended our several ways.

Now while the top and middle pools hold trout alone, the bottom pool, though an occasional trout may be got (I once killed a nine-pounder there), is almost exclusively inhabited by char. But while trout live throughout the year in the river, char, on the other hand, move up from the lake upon some date which they themselves fix, just as salmon do from the sea. One day not a char is to be seen, and the next the bottom pool is full of them. For char you can always see, and for this reason: each fin of the fish has a margin of white, and in the gin-clear water of the Sog, though the fish itself on account of the depth be scarcely discernible, its fins are readily perceived. Now, if the char are up the bottom pool is easily the best, but if they have not put in an appearance it is almost useless to fish it, as the off-chance of a trout is scarcely worth consideration. I was, therefore, naturally rather anxious to get the first glance at the water that had fallen to my lot. Alas! it was untenanted, and the char had not arrived. However, for the sake of having something to do I put up my rod and fished it down, I fear, in a somewhat half-hearted fashion. There was, as I expected, no response, so I lapped up, proceeded leisurely home, and awaited my friend's return. About two o'clock he arrived, and gave an account of his doings. For two hours, he said, he fished both pools with fly without moving a fin; he then, in despair, put on a blue phantom minnow and met with immediate success; the top pool afforded him a trout of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., one of 3 lbs., and one of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; while in the middle pool he had killed one of 7 lbs., one of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and one of $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.; a total of $21\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. for six fish. And a grand lot they looked, short and deep and thick, as all Sog trout are.

Now I have a rooted and, I confess, unreasonable aversion from fishing with anything save fly. The American gentleman when he was asked whether he would partake of some boiled crow replied : 'Sir, I ken eat it, but I don't hanker after it any.' And minnowing, or prawning, or worming is to me as boiled crow: I don't hanker after it any ; so, despite my companion's want of success in the morning with the fly, I sallied forth after lunch with the determination to catch fish with fly, or fail altogether. And here I may recall a curious fact about the Sog—it is always, no matter how it rains, as clear as gin. The rain, falling on



5. THE RAPIDS DOWN WHICH HE RUSHED

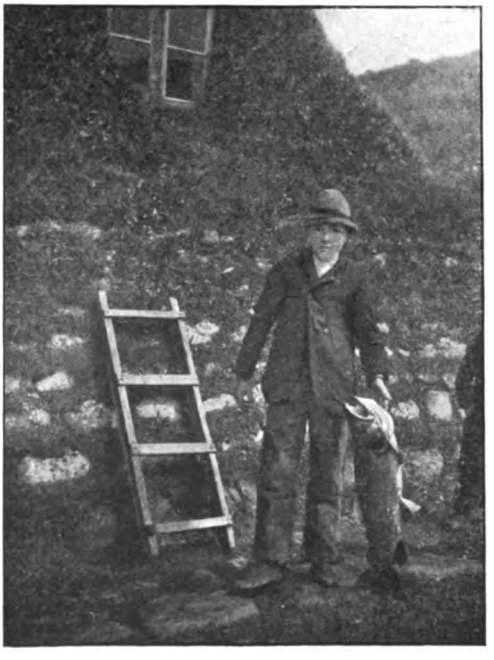
the lava-beds, carries away no colouring matter ; and, even if it did, the great expanse of Thingvellir lake would act as a filter-bed, and precipitate the muddy particles. This being so, I put on a finish cast, and, strange anomaly, a 2 | 0 silver doctor ; for while salmon in Iceland seem to like a small fly—a six or seven—trout, on the other hand, in my experience, prefer a large. With this equipment I proceeded to try in turn the middle and top pools, fishing them carefully up stream, but without the slightest encouragement on the part of the fish. Reaching the lake, and disturbing scores of harlequin ducks *en route*, I sat down and watched the heavy circling flight of two white-tailed eagles, which always have their eyrie in a neighbouring overhanging cliff. Things did not look cheerful.

The wind and rain were as persistent as ever, and I seriously contemplated giving up fishing as a bad job. But hope springs eternal in the angler's breast, and I finally decided—most fortunately as the event proved—to fish my way home. The top pool again proved a blank ; but at my second cast in the middle pool (standing at the right-hand top corner of photograph No. 4), a huge fish rolled up and took my fly, and, as I struck, I knew I was fast in the biggest trout I had ever, so far, hooked. And right royally he played in the heavy water, and for more than

6. THE PLACE WHERE I GAFFED HIM

ten minutes I never got another sight of him. At the end of that time I felt that he was beginning to tire, and unscrewed the boss from my gaff, and shortened him in. And now, when he was about my rod's length off, he saw me for the first time ; in another second he had dashed out of the pool into the rapids beyond (see photograph No. 5), and was rushing madly down stream, while, with screaming reel, I followed at the risk of my neck over the huge boulders depicted in photograph No. 4. When he reached the small fall, shown in photograph No. 5, I held my breath, but he glided over it with no perceptible jerk. And now a horrible dread seized me. Already almost all my running line was out ; in front there was but one place where the river eddied ; if he

passed that (and I knew that no strain that I could put on the trusty old trout-rod, which Enright made me over twenty years ago, could stop him if he were minded to pass on), there extended for the third of a mile the rapids depicted in photograph No. 1. But, according to my experience, fish dread rapids as much as fishermen do, and, as I bore upon him, I felt him gradually coming out of the broken water, and I knew that, bar accidents, he was mine. Again I reeled him in, and again he made an



7. THORLAKUR WITH THE ELEVEN-POUNDER

ugly rush or two, and, opening his mouth, shook himself savagely; but I had his measure now, and nursing him round with the eddy brought him down backwards towards me, slipped in the gaff, and drew to shore the biggest trout that had ever been caught on Sog with rod and line. He is depicted in photograph No. 7, and weighed exactly 11 lbs., while he measured 29½ ins. in length, and 16¾ ins. in girth. So fat was he that I was anxious to know on what he had fed, and accordingly I attended his autopsy when Ofeigur hobbled out to split him up preparatory to smoking him. His stomach proper was absolutely empty, but the intestines were full of

globules of fat of about the size of a pea. At first I thought this must be the result of some form of disease, but Ofeigur assured me that these big fish, when in the river, always live on their own fat like a salmon, and never feed in the proper acceptation of the word; and Ofeigur knows, for, setting his nets as he does almost throughout the year, he has split and cleaned many thousands of fish. Another curious thing he told me, which has been confirmed by others, namely, that trout in Iceland are never out of season. I certainly have never caught an unseasonable one, though I have fished up to late October, when one's line, as one cast, froze stiff; but the fish, though often gravid, were as fat as pigs. Their stomachs were then full of weed, which in its turn was covered with caddis. Unable to extract the latter the trout had evidently gorged the former—and nature did the rest.

After the capture of the big one I wended my way back to the farm, and found that my friend had repeated my experience of the morning, for, failing to move anything in the bottom pool, he had returned home. So we fought over our battles once more, and came to the conclusion that, considering the unpropitious state of the elements, we had no cause to be dissatisfied with our opening day in Iceland.

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AMERICAN SPARROW HAWK.

RATTIGAN REILLY'S SHOOTING-PARTY

BY FRANK SAVILE

'WHAT'S that ye have, Master Francis? A Jock Scott? 'Tis no fly for low wather in this river. 'Deed, I'm thinkin' the fly that'll timpt thim this afternoon is airin' his wings in Paradise. No rise at all have I seen in half a mile of pools, bad luck to the sulky divils. They're scratchin' their backs behint the boulders, makin' fun of you and y'r eighteen fut pole. And 'tis you have the luck that y'r tackle isn't up among the birch boughs. A cruel cramped stand it is to swing a line.'

'Why hasn't the spinney been cut back from the banks, says you? Some whim of the ould squire's, I'm thinkin'. He had his own jokes about it. "Some day," says he, "I'll bring me twelve-bore and me rod and get a pheasant and a salmon right and lift," he says. Many's the rocketer I've seen splashin' among the ripples. Sure as the beaters lined up along the river to drive to the far corner half a dozen birds would tail back over their heads. Master Thady, knowing the thricks of thim, would wait just where we are or within a fut of it, and pull thim down as nate as ninepince—so he did.

'And he's not the only wan. Did ye iver hear of Rattigan Reilly, him that had the forty-acre farm beside the wood? 'Twas he was the bhoy among the pheasants. For poachin', be it rabbits, or hares, or birds, he was the cliver divil among thim all. And sheep, too, if they don't miscall him beyont his dues. 'Twasn't Shaugnessy's Slough—for all it's twinty fut

deep—that gripped all the wether mutton that was missed those days. Some of it fed the Reilly family before the bones wint under the slime. The Slough's within a quarter of a mile of his cabin, and 'twas a famous dustbin for him and the likes of him.

'"Ratty," says I, comin' on him unexpicted wan day, "have ye filled it yet?" There was feathers and wool on the mud, d'ye see, Master Francis. "Ye'll be plantin' it oats next spring?" I says.

'He grinned at me plisantlike, knowin' me for the safe man I am.

'"No," he says, "but 'tis well manured it is against the time I do, Tim. I'm fearin' they'll be rackrintin' me on my improvements," he says.

'A bould man he was, and if they fined him wance, they fined him forty times. Now and again he'd be short of the money to meet thim. Then he'd take his fourteen days, or mayhap his month, and come out shakin' hands wid the warders, tellin' thim to get the sheets aired against his nixt visit. And he'd not wait the keepers' lave to start again. 'Twas a principle with him that his first free dinner sh'd be pheasant in winter and some wan else's mutton in summer, and he kept to it—so he did. Oh, he was a hard man and bad to beat. Sure 'twas here or hereabouts he put the copin' stone on his divilments.

'What was that, says you? 'Deed, Master Francis, you sh'd have heard the tale by now—twinty years agone 'twas the glory of the country side. But, bedad! the years pass and they pass, and the ould stories is forgot. The bhoys, ah the bhoys!—they was heroes those days—so they was.

'Tell it you? Well, the cook's cryin' out for custhard powders, and the misthress giv' me four sets of wool to match, but 'tis no use to stretch y'r legs till ye dhrop. I'll get to Moyle all the faster in the ind if I rest me ould bones tin minutes in the cool. The story? Here ye have it, such as it is.

'Tis twinty years come Novimber since the English officer tuk the shootin' and, bedad, he'd no bowels; none at all. Four exthra men was put on the beats, and b' this and that he saw to it that they earned the few wages he giv' them. 'Twas all day and ivery day with him. Dawn, dusk, and midnight he expicted them to be watchin' the birds, and he was in and out himself till they was fair sick of his yellow, inquisitive face. Little good he got by it. Niver over drive a willin' horse,

Master Francis. They'd have done their best by him for love of shport if he'd trusted thim, but his spyin' ways disghusted thim. I misdoubt me if he got as many birds as the ould squire reared wid two men and a bhoy—not by two hundred brace, he didn't.

'Well, as luck would have it, this Major Powderham—and 'twas all powder he was, the foolish man—came sneakin' through this very wood wan evenin', treadin' like a mouse to spy on his own keepers. What does he see but a pole reachin' up to a roostin' bird on a bough, clear against the moon!

'At that he shtopped and peeped from behint a bush. Sure enough, there's Master Ratty at his thricks. He'd warmed a perch in his bosom, d'ye see, shtuck it on the pole, and was touchin' it gently against the bird's fut. The bird feels the warmth of it in its sleep, shifts its claws, first wan and thin the other, on to the comfort of it, and Ratty has it lowered wid his steady hand and its neck wrung before it knows that anything's shtruck it but a nightmare.

'Well, ould Powderbox—and I'll say this for him he didn't want for pluck, him bein' sixty if he was a day—when he saw the thing done he nearly burst with the rage of him. He gives a spring and a yell, and bounces out on Rattigan all arms, legs, and curses. In the first astonishment he floors him. The two of thim rolled on the ground together, tearin' and spurrin' most disthractful. But Ratty was first to his feet.

'"Are ye in y'r right mind, major?" he says reproachful-like, the cool hand that he was, "jumpin' out on paceable folk like a jack-in-the-box, and frightin' me so's I nearly did the poor bird an injury? 'Tis queer manners y've brought from England, colonel," he says.

'"You infernal poacher!" roars ould Powder an' Shot, hoppin' to his feet. "If there's only wan gaol left in Ireland, I'll have ye in it," he says, makin' a runnin' jump for him.

'Rattigan shteps aside, throws out his fut, and brings the ould man down all cornerwise.

'"'Tis strange to get hard words for a neighbourlike act," says he. "I almost despair of humanity, brigadier," he says. "Here I come, bringin' all me knowledge of poulthry farmin' to help y'r pheasants through the gapes that's killin' them b' the score, and b' this an' that I'm called poacher to me face. The bird's died of shame at y'r low conversation, gineral," he says, danglin' the corpse before the ould man's eyes.

'Ould Powderham lay there on the broad of his back,

cursin' up at the sky, so's Ratty himsilf tould me he feared he'd sour the Milky Whey. And 'twas a waste of hard words moreover, for if there was a man wid the gift of the tongue between Dublin and Limerick 'twas Ratty's self. He could give back all he got and a hapin' taycupful over. He shtud and passed the repartee wid the Major as if he was repatin' the caddiechism, and ivery time the ould gintleman struggled to his knees, Ratty 'd just gintly tumble him back again. And so it wint on.

'In the ind ould Powderham done what he sh'd have done at first. He whipped out the policeman's whistle he carried, and blew like a bugler.

'Rattigan saw 'twas time to shift. There were six keepers within hearin', not to mintion the chanst of the police pathrol that passed different hours of the night ivery day in the year. It seemed possible he might git an invitation to shtop and complete the party. So he tips his caubeen, tells the Major to be good to himsilf, and shteps for home.

'He hadn't gone twinty yards before he heard the crash of the men runnin' to the Major's call. He turned the other way. He nearly run into Ned Flannigan's arms—him that was head keeper to the ould squire and to ould Powderham after him. 'Twas the same on ivery side. He could hear thim closin' in on him.

'Wid that he shteps into the shadow of a bush, bruk off his pole short, and brings the butt of it to his shoulder like a drill sergeant. 'Twas natural the keepers, the foolish men, should be deceived by the bould shtand of him. There he shtud, coverin' them with his gun. Flannigan pulled up and tried to shpeak him fair.

'"Ah, now, Ratty," says he, "'tis no use at all Y'r surrounded," he says. "Give in to superior force, and we'll allow ye the honours of war. Where's the use of bein' unplisant in business matters?" says he.

'"Do you and y'r commander-in-chief take the quick shtep home, Flannigan," says Ratty, very determined, "or b' St. Patrick I'll blow ye from here to nixt Thursday," he says.

'At that ould Powderham came blowin' through the bushes, roarin' that they was to rush the divil if he was armed with ivery Gatlin' gun in the British army. Bein' a bould man—and he was that—he heads the rush himsilf.

'Ratty giv' a yell and charged the old omadhawn like a November ram. He butted him fair into Flannigan's arms, trampled the two of thim into the mud, and was through the

bushes like a hare. He'd slipped fifty yards into the undergrowth before the six of thim had their mouths shut, that surprised were they, and divil a chanst to catch him was there after that. He knew the woods like the palm of his own hand, the creature.

'When they pick'd up the pole, the Major called thim ivery coward and dhirty dog in creation, for d'you see, Master Francis, he knew at wance there was no charge of armed poachin' to be preferred, and there's the divil and all of a penalty for that. He wint back to bed, rubbin' the ribs of him, and swearin' murdher and disolation against Rattigan, and it was bright and early he was up in the mornin'. Before tin o'clock he was in Moyle, clamourin' for his summons, and a policeman left it at Mrs. Reilly's door b' midday.

'Rattigan didn't show up. He misthrusted it might be a warrant, and he wanted no words with the law. He said he was well acquaint wid it, but niver cared to be familiar. He lay out in some hide he had, and discomfortable it must have been. For 'twas the beginning of the great flood of '71. It rained and it rained for three mortal days, and the river rose within twinty feet of the wood. The ould timber bridge groaned and creaked, and the half of it was under water. 'Twas fully expicted 'twould go down to the sea if the rain didn't cease.

'Saturday was the day the summons was returnable, and ould Powderham wint off to the court-house wid a smile that touched his ears, he was that pleased. Save wan watcher, he had the whole concourse of keepers for witnesses.

'"There'll be no mistake for want of ividence," says he. "This time we'll make an example for the country-side," he says, and when his English coachman shied at the bridge and swore 'twas unsafe to take the b'rouche acrost, he snatched the whip from the socket and double-thonged the coward acrost the back.

'"Drive on, ye white-livered cur!" he says, "drive on, or b' Gad I'll take out the horses and make ye pull it y'rsilf!" and the coachman he drove. The waves was foamin' disperate, but not half so wild as ould Puff and Blow behint him. They wint acrost at the gallop, the timbers creakin', the spray flyin', and the bhoys that was lookin' on cheerin' like all possist. They hated ould Powderham, but they knew a man whin they saw wan—they did that!

'They hadn't disappeared tin minutes before Rattigan and a half a score of his own friends came shtrollin' out of the

spinney here, lookin' as if summonses and police courts was things niver heard of in p'lite society. They'd bin hid in the bushes, watchin' the ould man go by. Rattigan addressed the crowd beside the bridge.

'"Is there any wan here that wishes to cross either the wan way or the other?" he says, "for I misdoubt me there'll be no bridge left in another tin minutes. 'Tis quiverin' terrible," says he.

'Some of thim wint this way and some that, and then Ratty's frinds tuk the axes they'd brought, and they had the timbers on the near side through in two winks of an eye—so they did. The bridge wint foamin' down to the Shannon, and was shtranded, they do say, in a back lane in Limerick. Bedad, it was a flood and all!

'Whin the crowd had done cheerin', these wild men tuk up the guns they'd hid in the spinney and fired a salute. Those days there was no other bridge nearer than Ballybekilt, five miles if it was a yard.

'At the court-house there was a full binch of magistrates, dealin' hastily wid dhrunks and disorderlies, and lickin' their lips over the case that was to follow. Rattigan, he was the bhoy to pass the cliver word, and between him and ould Powder Monkey they rightly expicted repartees. They summoned Rattigan b' name, stretchin' their necks to see him shtroll in.

'There was no Ratty for thim. Instid a gossoon came paddin' through the mud at the gallop, burstin' wid news.

'"There's half a score of men shootin' y'r spinney, Major," he says, "and 'tis truth they've kilt a hundred pheasants already if they've kilt wan!"

'At the word ould Puffball nearly dhropped to the floor, wid a face on him the colour of a field of poppies; and as for the Binch, they hild themsilves together for wan half minute, but 'twas no sort of use. Magisthrates, inspictor, constables and people—oh! 'twas the grand laugh they had. Howly Mother! did iver any wan hear the like. The keepers was out, so the poachers was in! The plashter dropped from the walls at the roar of thim!

'The Major run for his horses and his b'rouche like a lapwing, and before the shoutin' was over he was half the way home, lashin' the nags outrageous. The gossoon, d'ye see, niver said a word about the broken bridge. He had his orders, like enough. He was Rattigan's own nephew b' his second wife's sister.

'When the b'rouche came dashin' up to the river's brim there was the best of sport goin' on in the spinney. The bhoys was flyin' this way and that, shoutin', firing, and sending the pheasants from wan end of it to the other. 'Twas more of a dimonstration than a shootin'-party, and the lads, they was half-crazy wid the pure divilment of it all. But when Ratty, who was on the bank, saw the Major, he shtopped thim in a minute.

'"There's that patient ould man on the far bank gettin' niver a wan of his own pheasants," he says. "'Tis too bad. Do some of you get back to the far ind of the wood and drive the birds for the river. Who knows," says he, "mayhap some of thim'll get acrost," he says.

'They done as he said. They lined up from the far corner of the spinney and come along like a rig'ment, dhrivin' all before thim. Ratty shtud on the wather's brim, bowin' politeful to the major. The ould man was tying himsilf into knots wid his contortions. A rage? Bedad, he was fair possissed of divils. 'Twas by main force they shtopped him tryin' to dhrown himsilf swimmin' acrost.

'Pretty soon the birds were scuttlin' down the fince here, lookin' this way and that for a bolt hole. Forty gossoons and more had joined in behint the beaters by now, and there was a whirraroo and a stramash that'd wake the dead. Niver a pheasant broke back. They crowded the river banks be the score.

'Then Ratty houlds up his hand for the line to shtop. A couple of lads slips forward at the word and begun to prick up the birds b' wans and twos, touchin' thim off from bush and bush. 'Twas a leasson in beatin', Master Francis. Many a shoot have I seen shpoiled by bangin' out the cover to the fine edge. But Ratty'd forgot more about pheasants than most keepers iver learn. There was nothing ye cud teach him.

'The first they put up was an ould cock, and the ould champion made wan bould bid for liberty. He wint sailin' acrost the brown of the flood like a balloon.

'"Cock over, Major!" shouts Ratty. He fired just as the bird was three parts of the way acrost. 'Twould have fallen on the ould man's head if he hadn't ducked. It dhropped like a stone—as beautiful a shot as iver was seen.

'A couple more was flushed, wan makin' for the river, wan tailin' back for the wood. Ratty tumbled the first into the middle of the shtream, and, bedad! 'twas gone before ye cud

wink an eye. The sicond he broke the wing of, and it wint slantin' down, wagglin' its toes for a run long before it touched the ground. But there was no chanst for runners that day. The mob of gossoons that had joined the shport saw to that—they did so.

'From that minute the birds rose by twos and by threes, by half-dozens and dozens. And Ratty was among thim all. At first he picked here a wan and there a wan, slow and particular, but after a bit it angered the great heart of him to see so many escape. He hollered to Pat Slattery, the horse coper, to lind him a sicond gun. Pat came respictful-like and began to load for him, and for tin mortal minutes Rattigan kept the two guns goin' like a mill, while pheasants was carpetin' the field in dhroves, or swimmin' in shoals to Limerick. Hivins above! it was a day and half a day, so it was. Niver was such shootin' since guns was first made from gas-pipes.

'At last ould Powderham sees 'twas no good him standin' there, churnin' the mud wid the restless feet of him, shakin' his fist, and chokin' the very lungs out of him wid curses. He turned back to his b'rouche and sent the horses up the Ballybekilt road at the gallop, and the inspictor, who'd ridden out to see the shport, he did the same. Ratty saw the day's enjoymint was dhrawin' to a close. He hands his guns to Pat, and then roars to the crowd opposite, cranin' their necks to listen.

'"It cuts the very heart in me to think I'll miss me ould frind the Major," he says, "but me appointmints won't wait. 'Tis he that's the open-handed gintleman," says he. "From the very bottom of me soul I thank him for the best day's shootin' I've had in all the years I've carried a gun. Will ye give the good ould man me compliments and heartiest thanks?" he says.

'The crowd cheered and it cheered, and vowed b' all the saints in glory that the Major sh'd have the message if they waited there till next shootin' season. Then they giv' three cheers more and a tiger for Ratty himself, him shtandin,' bowing acrost the river wid his hand on his heart.

'"These ividences of y'r esteem are enough to melt the bowels of a shtone," he says. "I cud wish me true ould frind was here to share me popularity, the half of which is his due," says he. "Will ye make it up to him whin he comes, bhoys?" he says, and wid that he and Pat slipped back into the spinney, wavin' their hands, leavin' the bhoys yellin' so's they heard them two miles back of Moyle.

'But, bedad! that was nothing to the shivararee when ould Powderham turned up, as he did in half an hour, his horses lathered white as Christmas. The bawlin's of the lads all tryin' to give him Ratty's message in wan chorus was past belief—so it was.

'No, Master Francis, they never saw Ratty again, nor Pat the coper neither. 'Twas their last divilmint this side the wather, for, d'you see, they'd made their preparations for a bolt months before. Ratty 'd let the keepin' of his grass, there wasn't a shtick on the place but what the neighbours claimed, and Ratty and Pat tuk ship from Cork that same evenin'. He'd meant emigratin' half his life. Whin it came to the point he did it wid honour—so he did. They broke into his cabin next day to find not so much as a chair. Nothin' but an ould stuffed pheasant, and Ratty 'd shtuck the right toe of him forninst the beak of him, and propped him against the wall beside the kitchin door. 'Twas the first thing ould Powerham set eyes on whin he came stampin' in.

'What was the ind of Ratty, d'you say, sorr? Bedad! there's no ind to him yet. He's an aldherman—no less—in New York, and ivery year, as sure as Christmas comes, he sinds Father Malachi what'll make ivery ould man and woman happy for wan week in the New Year. He was a divil—he was that. But b' this and that, Master Francis, there's many a worse man in a respictable coat, even though ye may find no pheasant feathers in the pockets of it.'

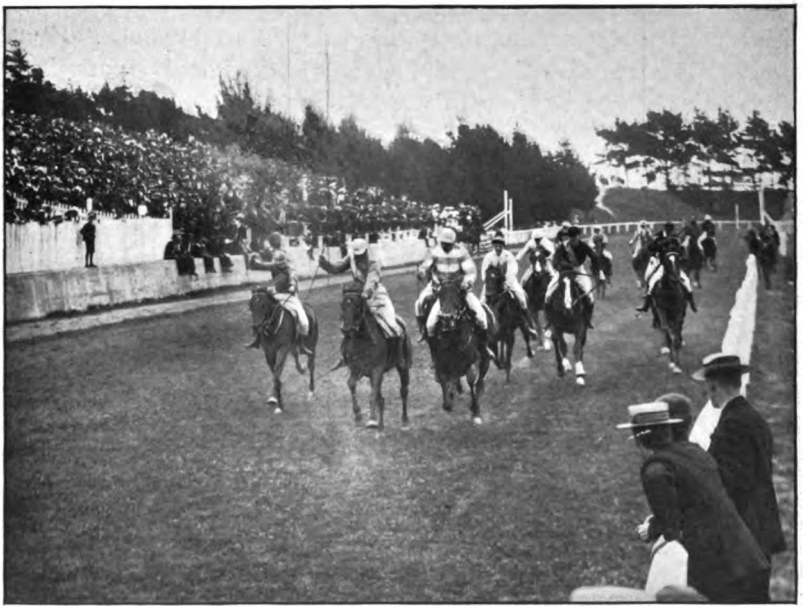
A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE MARCH COMPETITION

The Prize in the March competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand; Mr. Frederick Dumfries, Shanghai, China; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down; Mr. Thomas Dickson, Banbridge, co. Down; Mr. Emile Pilpel, Zwickau, Saxony; Mr. Russell Richardson, Scarborough; Mr. H. A. v. Benningen, Shipton Sollars, Glos.; Major Reginald Hoare, Cape Colony; and Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.



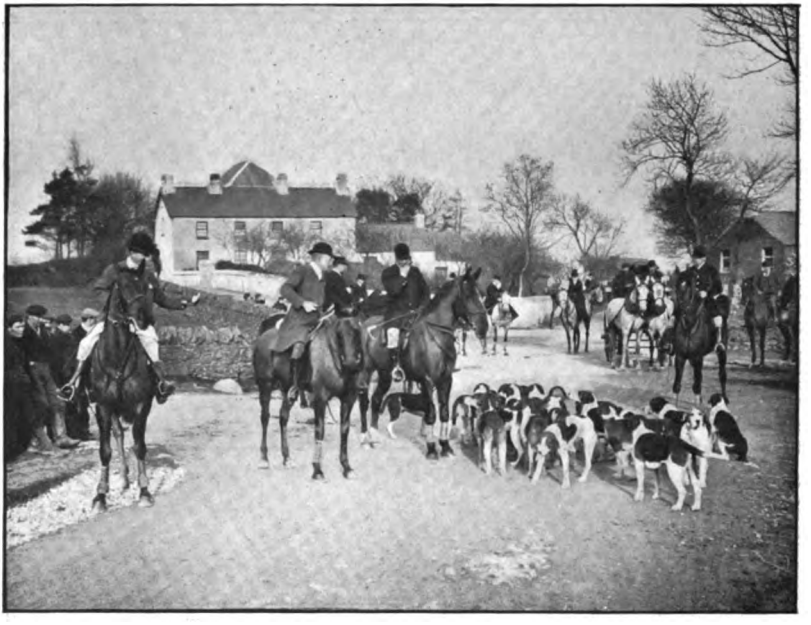
TAKAPIMA JOCKEY CLUB, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

A close finish of a 5-furlong race. The winner, Leo Delaval, paid the sensational dividend of £322 4s. in the totalisator

Photograph by Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand

CHINESE FISHING WITH CORMORANTS AT SOOCHOW, CHINA

Photograph by Mr. Frederick Dumfries, Shanghai, China

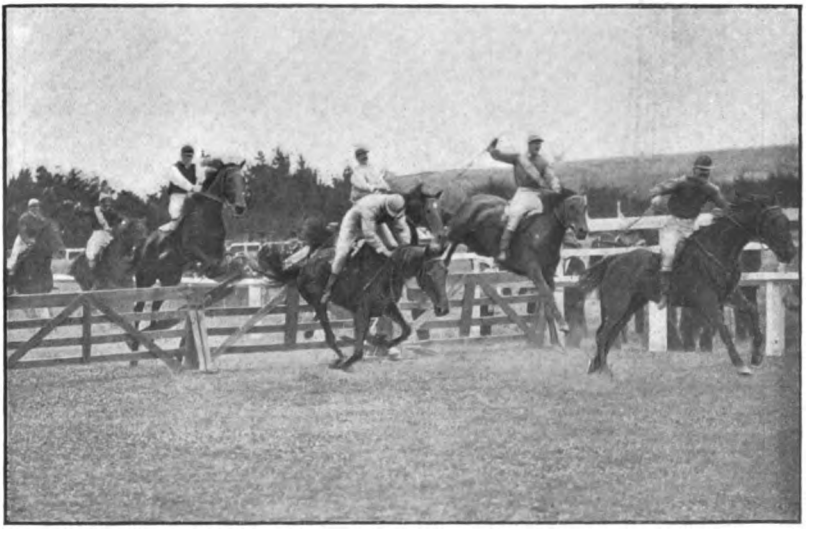


COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS
Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE MOUNTAINS IN LEITRIM
Photograph by Mr. Thomas Dickson, Banbridge, co. Down

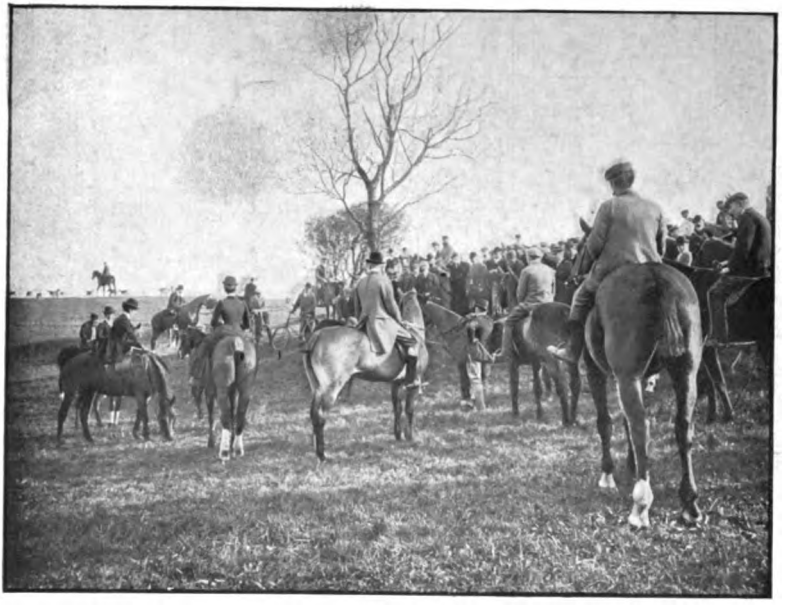
DIVING IN EGYPT

Photograph by Mr. Emile Pilpel, Zwickau, Saxony



NEARLY DOWN. TAKAPIMA JOCKEY CLUB, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Photograph by Mr. J. Randall Mann, Auckland, New Zealand

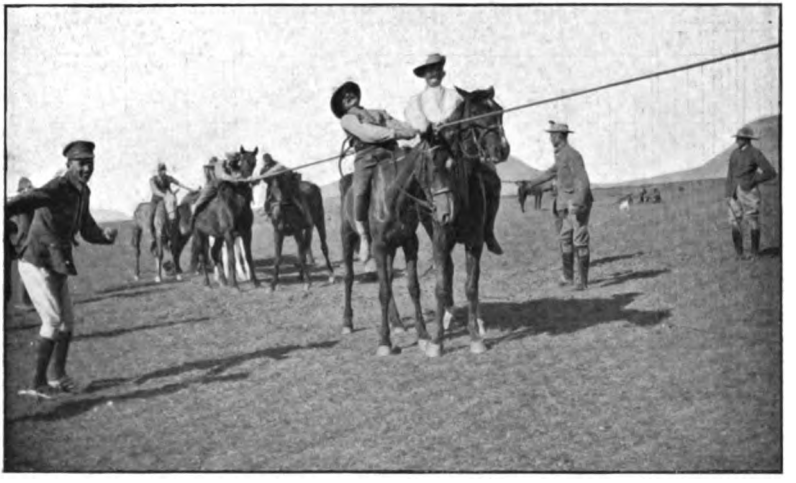


PRESENTATION OF AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS TO 'OLD TOMMY' HARRISON ON HIS RETIREMENT AFTER TWENTY YEARS SERVICE AS HUNTSMAN TO THE STAINTONDALE HUNT

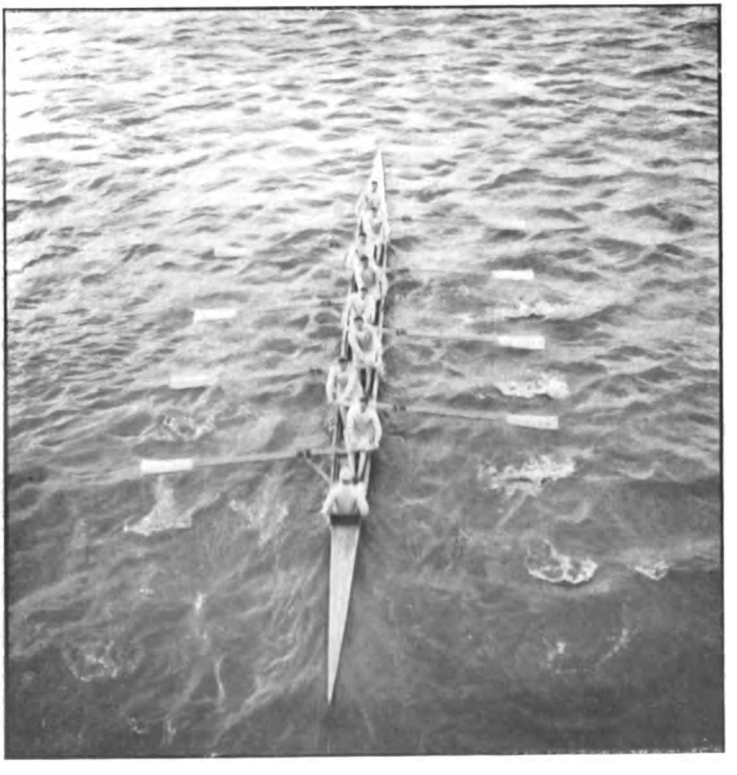
Photograph by Mr. Russell Richardson, Scarborough

THE FINAL MATCH FOR THE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF HOLLAND, 1901

Photograph by Mr. H. A. v. Benningen, Shipton Sollars, Glos.



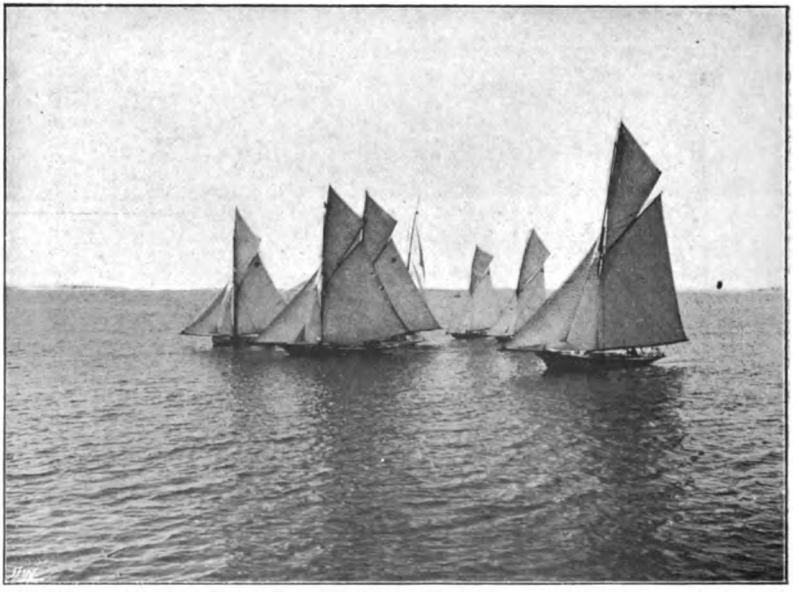
RECREATION IN SOUTH AFRICA. A TUG OF WAR ON HORSEBACK
Photograph by Major Reginald Hoare, 4th Hussars, Cape Colony



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, TAKEN FROM PUTNEY BRIDGE
Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

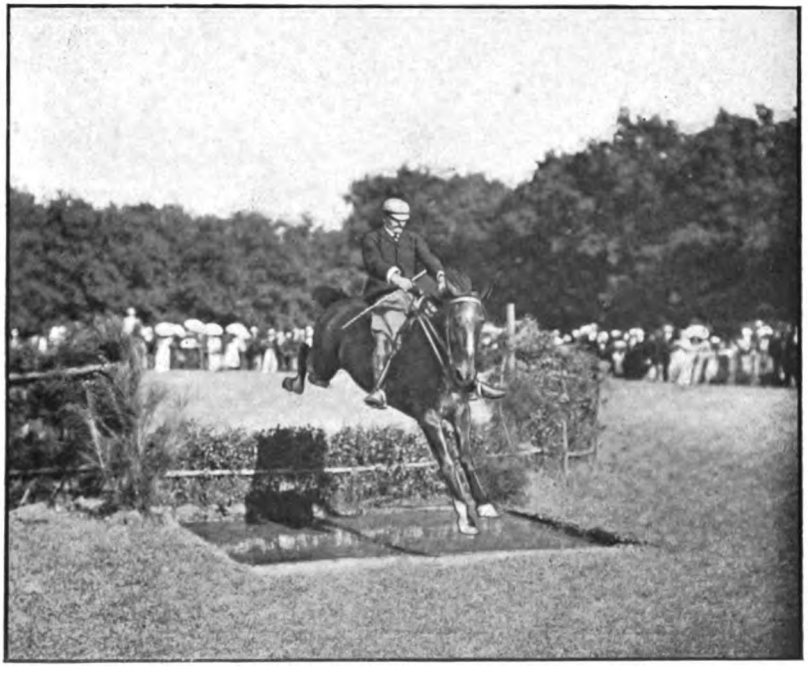
THLOTSI, BASUTOLAND, RACES, OCTOBER 1901. THE WINNER OF 'THE NATIVE RACE AND HIS JOCKEY

Photograph by Major B. F. B. Stuart, 1st Worcestershire Regt., South Africa



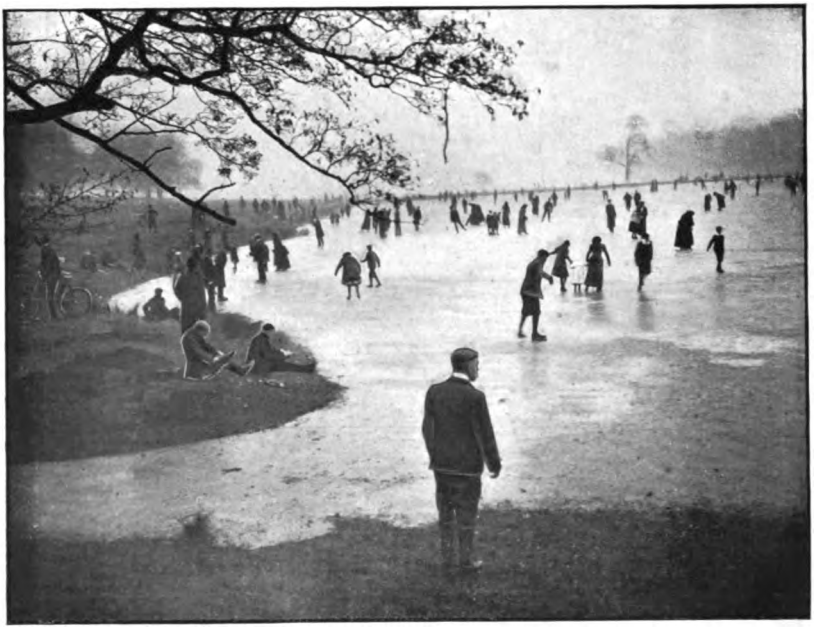
NICE REGATTA

Photograph by Mr. Ch. Le Maire, Nice



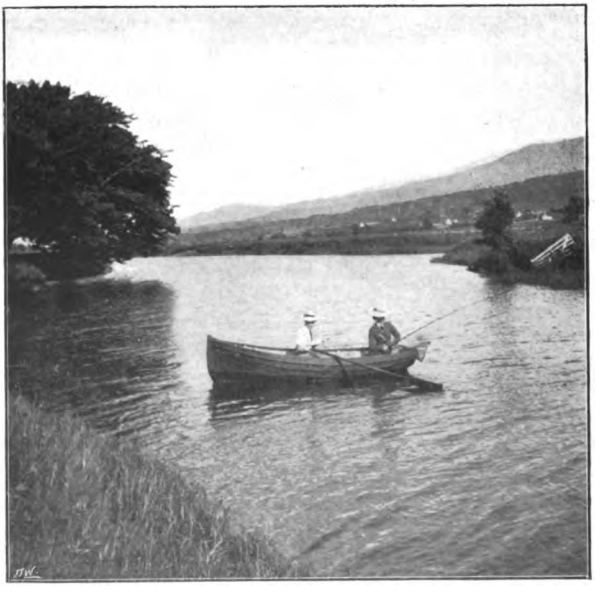
HORSE-JUMPING AT ROSEBANK AGRICULTURAL SHOW, CAPE COLONY, FEBRUARY 1902
Photograph by Mr. W. R. Prior, Muswell Hill, N.

RABBIT-SHOOTING IN THE SNOW AT KNOLTON HALL
Photograph by the Viscountess Southwell, Knolton Hall, Ellesmere, Salop



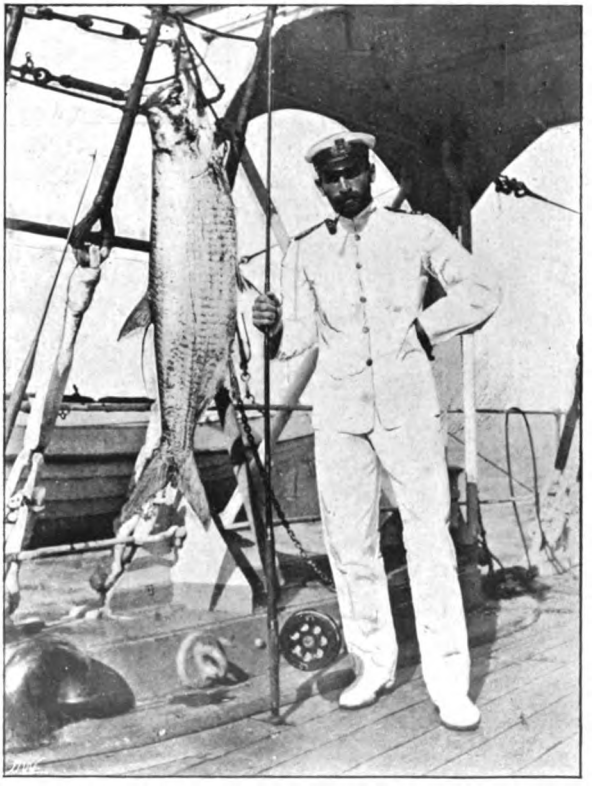
SKATING ON PENN PONDS, RICHMOND PARK

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington



TROUT-FISHING IN THE RIVER DOCHART, PERTHSHIRE

Photograph by Miss Kathleen Phillips, The Mount, Shrewsbury



A 45 LB. TARPON CAUGHT BY MR. R. Y. TYRWHITT, LIEUT. H.M.S. 'INDEFATIGABLE'

Photograph by Mr. C. L. Warren, H.M.S. 'Indefatigable,' Kingston, Jamaica

POLO AT VOLKSRUST, SOUTH AFRICA

Photograph by Mr. A. H. C. Kearsey, Lieut. 1st York and Lancaster Regt., South Africa

WHALE-FISHING IN THE SHETLAND ISLES

Photograph by Mr. Henry Hartmann, Paris

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FIELD-DAY, ALDERSHOT, MARCH 13, 1902

Photograph by Mrs. Weston, Shirley, Southampton

HAWKS' NEST AND YOUNG

Photograph by Mr. Charles Machin, Napier, New Zealand

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD ELK, WEIGHING 1000 LBS. WHEN CLEANED, SHOT BY MR. H. P. NICKALLS AT SKALSTUGAN, SWEDEN

Photograph by Miss Clare Nickalls, Patteson Court, Surrey

THE COLOURED PICTURES

IF the history of the turf were ever adequately compiled, a task, however, which it is quite certain can for various reasons never be accomplished, there would be no more interesting chapters than those devoted to Danebury. Tom Cannon has very kindly afforded us the opportunity of reproducing a picture, 'A Reminiscence of Danebury,' which gives a characteristic view of those famous downs during morning work, the accuracy of which the present writer is able to certify from experience, having spent many delightful mornings riding about with the late master of Danebury amidst the surroundings here pictured. The cessation of the Stockbridge Meeting makes a gap in the racing year not to be filled. Prominent in the picture Tom Cannon himself will be recognised, his boys are seated behind him, the standing figure to the right is Olding, head man for many years, indeed his name used to figure as trainer, though as a matter of fact his work was always strictly subordinate, diligently and skilfully as it was accomplished. 'A Victim of Wire,' the curse of modern hunting, needs no explanation, nor does 'Forget-me-not.' The American Sparrow Hawk (*Falco sparverius*), like so many other American birds, has several names, being called also The Rusty Crowned Falcon, American Kestrel, Mouse Hawk, and Killy Hawk. Its range is over Eastern North America, from the Great Slave Lake to northern South America, and it varies its residence, passing the summer in the northern United States and Canada, and its winters south of New Jersey. The name 'Killy Hawk' is derived from its cry, *Kill-ee-kill-ee-kill-ee.* If farmers only knew it, the bird does them much more good than harm. The crops of three hundred and twenty were examined by an official in the American Department of Agriculture, and 'of these two hundred and fifteen contained grasshoppers and other insects, eighty-nine contained mice, and there was no trace of poultry.' Nevertheless, the bird appears to be habitually killed by the farmers whenever opportunity offers. The assertion that it 'prefers grasshoppers and meadow mice' is, of course, proved by what has just been said, but it is also admitted to be 'a past-master in dropping like a thunder-bolt upon the tree-sparrows, juncos, thrushes, and other small birds, found on the ground in thickets and the borders of woods.'

NOTES

'BY RAPIER'

As I confidently expected, considerable interest has been aroused by the series of 'Masters of their Arts' articles: it would, indeed, have been very disappointing were it otherwise. But nevertheless my selection does not seem to please everybody. One correspondent thinks that 'after the late revival of croquet that game should certainly have had a place'; and amongst others is a devotee of ping pong, who writes to express her opinion that there being, so far as she is aware, no authoritative work on the game, 'that exciting pastime should have had an early place in the series.' If all goes well there is no saying what may or may not be given in course of time; but, again considering my list, and bearing in mind the necessity of pleasing the greatest possible number of readers, I do not see what could well have been omitted to make room for croquet, ping pong, or any of the other things whose inclusion is urged. Recapitulating, I may remind readers, and possibly in some cases I shall be informing others who have not read, that the list so far has been as follows:

January	The Motor-Car Question	Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.
February	Golf	Mr. Horace Hutchinson.
March	Rowing	Mr W. H. Grenfell, M.P.
April	Fishing	The Marquess of Granby.
May	Cricket	Lord Hawke.

The other articles during the year will consist of:

June	Racing	The Earl of Ellesmere.
July	Polo	The Hon. Lionel Lambart.
August	Shooting	The Marquess of Granby.
September	Football—Association	Mr. R. E. Foster.
	Rugby	Messrs. F. H. B. Champain and North.

October	Hunting	The Earl of Lonsdale.
November	Wild-fowling	The Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P.
December	Skating	The Countess of Minto.

Lord Granby tells me that he has found some particularly interesting records of bags made in former years at Cheveley and Belvoir, and he is contrasting them with the results of recent sport. I am really inclined to think that the above list could not easily be bettered, much as I regret that ardent players at croquet and ping pong may not agree with me.

Among my correspondents is one who makes the absolutely impossible request that I should 'suggest a handicap of the last five and twenty Derby winners.' He is aware, he says, that this must be largely a matter of speculation, but he would like to have the handicap as 'a basis for discussion.' He is perfectly right in saying that such a compilation would be speculative, but he does not add, what is certainly the case, that it would also be very largely indeed a matter of prejudice. That, however, is undoubtedly true, though perhaps few people realise to what an extent prejudice does guide their appreciation of horses' form. Often one takes a fancy to a horse and when he is beaten declines to accept the teaching of facts, making excuses for the defeat and probably depreciating the victor in order to prove that he ought not to have won, that there must have been something altogether wrong about the running of the arguer's idol. Perhaps one is prejudiced against—or it may be in favour of—an owner, and a possibly unconscious tendency arises to depreciate (or to appreciate) his horse, which is absurd of course, but happens nevertheless. Still more frequently one resents the fulsome puffery bestowed by some biased writer on what one regards as a moderate animal, and then, of course, a disposition arises to correct the balance by making the animal out worse than it really is. Or you back a horse, if you are indiscreet enough to do such things, and when it fails, desire to make out that it ought to have won; indeed, there are innumerable ways in which prejudice arises.

I suppose there is little doubt that Ormonde would head the handicap if any one were foolish enough to attempt to make it, nor is there much doubt that the bottom weights would

include Harvester, Merry Hampton, Sainfoin, Sir Visto, and Jeddah; but, if the attempt were made by a dozen competent critics, I fancy that few of them would agree about the places of those that immediately followed the top weight, and there would be very wide discrepancies in the middle. According in a great measure to prejudice for or against, the second place might be occupied by Donovan, Isinglass, or any one of three or four others; and this could only be a matter of ill-based opinion. Sometimes the question is solved, and there discussion must end. The popularity of Lord Rosebery would make some of his friends, absurd as it may seem, advocate the claims of Ladas to a leading place; but in his case there is a line. In the Princess of Wales' Stakes, 1894, though Isinglass was short of a gallop or two, he beat Ladas three lengths and a head, and repeated the victory in the Eclipse Stakes. Melton is disposed of in like effectual manner by St. Gatien. The two met in the Jockey Club Cup of 1886, and St. Gatien won by eight lengths. Flying Fox would be a very difficult animal to deal with. He was a good horse beyond doubt, but, in placing him amongst the last twenty-five Derby winners, it would have to be considered that St. Gris (with 5 lbs. the best of the weights it is true) beat him at Kempton, and that in the Middle Park Plate, giving 3 lbs. he was a length and a half behind Caiman; and at Kempton, moreover, Fascination, at weight for sex, was only about half a length behind him. Two stories are told of Isinglass, one, that Captain Machell did not expect him to give Raeburn 10 lbs. at Manchester, the other, that but for his refusal to make his own running he would easily have beaten the Duke of Portland's colt in the Lancashire Plate of 1893. The more one looks into the question, indeed, the more hopeless it appears, and I am afraid I cannot possibly fulfil my correspondent's request.

My Notes must be largely occupied with correspondents this month, and even then I shall be obliged reluctantly to leave some unnoticed, except in so far as subjects with which they deal may crop up in the future. From the Cawnpore Club, Captain Lindsay Scott writes to me commenting on the fact that I recently drew attention to the remarkable success of Major O'Donnell, who won all the races in one day at a meeting at Jubbulpur. Captain Scott very kindly sends me the Calcutta Racing Calendar for February 27, showing that Major

O'Donnell's feat has been surpassed by Mr. Aldworth, who rode every winner at a three days' meeting at Akyab, which he believes is in Assam—and if he be incorrect in his geography I am very much afraid I cannot correct him. There is no doubt about it. The meeting began on December 28, there were five races the first day, the same number the second, four the third. One race, indeed, was a walk over; but, by distances varying from a neck to three lengths, Mr. Aldworth carried off the whole lot every day. It may be incidentally mentioned for what it is worth that with the exception of this wonderfully successful rider, who goes to scale it appears at 8 st. 10 lb., all the other jockeys were natives; but of course for all I know they may have been competent performers. Three times Mr. Aldworth beat a jockey called Ba Toe; six times he finished in front of Tha Do Pyn—who, perhaps, did not ride with much confidence towards the end of the meeting—and in other races he got the best of Abdul Shukur, Nazir Ahmed and Moti Rahman. Another performer called Pyoung Cho seems to have been habitually last, though on one or two occasions I am not sure that he did not finish in front of Cham Singh. When riders do begin to win in India they seem to keep it up, for at Jorhat Races on February 5 Mr. Holder swept the board on the first day, winning all seven events, and that from English riders, whilst on the second day he won four races, was twice second, in one case beaten only a head, apparently by an animal of his own, and finished third in the remaining contest.

My reference to motor-cars in the last number has drawn a furious letter from 'A Friend of the Magazine,' who 'does not want to read about the wretched things and did not expect to do so in the *Badminton*.' I am sorry, because motors are a subject of growing interest and are not to be ignored; and on the other hand, as opposed to my angry correspondent, other letters show me that the interest in automobilism is strong and increasing—the new Badminton Library book will be out some time before this number is published, and though, as the Editor of the volume, I am naturally prejudiced in its favour, I confidently anticipate that it will aid the movement. Personally, as I ride a pony who does not like cars, I have a strong inclination at times to share my friend's sentiments; but it is no use attempting to resist the irresistible, and motors are infinitely too useful and convenient not to make their way. It is amus-

ing in regard to the waning disbelief in the capacity of the automobile to read some extracts from an old number of the *Quarterly Review*, dated 1824, and quoted in the Blue Book published by the Automobile Club. The writer says: 'As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the waggons, mail and stage coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every means of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. The gross exaggeration of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or (to speak in plain English) the steam carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned.' The writer then quotes a paragraph from the report of the proposed Woolwich Railway, containing a fair estimate of the business and profit that seemed likely to arise from the anticipated growth of the company together with its offshoots. On this he comments thus: 'We are not surprised that people who probably never saw a steam-engine or a railway should put their names to such pure nonsense as this, but we hardly expected that Mr. Telford, the engineer, should have lent it the sanction of his, nor to find a countryman of Mr. Telford writing thus: "We shall be carried *at the rate of 400 miles a day*, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steam-boat, but without the annoyance of sea-sickness or the risk of either being burned or drowned." But with all these assurances we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off on one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back Old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum.' The poor backer would have lost his money as backers so often do, and this derisive contempt should surely make persons very cautious about what they would like to say with regard to the possibilities of the automobile. As for the vision of being carried at the rate of 400 miles a day, which seemed so superlatively ridiculous to the Quarterly Reviewer of 1824, it may be noted that it is exactly 400 miles from Euston Station to Edinburgh, and that the train which leaves London at 10 A.M. is timed to reach the Scottish city at 6.15, and is, moreover, I believe, usually punctual. Now that is $8\frac{1}{4}$ hours, and 8 hours is the third of a day. At the same pace nearly 1200 miles might be covered in a day, and what would the incredulous old Reviewer have said to that, as also to the further assertion that considerably faster time could easily be done?

A fragment picked up in the hunting field, Saturday, March 15, 1902: '. . . a brown horse; it is hard to describe him; elastic, a gentleman, kind and considerate to the old buffer on his back, and with sufficient speed for a steeplechase; the nicest horse I ever rode. If he enjoyed himself as much as I did, he slept well that night. An eight-mile jog to covert with hounds (the huntsman had been whipper-in here once, and the second whip came from Pembrokeshire, a country, as you know, I dearly love) forced us to start early, but we went by grass most of the way, and across delightful pastures. No end of old friends at the Meet, Sibbertoft, by the way, being the name of it; cheery greetings, every one glad to see the two strangers, an old 'un and a beginner; all taking the kindliest interest in the latter. A small covert, one holloa, and away, away; not even the blast of a horn (or was there *one?*). Hounds and field gone at once; an abominable gate, and then driving along to catch them. Streaming away down wind were the Pytchley ladies, merciless: the Master on his grey in his usual place, and the dark bay mare making up her ground rapidly, to keep in close attendance, for the remainder of the gallop. Fully six miles, straight as a gun-barrel, to ground. He was headed in a road (Oh! most iniquitous person!) or, the huntsman tells me, his brush would have gone to a neighbouring country, on a lady's saddle. Grass like unto Newmarket: a flat country, on the whole, but wild and unkempt, with a rugged bottom or two, twisting about the line we ran. The wind driving the clouds along, sometimes we were in shadow, and again in sun. We got back here the same evening, somewhat tired perhaps,

"Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet":

conversation jerky for the most part, and ever recurring to the day's sport. How well I understood the suppressed excitement; had one not in one's youth gone through it before? . . .'

The Badminton Magazine

MASTERS OF THEIR ARTS

VI. OWNING RACE-HORSES, AND HOW TO SET ABOUT IT

BY THE EARL OF ELLESMERE

IT has been suggested to me that I might utilise my experience, such as it is, of racing, by putting on paper some remarks, in the form of advice to an imaginary person, who had expressed an intention of taking up the Turf as a pursuit.

There are no doubt many excellent people who would declare without the smallest hesitation that on such a subject there is only one word of advice that ought to be given ; and that word would be the often-quoted one addressed by Mr. Punch to those who contemplate matrimony : *Don't ;* but there are at least two reasons why I shall not follow this familiar counsel. First, because, if I did, this article would now come to an abrupt and impotent conclusion ; and secondly, because I do not believe that if followed it would have any greater effect upon my imaginary friend than it has had, judging from the Registrar-General's reports, upon those for whose advantage it was originally intended.

I will begin, therefore, by saying that there are several lines which may be taken by a man who has determined to go in for racing. One may adopt the profession of a bookmaker, but him I am not prepared to advise. Another may be satisfied to

figure only as a backer of horses, and to this man I will only say that I do not believe any system yet invented is ever likely to be successful. Nor will I in this article write anything for the special benefit of breeders for sale; not that I have anything to say against them, but because it seems to me that breeding for sale is a business, a most fascinating and enjoyable business to many no doubt, and must be carried on upon business principles. To proffer advice on such matters is quite beyond me.

I will therefore take it for granted that the ambition of my imaginary pupil is to become an owner of race-horses, of a Derby winner if possible, in my eyes a most laudable ambition. How then is he to set about it? Let us suppose him to be, not a millionaire, but possessed of a sufficient capital to justify his investing a considerable sum in what must be a more or less hazardous speculation. I do not believe in doing anything, certainly not racing, on the cheap.

Now there is more than one course open to the man who desires to figure as an owner. He may rely solely on animals bred by himself; he may go in for buying yearlings; or he may prefer to purchase his stud ready made, that is, to look out for some good winners which may be for sale. There are always some to be had, if you will give enough money. Many people would say that the third method was the most certain way of getting some return for your money, but even that may fail.

The case of Princess Melton occurs to me. This filly started nine times as a two-year-old, and won seven races, six for her breeder, and one after she was sold for a very large sum. As a three-year-old she ran but twice, and unsuccessfully. This is perhaps an extreme case, and before this appears in print the filly may have gone far towards recouping her purchaser for his original outlay. At all events, at the time of writing, several people seem to think so.[1]

What then is our aspirant for Turf honours to do? I should say, try, in moderation, all the three courses I have named. For myself I incline towards the first as the most interesting, and, I believe, in the long run, the least expensive, always supposing you are not too ambitious, and not in too great a hurry. Here I would strongly impress it on my pupil that I am not going to tell him how to make a rapid fortune on the Turf—that way madness lies. I will begin by pointing out that in order to breed your own horses in the most satisfactory

[1] Their belief remains unjustified.—Ed.

way, you must possess paddocks in which they can be reared under favourable conditions, and I believe that there are few parts of England where these cannot be found. It won't be the same thing if you merely rent a stud-farm, and visit it occasionally. That will cost more, and much of the interest will be gone.

Having now settled that our man is possessed of suitable accommodation for the future winners to pass the first two years of their lives in, the next thing will be for him to secure the services of a stud-groom well versed in the management of thoroughbred stock, and then it would seem to most people that there is nothing more for him to do but to buy brood-mares. Of course that is so if he is content to wait for some time before he can blossom forth as an owner. For instance if a mare in foal is bought at the December sales at Newmarket, where many a bargain has been picked up, in 1900, her off-spring will not be ready to run till the racing season of 1903. That will hardly suit the man who is anxious to make an immediate appearance on the Turf. I would suggest therefore that, if he has accommodation for some half-dozen mares, he should begin by the purchase of not more than two or three, and expend a portion of the sum he is prepared to invest in buying a couple of yearling fillies, with a view to their retiring to the home paddocks when they have done racing.

This brings me to the question of buying yearlings, by no means an easy subject on which to give advice. One man would say, 'Never mind the price, buy the best, *i.e.*, the most fashionably bred animal in the market, send it to the best trainer, and—there you are!' But as I am not trying to pose as a mentor to millionaires, that won't do for me. Besides, if we go by the statistical tables that are annually published, it is not always the highest-priced yearlings that prove the most successful.

Another man would take the opposite view, and say: 'No, the only way to make money over buying yearlings is to keep your eyes open, and whenever you see a fairly well-grown beast going for a mere song, buy it. If you can pick up a whole lot for £50 apiece or less, one is sure to turn up trumps, and pay for the rest.' But I do not think that sort of speculation would quite suit our friend, and I would therefore recommend him to adopt a middle course. And here, as his purchases are intended quite as much for breeding as for racing, I should like to say a few words about strains of blood.

I do not mean by this that I am going to lay down the law as to which equine family is the best. He will not get from me any expression of opinion whether it is more advisable to buy Hampton mares than daughters of St. Simon, Orme, or Isinglass. Breeding race-horses is not, in my judgment, an exact science, to be worked out by figures as some think, nor is it merely a happy-go-lucky chance as to whether the result is satisfactory or not. I would, however, strongly urge a beginner to start with some definite principle in his mind (such as, that the cross of Newminster on Stockwell is the right thing), but he must be always ready to modify it, for this reason, if for no other, that he will find it almost impossible to obtain animals bred exactly in accordance with his ideal. It is hardly going too far to say that breeding is neither more nor less than a puzzle, so numerous are the anomalies that occur.

How very rare is it to find all the produce of a mare all of equal, or nearly equal, merit! There are, of course, exceptions, the most notable that I can call to mind being the dam of Florizel II., Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee, though in the case of the former horse it is perhaps his success as a sire that alone puts him on an equality with his more brilliant brothers. Take again the produce of two own sisters both sent to the same horse. The produce of one may be first-class, that of the other not worth the covering fee. How are you to account for that? And to use an expression borrowed from the language of the Ring, 'What price the theory of breeding?' I possess a mare who has had a numerous progeny, all by the same sire. The colts were well-grown and remarkably good-looking animals who, if not quite at the top of the tree, were very useful as race-horses, and won valuable races. The fillies, on the other hand, though they were in the majority, were no good at all on the race-course, too small, to begin with, and invariably deficient in speed. However, in that case I did not give a high price for the mare, and I consider that she has well repaid my outlay.

It was quite otherwise with another of my purchases. I was induced to give a large sum for a yearling, an own sister to a winner of the Oaks and many other races. She proved as valueless on the course as she has hitherto done at the stud. She has had five foals now of an age to have run, and is still a 'Maiden Mare.' I will also give the stud record of another mare, such a one as I hope our beginner on the Turf may chance to get hold of. She was bought for less than £100,

never having run. Her first foal was born when she was seven years old, and she had fourteen others. Eight of these were winners of races, among which may be noted the Park Hill and Champagne (a dead heat) Stakes at Doncaster, the Ascot Stakes and Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, and the Newmarket Oaks. Her two eldest daughters (most of her foals were colts) have produced nine winners between them, and another who was sold out of my stud is also a successful matron. This result is not, of course, the height of one's ambition, but to my mind is far from being unsatisfactory, and if a man does not find it enjoyable to own horses that can win and pay their way, I am afraid I must put him down in the category of those who race not so much for sport as for the purpose of making money. And to such persons this paper is not addressed.

But I may be asked, very properly, how can a mare be selected? What sort would you recommend to produce (1) Several winners of minor races, (2) One or two first-class animals? Ought pedigree to be the first and only consideration, or should greater stress be laid upon colour, make, and shape, or performances on the race-course? I am afraid I must answer that I do not know; that no definite rule can be enunciated. Race-horses have never been bred with any very great regard for colour and shape, especially the former, and I for one doubt whether making these the only consideration would have a happy result. With other animals it is different, cattle, sheep, and pigs, not to mention poultry and pigeons, can be bred to the point of perfection in appearance, but this is accomplished mainly by in-and-in breeding, and the ruthless sacrifice of all who do not come up to the standard. Now I do not think that any one will disagree with me when I say that in-breeding carried too far is the ruin of the horse, and the numerous importations of sires from abroad during the last few years proves that the general opinion of breeders is with me on that point.

Yet, on the other hand, though breeding solely for appearance would be a mistake, I am not at all certain that to rely entirely on the pedigrees of the sire and dam is not equally an error, because, as I have already written, breeding is not an exact science. I would therefore suggest to our friend to go beyond the book in deciding how to mate his mares. Let him see if possible the sire he proposes to use, and take care that the same defects do not exist in both. For instance, it may be

very little detriment to a mare to be a bit long in the back, but if the horse is also inclined that way, the effect upon the progeny may be disastrous. One does not want a race-horse of the dachshund type. But after all the only real advice I can give is that a man must exercise his judgment, and in proportion as he is gifted by nature with an eye for a horse, and uses his common sense, so will most probably be the ratio of his success.

There is, however, one thing I should like, with a considerable amount of diffidence, to warn him against, and that is, not to be too easily attracted by a wave of popularity in favour of a particular sire, or even of a particular strain of blood. Let him not be afraid to pay a reasonably high fee, nor need he look askance at a horse because his services can be obtained at a low one. He is not breeding for sale.

I am afraid that, on the subject of breeding, my pen has rather run away with me. Our friend may say: "I like to see my foals and yearlings running in the paddock, but what I want to know is what to do with them later on in their career. How am I to make them pay their way?' This question brings me to one of the most difficult problems of all. A problem which must be faced while the young things are still in the paddock, or even earlier. If they are to do their owner much good on the Turf they must be entered in certain races at all events as yearlings. Conceive the disappointment it must be to an owner to find he has the best colt of the year, and to know that the animal is not in any of the great three-year-old races. I can fancy few more miserable sensations than to watch the Derby or the St. Leger being won by a horse you know to be inferior to one that is eating his head off in your own stable. But there is another side to this picture. How often does one see, in the Index to the Book Calendar, a lengthy list of engagements after a horse's name, and a few years later if the name is remembered at all, it is only as that of a perfectly useless beast!

Here again it is well-nigh impossible to lay down any rule; experience is almost the only guide. The most infallible judge of a horse will often fail if he attempts to prophesy how a yearling will turn out. It has struck me that judgment on this point comes to some people by instinct; they are often right when quite unable to give any tangible reason for their opinion. Let us hope that Nature will have provided our friend with this invaluable talent.

But more must be done for the young horse than merely entering him in races. So now I suppose my advice is called for on the subject of choosing a trainer. No one, of course, will expect me to recommend any particular stable, or to express my preference for one system of training over another, but I will mention one plan which I do not suggest to our friend for adoption. Some men think how nice it would be to follow the custom, which more or less prevailed in former days, of having their horses prepared under their own eye by a training-groom. For a man with a large stud and plenty of experience it may be more satisfactory to employ a private trainer, but, if only from the point of view of expense, it will not suit the case with which I am dealing.

My advice is simply this. That our beginner, if he is not personally acquainted with any public trainer, should consult a friend (he must have one or more among the numerous owners of race-horses), and if possible, send his two or three yearlings to some stable whose patrons he already knows. Let him only bear in mind that a trainer, with a very long string of horses, and several influential employers, will have less time to devote to the care of his little lot than a man in a smaller way of business. Also let him remember that, as he is not a betting owner, a stable notorious for heavy speculation is to be avoided. These are of necessity merely a few hints for a first start on the Turf, and if our friend cannot, after a year or two, decide such matters for himself, I cannot help him. A good deal, in the choice of a trainer, must also, I think, depend upon how much supervision the owner intends to exercise himself, whether he or the trainer should be the person to decide when and where the horses are to run, for instance.

Then as to trying horses. I am myself of opinion that the more satisfactory way is for horses in the same stable, though in different ownerships, to be tried together as may be convenient. Others, I know, do not agree in this, and it is too much a matter of detail for me to go into here. The whole question of trials is rather a controversial one. Some owners and trainers are perpetually trying and retrying their horses, while others rarely try except for some definite purpose. I do not presume to say which are right. Some horses never do as well at home as they do on the course, with some it is precisely the opposite, while others seem always to run exactly up to their home form. Happy is the man who possesses such as these, he always knows what to expect.

I have now, I hope, dealt, however inadequately, with the whole of my original subject, and I am painfully aware that the amount of definite advice I have been able to impart is very small indeed. I have, it is true, left out altogether one important item which may give no small amount of trouble to my pupil, and that is, the choice of a jockey. I have done so deliberately, because in this direction general observations would be useless, and to compare, as I should have to do, one rider or one style of riding with another is a step I have no intention of taking.

It remains therefore for me to try and sum up, and I think the conclusion that most of my readers will come to is that I hold that experience, coupled with common sense, is what is chiefly needed for success on the Turf. I would like to add one more precept, 'Moderation in all things'; reckless extravagance will not ensure success, nor is it likely to be attained by rigid parsimony. Failure may dog the steps of the man who races on a large scale, another with but few horses may gain the highest honours of the Turf. I believe implicitly that there is such a thing as luck, and that luck may always turn in one's favour. Otherwise I should often have been tempted to give it up as a bad job.

The other day it occurred to me to make a rough list of the important races for which I have run second, but never won, during the four and twenty years I have been racing. They are, of the so-called classic races: the Derby, the Oaks, and the One Thousand (I have never got nearer than third for the St. Leger), the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, the Prince of Wales' Stakes and Coronation Stakes at Ascot, the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, the City and Suburban (twice), and the Great Metropolitan at Epsom. Of two-year-old races I will only mention the Middle Park Plate and the Woodcote.

If this is not a record of ill-fortune I do not know what else to call it. Some may well ask why I, of all people, should undertake to give advice to others. A certain amount of experience, though it may have been adverse, must be my excuse.

I must now wind up this paper by expressing a sincere wish that the unknown neophyte, for whose benefit alone I have written, may be more successful than I have been, and a more or less confident hope that brighter fortunes may yet be in store for my humble self.

PERSIMMON'S DERBY.

From a Painting by G. D. Giles.

UNIV. OF MICH.

SPORTSWOMEN AND THEIR ATTIRE

BY MARY HOWARTH

THERE are always two factions among sportswomen: those who attach themselves to their accepted pastime from sheer love of it, and those who 'go in for' whatsoever happens to be fashionable simply because it is fashionable; and what I have repeatedly noticed concerning the dress worn by the opposite factions is that whereas those in the first category adopt just what they personally find most comfortable and satisfactory for their purpose, those in the second order take just what their tailors consider the correct garb for them to assume; in many cases as utterly unsuitable and uncomfortable a one as could possibly be found, though its partial aim may be satisfactory and practical.

It is because this is so that an angling scene is so utterly different in reality from one drawn by a fashion plate artist in the ladies' papers. In the latter we see a jauntily attired young woman, exquisitely spick and span in a tweed suit, short-skirted and provided with an immaculately fitting Norfolk jacket, who wears a starched linen collar and masculine four-in-hand tie, a Tyrolean hat of cloth to match her dress, with a cluster of cock's plumes at one side, and spats also of cloth. Her hands are very closely gloved, which probably accounts for the poor hold she has upon her rod, and her feet are encased in daintily modelled shoes beneath the afore-mentioned spats. Pray compare her, high and dry upon her rock to the fisherwoman

in a short waterproof skirt and jacket, and a hat of the same material pulled down over her ears, who stands right in the stream, and on whose feet and legs one knows are clumsy brogues and equally clumsy waders. Yet the tailor is partly

Photo by] LADY BRIDGE [*F. C. Burnham*

right. He dyes his tweed the colour of the grey or sand-hued rocks, and makes his skirts short, and having done so much properly, of course improves the situation as only tailors can—and must, when 'fashionable' sportswomen are their customers—by introducing several quite unnecessary and

usually deterrent details that are also highly becoming to their wearers.

One distinctive feature stamps all the dresses built for women who indulge in outdoor sports and pastimes. Over and over again I have noticed it. It is masculinity, introduced I suppose as a tacit compliment to the sex who were first in the field, and an acknowledgment that to man's example woman owes her discovery of the joys of athleticism and sport. I have also observed that at the outset of the feminine assumption of a masculine pursuit, the dress worn has been particularly and unnecessarily ugly, and in this I trace a pathetic meaning, for it seems to me to beg men clearly to understand that not the picturesque but the practical side of the affair in hand is being taken into consideration, and that the clothes worn are intended dumbly to utter this remark: 'I am here to be useful and strong, and not merely ornamental and ineffective.'

Now and then the compliment of copying the other sex has been exaggerated. It was carried too far by the women cyclists of a few years ago who sought to popularise the knickerbocker costume for wheeling exercise, not indeed because the costume was so pronounced a plagiarism, but because it suited only one woman in a thousand. Of a single woman only can I think at this moment who was really a beautiful sight in her 'Rationals,' and that was the Princess Chimay, who looked remarkably graceful and attractive thus habited. Men, it is said now by the languishing societies that then arose on behalf of the (so-called) Rational clique, really dealt the death-blow to the bifurcated garment for females by treating those who wore it to deep and sustained disapproval, but I have always felt quite sure that the real reason they so severely condemned it was not because it shocked their sense of modesty, and not even because they deemed it so universally unbecoming, but because they went about in fear of it. Even now it is apparent that the women of this century will be much taller and stronger than those of the last and of the preceding ones of which we have sufficient data to judge, and if to the improving physique their out-of-door life gives them they were to add the stimulus of the freedom the knickerbocker costume imparts, surely they would soon be giantesses!

Yet I have often thought that if prejudice were to be overcome completely, and those women who liked to do so, and felt they looked 'nice' in the clothes men wear, were permitted to ride in breeches, either on horseback or their bicycles,

without inn-doors being shut in their faces, and column lengths of angry dismay and condemnation in the papers, matters would be happier and much more fair. It is not surprising that men have never craved permission to wear petticoats from us; the only times they are forced into them for theatrical purposes they flounder about so absurdly in their trammels

Photo by] THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD [*Thomas Fall*

that one would imagine they would feel some sympathy for their women-folk under other conditions, thus cabined and confined. But I am sure they forget to condole just when they should remember to, which is of course a pity.

Men have always resented an appropriation of their fashions by women. I know of some interesting examples of their disapprobation in olden times, examples which also confirm my assertion that my sex in their sporting attire has always paid

the opposite one the compliment of imitation, which has been prettily called the sincerest form of flattery there is. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was the doublet that was found to be of irresistible attractions, and their adoption of it, for riding dresses as well as ordinary wear, was commented upon both by

Photo by LADY LOUTH [*Lafayette, Ltd.*

Stubbs and Holinshed in bitterly mournful terms of reproach. 'The women also,' wrote the outraged Stubbs, 'have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects ; and though this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it.'

'What should I say of their doublets full of jags and cuts, and sleeves of sundry colours?' asks Holinshed in extreme objection, and next comes the critical Pepys, never too gallant where women were at fault, entering in his diary under the date of June 11, 1666, the words, 'Walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like men, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and hats, so that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women.' And to prove that the liking for masculine attributes of attire was tenacious, there is in the *Spectator*, dated June 2, 1711, a lady's riding-dress advertised under this alluring catalogue of charms, 'of blue Camblet well laced with silver, being a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat, and feather.'

I wonder sometimes which of the types of riding-habits I have seen and read about I most admire; the purposefully masculine ones, the foolishly ornate and feminine, or the happy mixture of both? Pictured in a severely plain habit I recall the late lamented and beautiful Empress of Austria as De Grimm drew her for a *Vanity Fair* cartoon in 1884, at which time she used to hunt in Ireland. Her habit is so made that it fits her exquisite figure like a glove, yet it is clear that it was quite supple and comfortable for riding purposes; her little mannish white collar, and tie pierced with a horse-shoe pin, are as neat as the lapels of her coat, which garment fastened in the centre with small buttons, and on her lovely masses of hair she wears a tall silk hat exactly like a man's.

Then I turn to as bewitching a picture of the intensely feminine habit as I have ever seen, portrayed in colours in *Ackermann's Repository* for the month of September 1817, and called the Glengarry habit, its maker one Miss M'Donald of 29 Great Russel Street (so spelt), Bedford Square, who, judged by her pretty taste in chiffons, must have been a fashionable *modiste* in her day. Thus is the habit which my mind's eye sees flashing along Hyde Park among the green glades described by the dress chronicler of that time: 'It is composed of the finest pale blue cloth, and richly ornamented with frogs and braiding to correspond. The front, which is braided on each side, fastens under the body of the habit, which slopes down on each side in a very novel style, and in such a manner as to form the shape to considerable advantage. The epaulettes and jacket are braided to correspond with the front,

as is also the bottom of the sleeve, which is braided nearly half way up the arm. Habit-skirt, composed of cambric, with a

Photo by Alfred] MRS. SYERS [*Ellis & Walery*

high standing collar, trimmed with lace. Cravat of soft muslin, richly worked at the ends, and tied in a full bow. Narrow lace ruffles. Head-dress, the Glengarry cap, composed of blue

satin, and trimmed with plaited ribbon of various shades of blue, and a superb plume of feathers. Blue kid gloves,' adds the account, 'and half boots are worn.'

For both of these my admiration pales, however, when I look upon a portrait of our late beloved Queen in the riding-dress she wore during the first happy years of her reign, when she was so fond of horse-exercise, in which she is shown, as if upon the summit of a high hill mounted on a very fresh animal, wearing a simple habit of a great length, and a big 'picture' hat

Photo by James ARCHERY [*Russell & Sons*

as we should call the shape now, tremendously plumed with long and flowing ostrich feathers that flutter in the breeze. In some such hat as this more than a century before the Princess Ann may have ridden with the Countess of Pembroke and her ladies, a hint I glean in an extract from the *Loyal Protestant Intelligence* of March 13, 1682 3, handed down in Malcolm's *London*, which describes the party as having taken the air on horseback 'attired very rich in close-bodied coats, hats, and feathers, with short perukes,' a pretty picture when one reads between the lines, and conjures up in the mind's eye the splendid brocades of that sumptuous day, the quaint

picturesqueness of the modes, and the undoubted elegance of the peruke.

Men's hats have always appealed to women equestrians; the silk 'topper' perhaps because of its supposed utility as a preservation of the head in hunting, and the 'bowler' because of its neatness, lightness, and very businesslike appearance, using the word in the way that workmanlike is sartorially employed. In the November number of *Ackermann's Repository* for 1823 there is portrayed in colours a very fascinating mingling of the masculine and feminine severities and graces in a riding hat, one of the real old pale brown beavers, with a very curly brim and an excessively wide top, trimmed with a silk band of the same colour run through a gold buckle, and adorned with a long Brussels lace veil, which when on must have fallen to the wearer's waist or thereabouts. The freedom of the trouser dress they have also discovered, and from time to time have exploited it to the intense indignation of the masculine observer. The fair huntresses of the town of Bury in Suffolk, 'were once in a great vaine of wearing breeches,' remarks an author of the seventeenth century, and those fair huntresses have had their imitators since, for safety's sake as well as that of freedom. But now the happy combination has been discovered of a garment that looks like a skirt though it isn't one, and every one is satisfied, the woman rider because she has her breeches on all the time and knows she can't be hung up in an accident, and her man companion because she looks feminine, thanks to that all-saving pretence of a petticoat.

After sifting the matter through and through, my feeling is that if men were less inarticulate than they are, they would be able to explain their inherited dislike to masculine attire for women upon the score that with it women are apt to adopt manners and language that match it. There is reason in the objection. The Lady Gay Spanker of the stage used to be a very characteristic feminine sportswoman, and so was Addison's 'rural Andromache,' with her curious speech and uncouth ways. 'If,' wrote Addison in the *Spectator*, 'a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and, if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house.

The ladies of olden times, I think we may feel perfectly certain, engaged in sports purely for sport's sake, or else the tailors and dressmakers of the period were lamentably backward

in making use of their opportunities. And, by the way, it is the completest fallacy to attribute to the nineteenth century the rise of that liking for outdoor pastimes which is the cosmetic of most precious qualities women now possess ; for in the thirteenth century they were such keen sportswomen that they were reputed to excel men in the knowledge and exercise of falconry, a fact from which a contemporary writer deduces the foolish conclusion that the pastime was of a frivolous and effeminate nature.

The books on hawking that assign different hawks to different classes of persons—for instance, to an emperor an eagle, a vulture and a merlin, and to a king, the ger-falcon, and the torcel of the ger-falcon—give to the lady a marlyon, and yet, though the gentler sex was recognised as a participator in the sport, woman went hawking, so old prints convince me, in her ordinary attire ; on horseback or on foot in clothes like a modern nun's habit, comprising a long loose and sleeveless overdress, an ankle length sleeved on beneath it, and a coif, covering her hair, swathed beneath her chin and at the back falling over her neck like a short cape.

'We may also observe,' cautiously remarks a scandalised chronicler in the bashful fifties of the nineteenth century, 'that upon these occasions the female Nimrods dispensed with the method of riding best suited to the modesty of their sex, and sat astride on the saddle like the men ; but this indecorous custom (he hastened to add, as if to stem the mantling blush of shame on his fair readers' faces) I trust was never general, nor of long continuance, even with the heroines who were most delighted with these masculine exercises.' Primitive as were saddles, toilettes, and the configuration of the land, in those early days, I am of opinion that their modesty in riding astride was one of the strong points of these heroines, if ever they would keep their seats at all.

I see them in ancient prints of the same period most sportingly shooting the deer with bows and arrows, accompanied by their favourite dogs, the hare- or grey-hound, 'winding the horn' and, in fact, proving what was the fact, that they enjoyed hunting-parties in the open without masculine protection or interference, and went astride on horseback, or on foot, as fancy and circumstances dictated. In the fifteenth century they were still sportswomen wearing garments of a rather more shapely description, and in the sixteenth, too, aided and abetted by Queen Elizabeth, who even when she was seven and seventy

was 'excellently disposed to hunting and every second day was on horseback,' they were busy early and late, clad in sumptuous attire that mightily pleased the dressy taste of the day. Throughout the centuries before the Reformation there are pictures which prove the national pastimes of men, such as club-ball, an embryo cricket, to have been shared by women, and that games women more specially liked, such as stool-ball, were shared by the two sexes.

Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;
A match for kisses at stool-ball to play,
And for cakes, and ale, and sider, and perry.

Chorus. Come all, great, small, short, tall, away to stool-ball.

The twentieth century opens with the fairest prospects for sportswomen, both as regards their dress and their welcome from the other sex. The compromise to which I have already drawn attention, which has resulted in the brevity of the skirt being borne with equanimity by men onlookers so long as no attempt be made to shed it altogether, has given women just the best possible chance of making her sports gowns both practical and becoming. Fifty years ago it would not have been possible for a woman to golf, play hockey, cycle, climb mountains, fish, swim, shoot as she does now, well and with real ease, because then it was not generally understood that women possessed either ankles or legs, both being wrapped in the mystery of multitudinous petticoats. Prejudice against the knowledge that they are thus provided being dispelled, it is possible for them to put on that inevitable petticoat and under it manly garments, and the one petticoat is of a distinctly sensible length only, and scarcely ever worries the wearer at all with its insistence of femininity, while if it does a little, that little is cheerfully borne on account of its becoming attributes. It is said that the King approves of the sportswoman's curtailed skirt, leggings, and boots, and if his Majesty does, then no other man need demur, and indeed, now there are very few dissentient voices, and those are feeble and inefficient.

In America and in France, England is expected to set the fashion in sports costumes, and the very oddest models are credited to a supposed love we women cherish for making the dress fit the pastime. A French ladies' paper clothes its lawn-tennis players in very abbreviated skirts, whereas on an English lawn just ordinary country attire will be seen on the players,

and no more is it correct to don special tennis frocks and aprons as it was in the opening days of the game. Perhaps in the dim distance of last century, when the awakening zeal for open-air life set in, and girls were rather coy about taking part in games, it was an inducement to them to be obliged to have a special toilette made for their pursuit. During the revival of archery, for example, Lincoln green dresses were the correct choice, with elaborate and rather useless belts and quivers, but soon any ordinary sylvan frock was pronounced suitable. Archery, be it mentioned in gratitude, was another pastime our late Queen liked and made 'modish.' I often think that the women of this generation do not realise what they owe Victoria the well-beloved for their introduction to outdoor life. Her young days were all too soon shadowed by her widowhood, but while they lasted she was a pioneer of feminine sports and pastimes, and never lost her interest in them, nor her approval of the healthy out-in-the-air existence she to the end enjoyed herself. Hers is an example Queen Alexandra has perpetuated particularly as an angler and a rider.

Like true sportsmen the sportswomen of to-day are fast becoming practical rather than symbolical dressers, and they are also finding it amply possible to be picturesque into the bargain. Individuality, a quality of dress that cannot be taught though it is so often badly imitated, is the modern watchword among English sportswomen of the best type, the type that attaches itself to sport, not for fashion's sake, but because it really delights in it and wishes to excel.

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ROTTEN ROW.

CRICKET TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW

A COMPARISON

BY HOME GORDON

THOUGH comparisons are proverbially odious they may also be interesting. Old enthusiasts were fond of telling what happened sixty years since. But twenty years back is a period without written reminiscences, a half-way house between the anecdotal past and the active present. Twenty years ago modern cricket, born in 1878, was just becoming comparatively concentrated. It was the year of the first tour in which the Australians were not pitted against twenty-twos, a gang henceforth as obsolete as the once famous All England Eleven except for colts' matches at Trent Bridge, Bristol, and a few other places.

Twenty years ago the old pavilion at Lord's had not been rendered cumbrously commodious by its big balcony. When the new pavilion was opened, some one compared it to a railway station. 'Then its predecessor was a shanty on a siding,' retorted an old member. The demolition of the old place excited a good deal of sentimental regret, and its large room certainly possessed better acoustic properties than the one in which the annual general meeting of M.C.C. is now held.

The whole south side of Lord's has changed. Where the refreshment pavilion now stands was then the armoury of the St. John's Wood Artillery Volunteers. The tavern was a less important building than it is to-day, and the demolition of the

tennis-court and old billiard room are matters of recent history. With that billiard-room balcony will be always associated the happiest memories of the present writer. There half a dozen able judges of the game taught a delicate child the theory and observation of cricket, showered countless kindnesses, gratefully remembered, on an Eton lad, and then constituted themselves the information bureau upon which a most inquisitive young man made exhaustive demands in the region of cricket history. Not here nor yet must the memoirs of that little group be written. But one or two points suggest themselves. One is the figure of the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton, now many years dead, standing up in the corner of the balcony in his shirt sleeves loudly vituperating the heat. He had a wonderful flow of anecdote, and a group of people used regularly to gather underneath to hear his remarkable tales. On one occasion they hooted a very strange story into which the name of a member of a royal family was dragged, and a *fracas* was with difficulty averted. Mr. Lyttelton was by no means orthodox in his views, and once speaking of the distinguished brotherhood of cricketers he said, 'I am the uncle of the best sportsmen and the greatest prigs in Europe,' the last part as untrue as the first was accurate.

There was another notable veteran known to scores at Lord's as 'the lame gentleman,' who has also passed over to the great majority. His epithets were as boundless as the kindness of his heart, and his wit was the very quintessence of humour. As for his passages of arms with old Charles, the doddering and dypsomaniacal billiard-marker long since pensioned off, they would have furnished Lever with a new character could they have been bowdlerised. Unfortunately the excitement of watching matches was too much for his health, and, latterly, except for a few weeks in each season, he resided at Worthing. In keen and caustic judgment of the game I never met any to match him except his younger and surviving brother, also my lifelong friend. The bulk of that cheery group are either scattered over England or lost in the vastness of the present pavilion.

A remarkable personality at Lord's was that of the late Lord Dudley, who, after his paralytic seizure, always drove up in a victoria and pair which used to be halted beside the old score box. Thence his handsome, clean-shaven face, surrounded by curling, white hair, was turned towards the beloved game, whilst his beautiful wife would sit beside him, bored to

extinction, but far too devotedly attentive ever to permit him to suspect it. The late Lord Londesborough used to drive his coach up every afternoon and steer it beside the players' dressing-room. He occasionally came into the pavilion in his great box-cloth driving coat, and—in later years—with the huge goggles over his once keen eyes. It was Lord Londesborough who annually invited a big boys' school to see Yorkshire play, giving each lad a hearty tea at his expense. He must have felt well rewarded by their enthusiasm. Lord Hawke still preserves this kindly custom, and it is a treat to hear them cheer him every time he fields a ball or makes a run. Twenty years ago no umpires wore white coats. It was Tom Emmett who said they were put into nightgowns to make them resemble angels. There was some sense in the sarcasm, for it needs angelic fortitude to be a good and attentive umpire, as many an amateur will wearily confess after he has 'stood' for a couple of hours.

In those days there was a nursery garden where the practice wickets are now pitched, and members used to bat at nets in front of the grand stand whenever matches were not in progress. I perfectly remember seeing a lad take off his coat and bowl at 'W. G.,' beating him five balls out of every six. This was the first time I ever saw poor George Lohmann. I believe I am right in stating that he was born in Middlesex. Old Tom Hearne was ground superintendent, and he used to be much annoyed if the wicket Pearce had prepared proved good enough to enable a match to last three full days. 'It's taking money out of the pockets of bowlers giving the elevens such a pitch,' he would say. With reference to what members pay bowlers at nets, it may interest the general public who like to watch a practice to know that the majority hand each man a shilling for half an hour or less, though some give half a crown, whilst a few of the older school tell each professional to get himself some refreshment and settle the account once or twice a month, which may or may not be the most satisfactory way for the professional, according to circumstances.

At the Oval matters were none too aristocratic. Barmen in shirt-sleeves then carried round pots of beer on trays for the refreshment of spectators. It was an old tradition—of course, untrue—that Jupp, Pooley, and Southerton used to have a clean shirt *each season.* Verily they differed widely in appearance from men of the type of Brockwell and Holland, but this was a libel all the same. There was a good deal of

underlying dislike between Lord's and the Oval, some of which may still linger among a few old members. 'The Lords and the Commons' was the patrician sneer with which Lord Sefton designated the two grounds ; but twenty years ago the wickets were far better on the Surrey side—even to-day a queer pitch is not unknown at Lord's. By this time the builder had ousted even the Household Brigade from Prince's. Also, though the I Zingari still to-day and to all cricket time keep annual festival at Canterbury, the famous club no longer had a fixture in the festival ; but for some years they always played a delightful game with the Gentlemen at Scarborough. Two more modern impressions of I Zingari occur. One was the wrath of a correspondent in *The Field* because Mr. Horace Hutchinson came out to field whilst smoking when playing for I Zingari *v.* Eastbourne—an episode I myself witnessed—and the other was seeing poor Prince Christian Victor and Sir Timothy O'Brien both panting after running a hot five on the Vice-regal ground. The Jubilee of I Zingari was a thoroughly enjoyable game at Lord's. On the very morning of the match, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, who was to have played for their opponents, was made a member and enrolled into their team—it being a rule that no I Zingari may play against the club. I remember seeing that noted photo of Hon. Chandos Leigh, Capt. W. E. Denison, and the late Mr. John Lorraine Baldwin actually taken during an interval. It was the last time I ever met the latter popular personage, still sincerely lamented, for he had attached friends in all ranks of life. His views on the present craze for Bridge would have been invaluable could he have lived to see his beloved Whist dethroned. But he was far too able a card-player to have ever uttered that silly but recurrent remark that Bridge is Whist with a shifting dummy.

So late as 1882 long-stopping was not quite out of date. Indeed, with an indifferent wicket-keeper, it might be profitably restored in order to diminish the tot of extras. The latest professional of note who indulged himself with a long-stop was old Fred Wild. Of him, George Ulyett remarked that he had to bat because he was a wicket-keeper, and that he was allowed to keep wicket because he had been in to bat. As a matter of fact, Wild was conscientious and capable. He came between Plumb and Sherwin, just as Marshall came between Wood and Stedman. I saw a long-stop in the nineties in a first-class Oxford University fixture. But when long-stop was first abolished most wicket-keepers stood as close as ever, no matter

how fast the bowling or how detrimental the increasing array of byes. Speaking from memory, it seems to me that Hon. Alfred Lyttelton standing back to Mr. A. H. Evans, and Mr. Manley Kemp to Mr. Peake, were the only instances among prominent stumpers until Mr. MacGregor showed such fine discrimination in his position when Mr. S. M. J. Woods was bowling. Remember that marvellous piece of stumping off a fast widish ball from Mr. Kortright as a proof of what the Scotch skipper could do. But then he was as nimble on his feet as Pilling himself, whereas every one else in the eighties planted themselves behind the sticks with the exception of Mr. Manley Kemp. Lilley never, I believe, has attempted to gather a fast ball with his glove close to the wicket—most assuredly not when I have seen him. I believe in nothing else has the general level of first-class cricket risen so much as in wicket-keeping, though I do not think the England wicket-keeper—Lilley—as fine in his department as some of his predecessors.

Twenty years ago square-leg was a regular position, and it was nearly always filled by the bowler. I remember Fred Morley colliding with the umpire in fielding a pull from the unorthodox Mr. A. N. Hornby, and both of them lurching over as the ball sped its way to the boundary. The field used to be placed very methodically according to the pace of the bowler until the Australians taught us to modify the positions according to the idiosyncrasies of the batsmen. Mr. H. F. Boyle caused a huge sensation by the way he used to creep in, and one ball played by Mr. A. J. Webbe he actually seemed to take off the bat. It was quite creepy to see the risk he ran, but I do not think he was ever hurt. Of course he judged his men, and never tried his 'close tactics' with batsmen like Mr. A. G. Steel or Selby. It would puzzle one of the old school to name the field as placed for Mr. Jephson's lobs, or still more so for the leg-breaks of Quaife.

Leg-hitting had passed its palmy days; indeed, Oscroft was the only great hitter of this stroke later than 1879. I do not mean that others did not bring off an occasional example, but he was the last right-handed batsman to make it his regular stroke. It has always been an unexplained point why left-handed batsmen when they hit hard should show such a tendency to pull round balls. But no one watching Mr. H. T. Hewett in his prime or Mr. F. G. J. Ford would compare their frequent strokes on the leg-side with those of Oscroft. Yet, at the very hour when for twenty years true leg-hitting has been dormant,

it seems highly probable that we are on the eve of a revival. The craze for bowling leg-breaks may develop the old delightful stroke in young cricketers, and it has seemed to me that part of the attractiveness of the batch of bright batsmen sent up of late years from Malvern College is the fact that they, more than the lads of any other school, are aggresively strong in playing on the leg-side.

The general standard of fielding is extremely difficult to compare. County cricket was not so severe twenty years ago, but amateur cricket as played by M.C.C. and by the Universities was more important than to-day. Individuals have always fielded superbly. Mr. Vernon Royle at cover-point, Shaw and Lohmann at short slip, Gunn, Mr. Jardine, and Mr. G. J. Mordaunt in the country, Dr. E. M. Grace and Mr. J. G. Walker at point, have all been transcendent. Others may have been as good, but these simply made certain positions their own by prescriptive right. The early Australian sides were simply marvellous, and fairly won their reputation by the way in which they backed up the bowling. Perhaps the best English fielding side, the members which played regularly together, was the Yorkshire eleven of 1900. The two finest University sides in this respect were the victorious Cambridge team of 1890 led by Mr. S. M. J. Woods—carrying, however, one passenger—and the 'G. O. Smith' Oxford team of 1896 led by Mr. H. D. G. Leveson Gower. Considering the keenness with which modern county cricket is played, it is marvellous to me that no captain institutes fielding practice, putting in two colts to run short runs in order to enable the side to get cohesion in backing up, and causing them to hit up a few tall catches. Do members of a fielding side ever prepare to back up during a lofty hit? If the fieldsman misses a skyer, it is almost a certainty that he will shy up wide of the wicket owing to irritation at his own failure. Yet the fieldsmen stand watching until the ball is on the ground. I have seen scores of instances where a badly missed catch has been followed by an overthrow to the boundary, for which the cool fieldsmen are far more to blame than the irate offender.

A noted judge invited to make suggestions for this article replied: 'Jot down the fast bowlers who have played for the Gentlemen, and note how few have bowled with their heads.' Here is a list written from memory: Messrs. A. H. Evans, P. H. Morton, J. Robertson, Hugh Rotherham, J. Franks, W. F. Forbes, F. A. Bishop, A. W. Dorman, W. F. Whitwell,

S. Christopherson, C. Toppin, S. M. J. Woods, C. J. Kortright, W. M. Bradley, and G. L. Jessop. Now of these, the deliveries in several cases were distinctly dubious. Of them all, the six who really rise above the rest are those who have allowed the brain to have some control over their nimble hand. If sheer pace had sufficed the Oxonian, Mr. D. H. Forbes—who died from enteric last year—would have been formidable, but he never proved more than moderately useful. 'To plunk 'em down straight and 'ard,' seems to be the maxim of the average school coach. A greater mistake was never made.

The twenty-four years since the Australians came have practically shown us four generations of cricketers. Only Dr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. P. Lucas, Mr. W. L. Murdoch, and Shrewsbury seem still to be to the fore as they were all that time back. A number of others have, of course, played an important part during the greater portion of these years, and on them no comparison can be passed. It is between the batsmen of the eighties, and the batsmen of the very tail of the last century on to now, men whose careers do not overlap, that an estimate is suggested by my title. Let me at once point out that figures are apt to be misleading. The scoring is so much higher than it used to be, that unless a sharp rise is shown discriminating criticism will favour the batsman of the eighties, who had more often to play on a difficult pitch than on a plumb wicket. What would Jupp, Lockwood, or Selby have thought of batting all day and never finding a ball rise higher than half way up the wicket, a thing which actually happened at Leyton on Whit Monday 1901. But apart from figures, there are cricketers worth more than the runs they get, or the wickets they take, to the side fortunate enough to claim them. Of such superior type are men of the stamp of poor George Lohmann and Johnny Briggs, and to-day of Albert Trott and Mr. S. M. J. Woods.

To select is of course arbitrary; but I have taken four typical cricketers of the earlier period, and then chosen four who to some extent occupy a corresponding position to-day. The result might furnish the text for a whole treatise.

Old-time.	To-day.
Mr. C. T. Studd	Mr. J. R. Mason
Barnes	Hayward
Scotton	Quaife
Bates	Brockwell

The occasional uncertainty of the present Kent captain prevents him from attaining absolutely that repute which his best form emphatically deserves. Against that can be set the uncertainty of Mr. C. T. Studd, and then the two may be admiringly coupled as among the best all-round amateurs we have ever produced. I would not pit Mr. F. S. Jackson against Mr. A. G. Steel, for the Lancastrian was almost as incomparable as 'W. G.' or 'Ranji,' but I would say both were better than the twain just mentioned. If any one, twenty years hence, should turn over the pages of the *Badminton Magazine* and consider the cricket of our generation, I hope he will never let figures deceive him into the belief that Mr. C. B. Fry is as good as Mr. A. E. Stoddart in his prime. 'Andrew Ernest' would take risks, would play a great game in a spirited way, and was aggressively strong all round the wicket. Mr. Fry, with a wonderful eye and trained aptitude, has patiently cultivated the art of sound batting. He never ventures to take a liberty, compiles his long scores by safe and uninteresting methods, and never shows any of the brilliant cutting or attractive strokes off his legs with which the Hampstead amateur could perturb good length bowlers. Of the six professionals, Bates was a better bowler than, but not so good a bat as, Brockwell, and each of them enjoyed 'having a go' now and then. I have never wholly agreed with those who asserted that Hayward had deliberately modelled himself on Barnes—as John Tunnicliffe imitated the elder Gunn. But the similarity is unquestionable, though the prototype of both is probably the elder Hayward, just as Shrewsbury copied Daft. The analogy can be carried further, because Barnes and Tom Hayward have each had a greater repugnance at being put on to bowl than any other professionals of their respective periods. As for the similitude between Scotton and Quaife, the recurrence of stonewalling is a painful memory so far as the spectator is concerned. Barlow, Hall, Scotton, Mr. Alec Bannerman, Mr. Herbert Whitfeld, Mr. C. W. Rock, Mr. Eustace Crawley, Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Barrett, Quaife, Kinneir, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and Chatterton are men of differing calibre who have inflicted invaluable *ennui* on the spectators. Their importance is in an inverse ratio to their attractiveness as bats.

Bowling twenty years ago was better than to-day. The prowess of Peate, Shaw, Emmett, Crossland, Barlow, Morley, Bates, and Flowers is superior to that of Rhodes, J. T. Hearne, Hirst, Mead, Trott, Lockwood, Braund, and Blythe. Among

the amateurs 'W. G.' still is crafty as ever; Messrs. A. G. Steel and C. T. Studd can afford to be pitted against Messrs. Jackson, Mason, and Wells; whilst Mr. Rotherham, with less experience, was as dangerous as Mr. Bradley. And even then, lobs were obsolete. To-day Mr. D. L. A. Jephson bowls them better than Mr. A. W. Ridley did, taking the level of matches and not that one renowned hour against Cambridge in 1875. Really the last twenty years have shown little underhand attack. This is proved by the pleased ripple of comment excited in the crowd when lobs are tried. Besides the two just mentioned, the only lob bowlers I remember in first-class cricket are Dr. E. M. Grace, Messrs. I. D. Walker, W. W. Read, J. B. Wood, L. C. H. Palairet, E. G. Wynyard, G. H. Simpson Hayward, R. S. Lucas, the Rev. R. T. Thornton, and Alfred Lyttelton in the Test Match of 1882, with, of course, the elder Walter Humphreys. His lobs made so great an impression on the Australians that they begged Lord Sheffield to take him to the Antipodes, where he was a conspicuous failure. In the score of times I saw him bowl he never accomplished anything, and on the only occasion when I saw his son bowl he appeared even less dangerous than the old man. Humphreys was always known as 'the cobbler,' from his profession. One of the Sussex professionals, in an altercation with him, told him he was as cross-grained as the cobbler in the 'Arabian Nights.' 'I don't know nuffin o' that, but I'd as soon hammer your ugly head as shy a good ball at it,' was the answer, which is a traditional pavilion anecdote in Sussex. Yet Walter Humphreys ought not to have been misjudged because of a cantankerous manner, for he was a painstaking coach, about whom a gallant officer at the front wrote last year: 'Cricket on the veldt brings out what Walter Humphreys taught me. Tell the old chap that with my sincere respect should you get the chance.' Of course, though included in the list of 'lobsters,' the old Reptonian only adopted that style of delivery after he came down from Oxford. Possibly, in all the twenty years, no one has been such a model of graceful style in batting as Mr. Palairet. The best analogy to him twenty years ago was Mr. G. B. Studd, but he was never so fine a batsman.

Umpiring has enormously improved. It is at times bad now no doubt, but in those days it was often very bad, and I fear at times deliberately bad. There was one match between the Australians and the Players, after a financial dispute, in which the umpires were absolutely one-sided. This was an exceptional case, but it made the game unpleasant. To-day

umpiring is brought up to the most scrupulous standard of perfection. Of the twenty umpires chosen to stand in county matches in 1902 there is only one I should not like to see wearing the white coat at Test Matches. To avoid possibility of misconception, after recent differences between him and an amateur, I would emphatically say this is not Barlow. Indeed, I should be glad to add my testimony of admiration for that excellent professional. He was a great cricketer in his day and he is a great judge of the game to-day. At Leyton last year, when he stood umpire, I shall not soon forget his honest admiration for the memorable bowling of George Hirst. After Essex had been dismissed for 30, he said to me, 'It was great bowling, wonderful bowling. There, sir, Spofforth would have been proud of it. I never batted to anything quite like it,' followed by a demonstration of the ball swerving in the air.

This article has endeavoured to provide suggestive topics rather than exhaustive treatment of any of them. Space will not permit any more. But a retrospect proves how small a part baronets have played in cricket in comparison with the peerage. Of course, Sir Timothy O'Brien was one of our finest batsmen in his day. But, apart from him, the only baronets I have personally seen in cricket matches are Sir Kildare Burrowes, who kept wicket for Middlesex in 1882; Sir Kenneth Kemp, who has appeared for Norfolk; Sir Charles Cuyler, a moderate Service bat; and Sir Matthew Wood, very keen but not a dangerous run-getter. Sir Cecil Moon has appeared for London County Club, and this, I think, comprises all the important cricket played by the baronets.

The contrast in the position of cricket now and twenty years ago is sharp. Gate money was not so potent a consideration; the writers on the sporting press were not so capable or so sympathetic; and the public was not *persistently* interested from late April until far into September. Perhaps first-class cricket was more of a game and less of a business; there were leisure days in the season, and the amateur question was confined to very few individuals indeed. But cricket was great then and it is great now, though to-day there is more responsibility and publicity, with less relaxation and few go-as-you-please methods. Against this, we are proud to set down that the sport can rank among the links of the chains which unite the Empire. At the time of the Jameson raid, General Good-enough said to Lord Hawke at Cape Town, 'Take your team up to Johannesburg, for it will do more good than I should.'

When war cast its shadow over us, cricketers fought and died in the same keen spirit as they had played the game. We want to maintain and to raise the standard so that future generations may say we have done our duty. Cricket ought to be played so that we need no more be ashamed of comparison twenty years hence than can those of twenty years back, who deserve our judgment to day, 'It was well done.'

THE START

SHOOTING IN THE RIVER PLATE

BY COLLINGWOOD INGRAM

IF a sportsman leaves England in search of his favourite pastime, nothing would be more unusual than for him to choose a South American Republic as his centre. For fishing, he crosses over to Norway or Sweden ; if it be big game that he seeks, off he trots to East Africa or the Rockies ; and for smaller deer, he hies himself to India or to Egypt. But why follow in the footsteps of others ? Surely in this wide world there are other places from which to choose, places less known, places where living creatures are not so familiar with the persecution of man ?

These arguments, coupled with a strong desire to go far afield, prompted me to select South America for my six months' travel. I was fully aware that there was practically no big-game shooting in that part of the New World, and my experience proved this to be the case. A few puma, guanaco, and

deer are all that come in one's way, and from various causes the pursuit of these animals appears to be very unsatisfactory. But, on the other hand, there is unlimited sport for the shot-gun, and to the naturalist, too, the whole continent is of deep interest ; it yields so many forms of birds and beasts that are totally different from anything known in the Old World. The armadillo waddles across the pampa like some prehistoric creature, the condor soars over the lifeless peaks of the Andes, and the penguin swims in the icy waters around Tierra del Fuego, all things new and strange to the visitor from the Northern Hemisphere.

It is certainly a long, long journey out, and the attractions must be great to tempt one over so many leagues of ocean. Never once, however, did I regret my decision, and I am convinced that I shall always look back upon the days I spent in Chile and Argentina as some of the happiest in my life. There is something, especially about the River Plate, that is strangely fascinating. It may be the free, rough life out upon the pampa, or it may be the exceptional kindness with which one is received by the inhabitants, but the cause is difficult to explain ; and I cannot point out any characteristic that should make so deep an impression upon the mind of the visitor and resident alike. In most parts of the Argentine there is nothing in the physiognomy of the country to captivate the eye : it is mainly a flat, uninteresting plain divided into extensive enclosures by wire fences. Although there are some corn-producing districts, principally in the Province of Santa Fé, the staple product of the country is undoubtedly live stock, and these are reared upon the rich pastures of the pampa that yet remain unaltered by the hand of man. But in the north, a quarter that I did not visit, vegetation assumes a more tropical aspect, and a good deal of sugar is grown. There are also forest-tracts in some portions of the Republic. Still, even though it has these redeeming features it cannot, as a whole, be termed a beautiful land.

It was on a bitterly cold day in March that I waved farewell to Liverpool and dropped down the coffee-coloured Mersey, bound for Valparaiso. Five weeks later, on April 27, I arrived at my destination. As it was my intention, accompanied by a friend, to cross over the Andes by the Cumbre Pass into the Argentine, my visit to Chile was perforce a short one—we had to make all haste to traverse these mountains before the snows of winter (which was now close upon us) locked the pass until

the warmer months returned. It was with much regret, therefore, that after a brief fortnight upon the Pacific slope we were obliged to proceed on our way, but it proved fortunate we did so, for it was only after a prolonged and adventurous journey that we arrived at Mendoza upon the other side. A few days later we reached the city of Buenos Ayres. After remaining here about a week, we left town for the 'camp,' and then spent several months in visiting various estancias about the country. We went north, west, and south of the capital, receiving the utmost hospitality in every quarter: our hosts

THE DEAD DEER

would always strive to show us all the sport that could be obtained in their particular district, and in the majority of cases it proved to be of a most excellent character—we seldom lacked shooting to our hearts' content. It is of these pleasant months that I intend to write, attempting to show the manner of sport to be procured in the River Plate.

The birds more generally pursued are the tinamous and ducks, both of which are practically distributed over the whole of the Argentine Republic. Perhaps, before I go any further, a short description of the tinamous would not be out of place, as they do not exist in the Old World. They are an interesting and singular group of birds inhabiting the neo-tropical area, and are not unlike our game-birds in appearance. Indeed, until

recently scientists thought they were allied to this group, but have now proved, curious though it may seem, a certain relationship with the *Ratitæ*, or ostrich-like birds. Externally, and to all intents and purposes, they might well belong to the *Gallinæ*, so much so, in fact, that they are universally known in South America as 'partridges.' I recollect once protesting that this pseudonym was incorrect, but the reply, if not altogether scientific, was certainly truthful, 'They at least *taste* like them.' In plumage they have the same brown and cinereous hue, and

SKINNING THE DEER

at a short distance it would be quite excusable for any ordinary individual to confuse the two. The Spotted Tinamou (*Nothura maculosa*), although rather smaller, is somewhat similar in size to our common partridge, and is found abundantly over the whole of the more northern portion of Argentina, and also across the river, in the Banda Oriental. The Great Tinamou (*Rhynchotus rufescens*) is likewise found over the same district, but in most places it is not so common, and again, further south, another species is met with, viz., *Calodromas elegans*.

The Spotted Tinamou, or Little Partridge (as I shall hereafter term it), is, from its large numbers, the most familiar, and shall be dealt with first. As a family all the tinamous are intellectually weak, but this bird seems especially deficient in this respect,

and its stupidity is really excessive. At first, lying concealed in the tall grasses of the pampa, it is absolutely invisible; but as soon as the sportsman approaches, it will at once attract his notice by jumping up and running forward in front of him, calling in a low, soft whistle. This oft-repeated cry is sometimes very difficult to locate, but when once you see the bird in front of you with its up-stretched neck, you may feel fairly confident of bagging it, for, like all the tinamous, it is extremely loath to use its wings and will not fly until pressed to do so.

THE STROKE

Once in the air, however, they are by no means despicable fliers. On the contrary. Throwing themselves upwards with incredible vigour, they make off with a loud whirr of agitation and fly blindly forward, with undue exertion, for several hundred yards. It is said of the larger species that it is only capable of repeating this performance three times, after which it becomes so exhausted that it may easily be killed upon the ground. When the new-comer gets accustomed to this display of excitement, the birds are quite easy to shoot, their flight always being in the same horizontal direction.

I have said that these partridges take to their feet upon the advent of danger, but this they only do upon the false assumption that they have been detected. If they imagine that they

have eluded observation, they will squat down behind a tuft of grass and remain motionless for a few seconds, but will soon run on again to increase the distance between themselves and their enemy. Of this trait the gaucho, or native, takes advantage and kills the bird by a simple and ingenious method. Riding round the tinamou, at first in wide circles, he gradually decreases the distance, drawing nearer at each turn. Meanwhile the quarry, making unsuccessful attempts to escape in each direction, and of course encountering the horseman upon his round, ultimately gives up in despair, or, as is more

CATCHING THE BIRD

probable, becomes so bewildered that it lies crouching among the leaves. As the gaucho gets nearer, all the time taking care that there is no sudden movement, he commences to twirl his *rebenque* (or native whip) over his head, and when almost above his victim he throws it skilfully down upon the bird's head, killing it instantly with one blow from the heavy whip-handle. To judge from my description, and indeed to witness it, this appears to be an easy task to accomplish, but in reality it requires an amount of practice that is only obtained by the natives. As in my attempts to throw the lasso and the bolas, I ignominiously failed when I tried my hand at the game, and the birds would always fly away unhurt.

There are some localities, far out in the pampa, where this

little partridge is even yet more guileless, and in these wild parts it is almost an impossibility to make it rise from the ground. Here the natives capture it in an even more elementary manner. Taking a long bamboo stick, they ride out across the plain in search of their quarry, which at times is rather difficult to find among the thick grasses. When, however, they have discovered their bird, the thing is simple enough, for all that is necessary is to go gently up and strike it suddenly over the head as it sits crouching to the ground. It is then hauled up

SECURING THE BIRD

into the saddle by means of a notch cut in the larger end of the cane, the two prongs of which are so arranged that they fit neatly upon either side of the neck—a cunning device that saves the gaucho the exertion of dismounting from his horse, and this he is always anxious to avoid.

The *menu* of this partridge differs but little from our bird at home, consisting chiefly of seeds, insects, and tender shoots of various plants. I have found it eating large numbers of gentles from the carcase of a horse, a form of diet not difficult to acquire upon the pampa, where dead sheep, cattle, and horses are continually encountered during a day's ride, and where the Chimangos and other such hawks bear ample testimony to the quantities of carrion.

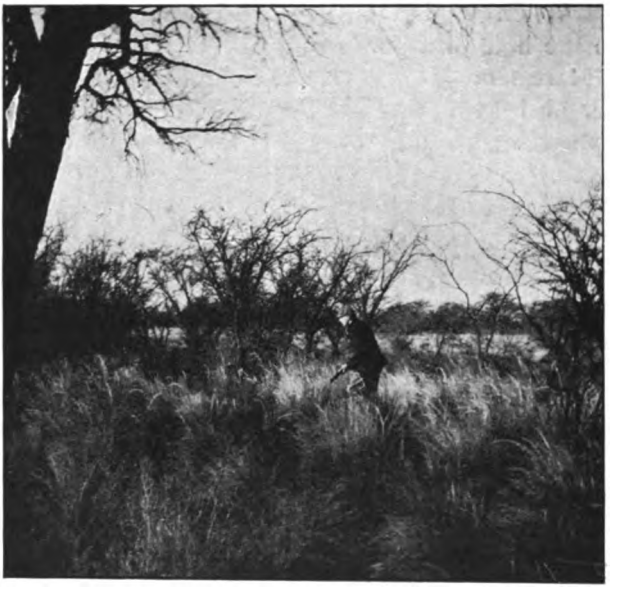
Although the Little Partridge and the Great Tinamou are both solitary birds, it is usual to find several of the same species in close proximity, two, three, four, and even more living within a stone's-throw of one another. This habit is naturally of great advantage to the sportsman, as the birds rise singly and give an easy chance to the gunner. I have shot as many as twenty-nine partridges in a little over an hour, which may give some idea of their numbers. These, however, happened to be congregated upon a piece of old ploughed land, feeding upon the sweet, young turf that was growing from the lately-tilled ground. When wounded they will often escape by taking refuge in the hole of a burrowing owl or vizcacha.

The Martineta—as the Great Tinamou is always called—is another bird living upon the open pampa, taking the place of our pheasant in the eyes of the Argentine sportsman. Indeed, had it a long and elegant tail, when getting up noisily out of the thick grass it would not be so very unlike in appearance, but when handled it is, of course, vastly different. The birds possess a strong scent for any dog, and an animal with even a moderate nose is capable of following them up until they fly, a feat which they accomplish with the usual violence of the tinamou. It is perhaps this fact that accounts for the unsuccessful introduction of this bird into England some years ago, when the foxes are said to have been responsible for their destruction.

Wherever the ground accommodates itself to their habits, ducks are found plentifully over the whole country, many fine species being included in the avifauna of the Argentine Republic, among which I might mention the Rosy-billed Duck (*Metopiana peposaca*) and the Pintail (*Dafila spinicanda*), while the common Yellow-billed Teal (*Querquedula flavirostris*) and Shoveler (*Spatula platalea*) are also familiar to the sportsman. There are several ways of shooting duck; when possible, of course, the simple method of walking them up is always adopted, but personally I preferred the driving. On one estancia, at which I was a guest, the formation of the land was peculiarly suitable to this mode of shooting; a series of reedy *lagunas* were linked together by a narrow stream, and these were always peopled by a multitude of water-birds, from the handsome black-necked swan down to the tiny grebes. Here it was a matter of no difficulty to drive the ducks, for they would always follow the shallow valley of the little rivulet, and a few gauchos on ponies could easily drive them to and fro from one lagoon to

the other, making them fly over our heads as we lay concealed among the giant thistles or behind a roughly erected butt.

I have sometimes seen extraordinary numbers of wild-fowl together—so numerous that it has seemed incredible so many could find a livelihood. To a naturalist or sportsman such a scene is truly a beautiful one. The flamingos, with their gaudy mantle of salmon and crimson, command first notice as they wade knee-deep in the shallow water, but the white swans also instantly attract the eye. All around are innumer-



STEAL CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE CALDÉN TREES

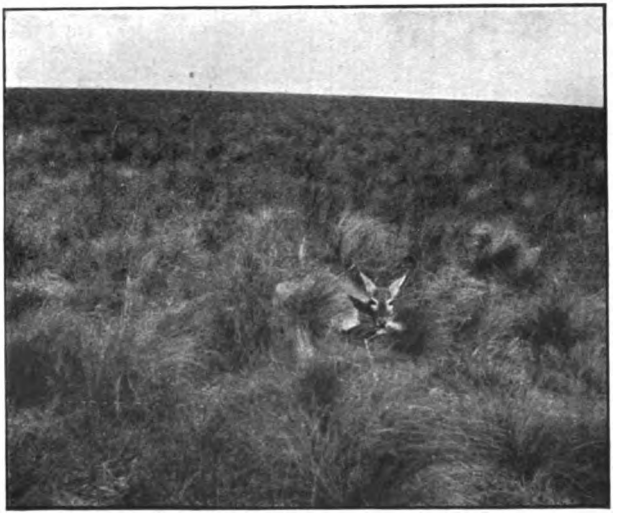
able ducks, grebes, and coots, displaying a diversity of colour in their plumage, while dabbling round the water's edge are the quaint black-and-white stilts, feeding in company with ibis. yellow-shanks, and plovers. And then, perhaps, the abusive Teru-Teru [1] flies overhead with its harsh, scolding cries, or the Crested Screamer, going leisurely along the opposite bank, is heard shrieking out its loud, reverberating notes.

At the echo of a shot, all is instantly confusion. The flamingos rise in a great pink cloud, the swans and ducks slap the water with their wings in their efforts to mount, quacking and croaking with anger and alarm as they do so, while the

[1] Cayenne lapwing (*Vanellus Cayennensis*).

different cries of the smaller waders add to the general hubbub, and soon the air is filled wilh the whistle of wings as flock after flock darkens the sky.

The Painted Snipe, and another kind very much like our European species, are two birds that are also well known to the shooter. The latter in many respects closely resembles the common snipe, and is equally sought after for its erratic flight and excellent flesh, two features which the painted snipe, happily for itself, does not possess. This little bird is easy to kill, being tame and slow of flight, so that many sportsmen



WOUNDED DEER

will not trouble to shoot them. It is believed that the painted snipe is somewhat nocturnal in its habits, and certainly its sleepy demeanour when flushed tends to corroborate the statement. Among the Argentinas it is known as *Dormilon* or Sleepy-head.

Although there are many other birds in the River Plate that afford sport, I fancy that I have mentioned those most commonly encountered upon an average day's shooting, and will now, therefore, pass on to the four-footed animals. I stated at the beginning of these notes that the big-game shooting left a lot to be desired, and I do not think that there are really many people who attempt it in this country. Writing from my own experience, I found the flat nature of the ground so opposed to stalking that very little fell to my rifle even when I was staying

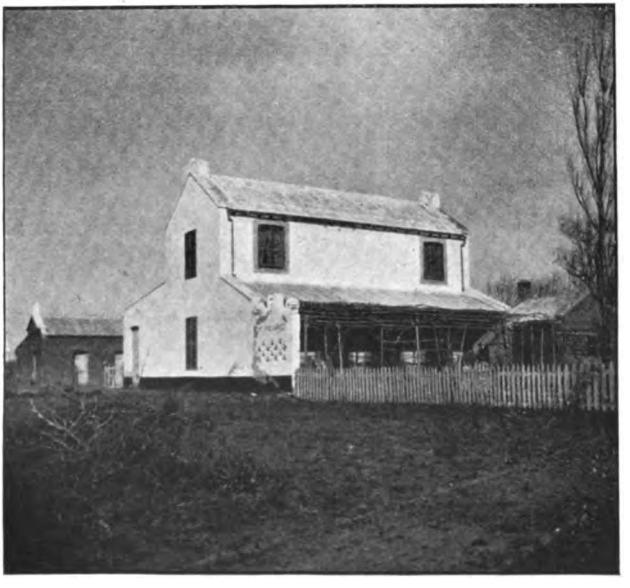
in a district abounding in guanaco and deer. Upon the open pampa I could never approach within a reasonable distance, and when I fired, it was from a standing or kneeling position, as the tall growth made it impossible to take a lying shot. Certainly the pampa deer were occasionally discovered in the *monté*, or wood, and here it was that I loved to hunt them. Rifle in hand, I would steal cautiously through the *caldén* trees, picking my steps with infinite care, until I suddenly came upon a small glade where my quarry would be feeding. I seldom arrived

TAKING THE DEER HOME

unnoticed: they would instantly toss their heads up, and stare with their large lustrous eyes doubtfully in my direction, as I stood, as still as death, partially hidden by a screen of branches. At last my statue-like attitude would appease their fears, and the beautiful creatures would turn away, though still occasionally casting furtive glances towards me. And then—how could I do it?—I would raise the rifle. I am now glad to think I more often missed than hit my mark. The little antlered deer would bound away at the report, with a quaint bark of alarm, and disappear into the thick brushwood, unharmed by my bullet.

The European hare was introduced into the Argentine

Republic some time in the nineties, a few being released in the neighbourhood of Rosario. Since then they have multiplied to an alarming degree, and have spread far and wide over the country. To agriculture they must obviously do a considerable amount of damage, but so far nobody seems perturbed as to the future. In my humble opinion, I think that the problem will grow to be most serious. One has always to remember the disastrous result of introducing the rabbit into Australia. Enormous numbers are annually shot without making any



THE 'ESTANCIA'

appreciable difference to the stock, and other steps must be taken to check the increase. At the beginning of a season sometimes the bag of a properly conducted shoot approaches nearly a thousand. The people employ a rather curious method : a wire or rope is attached to the saddles of two horses (several pairs may be out at once), and the gauchos mount and ride in line over the ground, dragging the rope between them. In this manner, of course, every living thing is obliged to expose itself to the shooter. I have seen this method also used for tinamou shooting ; but, unless the rope is kept taut, it is apt to be dangerous if the horseman gets too far in advance of the the guns.

For want of space I must now bring these notes to a

conclusion, but the task of writing them has given me so much pleasure that I am loath to do so—they have caused fleeting memories to rise before my mind's eye, and sometimes in my thoughts I still see that distant land.

The sun is sinking behind the dark horizon, and in the far gloom a sable blur marks the tall gum-trees that surround the estancia. Little mirrors of water catch the light from the sky and twinkle out from between the bunches of thistles. Otherwise the scene is one of monotony—a great sweeping expanse of land. As the heavens deepen into an orange-red, the moon grows brighter above, the stars begin to show, and gradually the light behind the sky-line fades. The teruterus flit like a phantom in the twilight, calling in their persistent cry, and the weird screech of the burrowing owl comes with a jarring note upon the night. And still the night fades, and then darkness.

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WILSON'S SNIPE.

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CLEAR THE COURSE!

BY R. B. TOWNSHEND

'FUNNY!' said the Senator from New Jersey who had brought his daughter out on a holiday to see the real Wild West. 'That young English lord is the funniest fellow I ever saw. He can put on more frills than a butcher's dog in a street car. What d'you suppose he said to-day? He was up at the Denver Fair Ground watching the trotting; there was quite a crowd there on the ground, and between the heats they all swarmed over the track like bees. Nancy Hanks had just taken the first two heats in 2.36, 2.32, and the official whose business it was to clear the course came down the home-stretch ringing his hand-bell to get the folks out of the way for the third. He moved them along pretty lively too, and he thought he'd got them all safely into the grand stand when he looked back and saw a solitary individual standing in the middle of the track just exactly as much at his ease as if he owned the whole show. You ought to have seen how that official went for him, slam-banging his bell and shouting: "Now then, get a move on yourself; clear the course, there; clear the course!" The youngster looked at him as if he was a worm that had got on its hind legs. "D'you know who you're talking to?" said he.

"I'm Lord James Bicester." "Don't care if you was Julius Cæsar come down from heaven," says the official; "you couldn't stop on the Denver race-track after the bell rings. Clear the course, there; clear the course!" And he made that bell clapper just everlastingly go ting-tang, whing-whang, right in his face. Made him get a move on too. His lordship's dignity evaporated considerable.'

'Oh, poppa, did you really see that?' cried his daughter.

'See it, Mamie?' answered the Senator. 'I stood right in the middle of the grand stand and heard every word.'

'Oh, poppa,' she laughed, 'how could he act so silly?'

Miss Mamie was a bewitchingly pretty blue-eyed creature with her hair in little sunny curls all over her head. The Senator patted the curls affectionately. 'Because, like somebody else I know, he's very young,' said he. 'He hasn't had time to cut his wisdom teeth yet. So I thought I'd help him out with his teething.'

'Oh, poppa,' she cried again, 'but you ain't a dental surgeon. How d'you do it?'

'How?' said the high-toned representative of Eastern culture as he cut off the end of a choice cigar and carefully lit it. 'Why I met him as he came into the grand stand and asked him to dinner on the spot. "You mustn't mind our Western men, Lord Bicester," says I to him, "they're a bit rough and ready in their manners, but they mean all right." "Oh, yaas," he drawled out in his English way; "I quite understand that, you know;" and then he quoted Dickens to me, actually!—Elijah Pogram's speech in Congress about the defaulting Western postmaster: "Rough he may be, so air our b'ars; wild he may he, so air our buffaloes; but his proud answer to the tyrant and the despot is that his bright home is in the setting sun." It was cheek of him; but that young man knows his Dickens, anyway.'

'Well, I declare! And did he accept your invitation, poppa?'

'Accept it! Of course he accepted. I guess he takes it that out here I represent all the culture and refinement there is going. Yes, he's coming in a claw-hammer coat to dine with us, and, what's more, he's going to join Governor Banks's party for South Park.'

Governor Banks of Colorado had got up a camping-party for the Senator from New Jersey and his important friends, and everything was to be done in the toniest style to show the

Eastern capitalists all the charms of the Switzerland of America. Teams were provided, and buggies and saddle horses; and to attend on them there were glorious, wild, picturesque Western men, mule skinners, and hunters, and scouts in fringed and beaded buckskin garments; best of all, there was a large escort of friendly Ute Indians under the conduct of the famous Ute interpreter, Jim Otis. Governor Banks honoured me with an invitation also, and I was delighted to go along.

We had a gay time up Platte Cañon and in and around the South Park. The capitalists talked railroads—railroads were Colorado's most crying want then—and we younger men hunted and fished and climbed Rocky Mountain peaks, and the ladies picked wild strawberries and quoted poetry to their hearts' content. But wherever Miss Mamie went I noticed that Lord James Bicester was not far off. It was he who tightened her cinch for her, and lifted her into the saddle, and fetched and carried for her like a slave. As for Miss Mamie, she made his life a burden to him with her jokes: she laughed at his English accent, she laughed at him for being a lord, she mimicked him every time he said 'you know,' and sometimes (though this was strictly in private) she rallied him about the Denver race-track. She pretended to think him an absolute duffer at everything, though, as a matter of fact, he could ride and shoot as well as any man in the crowd except the scouts and Jim Otis. But for all that, she liked to have him running after her even if she did let on all the time to be trying to get away from him.

It so happened that late one afternoon a large party of us ran on to a big grizzly bear enjoying himself on a berry patch on the edge of South Park. He was a regular monster, but whether it was the scent of the white men (to which he was not used) or the yells of the Indians (which he knew too well), something got upon his nerves, and instead of giving battle he turned and ran like a scared wolf. In and out through the bushes he dashed, and away went the whole crowd full split after him to cut him off. But old Ephraim humped himself lively across the bit of open, and speedily bolted like a rabbit into cover, disappearing among the rocks and the thick brush of the foot hills where it was quite impossible for a horse to go. Lord James jumped off and started to follow him on foot. The rest of the party, Indians and white men alike, pulled up.

'Hold on there, mister, you'd better,' cried Jim Otis.

'A grizzly ain't anything to fool with. If he jumps you in that brush you're his meat.'

'That's all right,' said Lord James. 'But you will do me a favour if you'll ask one of those Indians to come and help me to track him.'

The interpreter translated the request, and after a moment's hesitation a young Indian handed over his pony to a comrade and joined the Englishman, and the pair set off running on the trail of the bear. We waited an hour, but neither saw nor heard anything of them, and then we concluded that they must have crossed the mountain and returned to camp another way.

But when we got back there ourselves, and found that they had not turned up, we began to grow anxious, and we grew more so as night fell and there was no sign of them.

'Say,' said the Senator to Otis, 'wouldn't it be as well for somebody to go out and look for these lost babes in the wood?'

He affected jocularity, but he was clearly much concerned for their safety.

'Why, no,' returned Otis. 'Nobody can trail 'em at night. That Injun 'll find his way back here all right, unless there's bin something happened to the Britisher. If the bear once got hold of him——' He broke off abruptly, for at that moment the two of them emerged from the darkness and came up to the camp fire. I noticed a look of intense relief come over Miss Mamie's face.

'Hello,' said the Senator to Lord James, 'did you get him?'

'No,' he said; 'we had no luck. We trailed him a long way, and I did get one shot at him rather close just where there was an opening in the brush, but it was only a snapshot, and I fancy I missed him.'

'Lucky for you,' cut in Otis. 'I told you not to go. If you'd wounded him and he'd come for you, where'd you have been?'

'I had a second barrel,' said Lord James briefly; his rifle was a double-barrelled express by Purdey.

'Weren't you afraid when you saw the bear so close?' asked Miss Mamie, with a roguish look in her bright eyes. She wasn't going to let any one see that she had been anxious.

'Awfully,' laughed Lord James. 'But then I had the consolation that it was always possible to run away, you know.'

'Oh yes, you know,' she mocked, 'I don't doubt that, for

I'm sure you can run. And was your Indian friend afraid too? Ask him, poppa.'

The Senator put the question through the interpreter, and all the Indians burst out laughing at once. 'The Injun says he wasn't the least mite scared,' reported Otis.

'But why wasn't he?' persisted the American girl. 'Lord Bicester says he was awfully afraid, and I want to know why the other wasn't.'

'The Injun says,' reported Otis, 'that if the bear had come for them they'd have had to run for it, and then the bear 'ud have caught this Mister Bister and eaten him raw without salt, while Poor Lo there would have got away all right.'

'How does he know that?' snapped Miss Mamie sharply.

'Why, he reckons as he'd have run faster than Mister Bister,' returned Jim. 'These Injuns are powerful good runners.'

'What does Lord James say to that?' she asked mischievously, turning to him. 'Can't you run as fast as an Indian?'

'I don't know,' said he simply. Then he went on after a moment's hesitation: 'I wasn't good enough to win the hundred yards at the Oxford and Cambridge sports last Easter, but the winner was only two feet ahead of me'—he blushed and looked down—'not that it's anything to boast of,' he added modestly.

I heard Miss Mamie say to him in an undertone: 'Wasn't the course clear?' at which he blushed more than ever, while I was tickled to hear Jim Otis telling the Utes that the young Englishman was confident he could beat the best of them. The Utes scoffed aloud. No white man would have a chance against one of them.

'Very well,' said the Senator to Otis. 'Then tell them I'll do this. We'll have a race to-morrow between these two—that is if you're agreeable,' he interjected, turning to Lord James; 'and I'll give the Indian a new rifle if he can beat him.' A shout of delight went up from the Utes. The young bear-hunter was the fleetest footed of the tribe, and they were willing to bet anything, their furs, their ponies, their rifles, and I don't know but their squaws, on the result.

The racecourse next morning was a pretty sight. A level sandy strip of road in the South Park had been selected, which gave two parallel tracks some six feet apart, and a stretch of a hundred yards was measured off. At the winning post Shawano, the head war chief, held one end of the tape and Governor

Banks himself held the other. A pile of furs heaped up indicated the bets which the Utes had staked on their champion.

Miss Mamie and Lord James were talking earnestly together, and as he left her side I heard him say, 'For that prize.' She blushed, and it struck me I was *de trop*. Then he hurried away to his tent to change, while the ladies grouped themselves on a little knoll overlooking the course, and the redskins and the rest of us galloped about on our ponies. Beyond the open park the great snowy range of the Rocky Mountains stood up against the blue of a cloudless Colorado sky.

The two runners appeared on the ground, the Indian from one of the lodges of his tribe, the Englishman from the tent where he had made his preparations. He wore a light jersey, and had a pair of cut down overalls by way of extemporised shorts. On his feet were a beautiful pair of beaded moccasins, the same that he had been hunting in.

'These have soles of buffalo hide,' he said, turning up one foot for me to see. 'It's rough in the grain, and so it takes well hold of the ground. On this sandy soil I'm not sure that it isn't almost as good as spikes.' He darted off thirty or forty yards at three-quarter speed by way of a preliminary. Watching his fine raking stride and straight knee action one could see he was a first-class runner. I knew he must be so to have represented his University.

The Indian in his waistcloth and moccasins looked like business too; he was a very picture of sinewy suppleness, and the sun flashed back from his red-brown skin as if he had been a living figure of bronze. He too took a preliminary run, and his elastic limbs fairly twinkled past each other; he ran with an easy natural action and a most extraordinary quick stride.

They came to the scratch together, took a good look at each other, bent forward ready for the word, the signal was given, and they were off.

For a moment I thought the red man was going to win. He had a trifle the best of the start and got into his stride so marvellously quick that he gained a full yard; but when Bicester was once fairly set going he held him. Half way through he made a great effort and regained the yard he had lost; for thirty yards they ran locked, and then Bicester with a magnificent spurt came away and won by a foot and a half.

'Ten and a quarter seconds,' said the young Harvard man who was next me and held a stop-watch on them. 'Good

race, too ; a real close thing.' He patted Lord James on the back. 'You've won me a splendid painted buffalo robe,' he said.

But Bicester fled to his tent to change and to escape our congratulations.

The Indians on the contrary fell to deriding their champion.

'Pretty figure you'd have cut yesterday,' they jeered at him, so Otis translated it to us. 'Nice object you'd have looked with the bear chewing your head, wouldn't you ? The pale face would have come home safe and sound, and the bear would have had you for supper. You've gone and got bewitched somehow or you'd never have let a white man beat you like that.'

'You see,' explained Otis to me confidentially, 'that's just the way with Injuns. They can't believe as any man ever can beat 'em fair and square : if things go agin 'em they swear it's witchcraft.'

Witchcraft or no, they paid up like gentlemen, and won most of their losings back by getting up a horse race with the Harvard man afterwards.

But if there was any sorcery business going on it struck me that Lord James Bicester was the one who was truly bewitched, for as soon as he came out of his tent he walked boldly up to Miss Mamie and held out his hand.

'Now,' he said, 'I claim the prize.' And then with a smile he added : 'I hope this time the course is clear.'

CANADIAN BACKWOODS VILLAGE

A MOOSE HUNT ON SNOW-SHOES IN EASTERN CANADA

BY ARTHUR P. SILVER

Scene: A rustic bridge spanning the dark current of a swift river near its effluence from a wood-embosomed lake, joining the two halves of a backwoods village, some two score white-washed cottages fronting a straggling street, each backed by a few acres redeemed from the fangs of giant stumps and huge rock boulders. The air is full of the buzz and whirr of the great lumber mill, fed by a wing-dam immediately below the bridge, as its huge gang-saws rip up the fallen monarchs of the forest swiftly transforming them into huge piles of yellow boards.

Everywhere snow; often gathered into picturesque drifts and ridges which mark the low scraggy stone walls and the bristling 'snake' fences. The vast sheet of pure white only loses itself where it strays on a distant hillside among the dark boles of a huddled patch of shaggy spruce-trees spared by the woodman's axe.

Time: 9 A.M. of a brilliant morning of early March. One of those peculiarly clear sparkling mornings which seem to belong to the latter part of the Canadian winter.

Dramatis personæ: A dozen hardy athletic men, attended by a pack of mongrel hounds, some of powerful breed; others mere curs, yet showing some faint trace of pointer or foxhound blood.

LOGGERS FELLING A HEMLOCK

Each of the tall, lithe, and burly hunters is armed with a small axe and has a sheath-knife stuck in his leather belt. He also carries firearms of fearsome description. It may be some family heirloom, some gigantic prehistoric 'flint-lock' converted by the village blacksmith into a 'percussion'; else a 'three-dollar' bit of 'gas-pipe' from the only village store, mounted on a painted stock; or perhaps a 'Queen Anne' musket which may have helped Wolfe to take Quebec.

The thermometer shows nearly twenty degrees of frost, yet the hardy hunter wears no coat. The sleeves of his grey shirt rolled up above the elbows, and the neck open to the breast-bone expose a brown sun-tanned skin apparently indifferent to cold. Each carries the old-fashioned cow-horn as a powder flask, and a leather pouch, full of slugs and bullets, attached to the belt. Slung across the shoulders is a canvas bag containing two days' rations of hard bread and fat pork, while from the bag hangs a pint mug or small tin kettle. This completes the outfit, saving, of course, the caribou or moosehide network snow-shoes not yet fastened to the moccasined feet. A battered and shapeless apology for the conventional colonial hat of soft felt, faded by the alchemy of sun and storm into a rusty brown, is the ordinary head-gear. The eyes of the men are bright with the fierce joy of the barbaric hunt in which they are about to take part. Their gaze is keen and steadfast from long looking out beneath the open sky on forest, lake, and stream, where their lives have been mostly spent.

They are 'loggers,' men who all the winter go on felling, trimming, and hauling the forest trees until they accumulate huge piles of logs on the river bank, which at the loosening of the ice they send scurrying full-cry on the swollen stream towards the mill.

Although it is a good time yet to the coming of spring, the glittering carpet spread over plain and hill has changed its winter condition. The snows heated by the warm suns, and frozen up again at night, have acquired a 'crust,' hard enough to bear dogs and men on snow-shoes, which is however easily broken through by the comparatively small and sharp hoof of the massive moose. In the soft green woods and spruce thickets where winter lingers long in the darkest recesses penetrated by no ray of sunlight, this crust is much thinner and often absent altogether. The increasing power of the sun has already loosened some of the mountain brooks, and a heavy stream is hurrying beneath the bridge from the forest country attracting the March run of big salmon from the sea.

Although the best days for 'still hunting' or stalking moose are in wild windy weather when the branches of the forest are creaking in the breeze, for successful 'crusting' the state of the weather matters little, so long as there is no snow or rain. The moose often travels scores of miles before he is overtaken, necessitating the 'camping out' of his pursuers, and when as sometimes happens a storm of sleet and rain follows,

on the succeeding day the quarry can make good his escape while his pursuers are landed in an uncomfortable and perhaps perilous situation. Very different is their journey homeward when the snow is soaked with rain and the ice over the brooks has become soft and treacherous. Then the sport becomes cruelly hard, and an acute attack of rheumatism the frequent consequence.

On the particular morning of the hunt to be described, the

HAULING LOGS TO THE RIVER

phenomenon known as the 'silver thaw' had loaded each shrub and tree to the minutest twig with a crystalline coating of ice and rime, which had transformed the wilderness scenery into a very plausible imitation of fairy-land. The previous day had seen a brief storm of sleet, followed by a warm atmosphere with some gentle rain, terminated abruptly by the sharp veering of the wind to the north. Snow, rain, hail, and frost together had done their work effectively. An inch or two of crusted snow had been the result, while walls and fences and every spray of every tree was seen to be incrusted in shining ice. The heads and limbs of trees were lowered and bent, the lower branches

drooping and massed together resting heavily on one another, all overlaid with the sparkling frost work. Viewed beneath the rays of the setting sun on the previous evening all the woodland had presented a wonderful and magical appearance. A row of maples along the village street was caught between the blood-red sky in the west, and a heavy bank of indigo-blue cloud which marked the retreat of the storm on the opposite horizon. Against this the trees fairly flamed. Every branch and twig appeared as if carved out of rosy coral, and on the

IN THE WINTER HAUNTS OF THE MOOSE. AN EXAMPLE OF THE 'SILVER THAW'

top of each tree the light flashed from the ice as if from great waxen tapers. Some of the utmost twigs burned like a crown of stars.

The hunters, therefore, were obliged to wait impatiently until the rising wind, assisted by the thaw due to the sun's rays, should clear the woods of this picturesque, yet for their purposes, awkward encumbrance.

Otherwise the thaw had happened opportunely, for it had immensely strengthened the crust, and had given it sharp knife-like edges when broken which would serve to cut the shins of a travelling moose, and thus handicap him very severely.

At this season of the year these deer, if undisturbed,

confine themselves to 'yards,' which are not, as often imagined, spaces behind which they fortress themselves against the attacks of wolves and other foes, but merely some hillside or 'barren,' which they have selected because it happened to be well sheltered and not unsparsely covered with their favourite browse, such as the various species of maples, withrod, white-hazel, mountain ash, moose-wood, and other esculent deciduous trees on the tips of which they sustain life. In such favourite spots they will remain as long as the food supply holds out, if not

A FOREST LUMBER CAMP ON THE LA HAVE RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA

pushed from their cover by the hunter. When disturbed, they invariably travel twenty to thirty miles before yarding again.

The space occupied by some half-dozen moose may be upwards of half a mile square. Here the deep snow will be found scored in every direction with a network of narrow paths along which the deer invariably travel in single file. The bushes and young trees are often bitten away to a height of some ten to twelve feet from the ground. Between their great fore legs the moose will even ride down a small tree, thus holding it firmly until hunger has been satisfied. Should a number of 'yards,' as sometimes happens, approach each other closely, the deer, when frightened, can make their way from

one to the other, and thus being able to travel at their ordinary gait, a fast trot, they can speedily distance the most expert snow-shoer, and baffle their fleetest enemies.

When the snow-fall is light, moose do not yard at all. In northern New Brunswick and Quebec the moose is far less migratory in winter than in Nova Scotia, on account of the greater depth of the snow. Once he has chosen his 'yard' in winters of heavy snow-fall, there he has to remain, and lies at the mercy of any hunter hardy enough to invade his domain.

In the far north, contrary to the general belief, snow does not accumulate to such an inconvenient depth. Hence, in sub-arctic regions, the moose only retreats from his usual haunts when the spring thaws form the much-dreaded crust which furnishes a secure foothold to hunting packs of wolves.

In the 'yard' the animals feed from daybreak until about eleven o'clock, when they invariably lie down until two or three in the afternoon, after which siesta they will again be found browsing or else chewing their cud with heads drooping in a listless manner. The hunter, aiming at surprising a yard, will endeavour to approach while they are feeding, for at other times the moose is keenly alert, watching with his wonderful faculties of scent and hearing at the highest tension. The faintest taint of the air, the least snapping of a dry twig, or creaking of the snow beneath the moccasined foot of the hunter, is sufficient to send him travelling in hot haste for a long distance.

Nothing can exceed the zest of a tramp on snow-shoes on one of those superb sunny days in early March which offer such a sharp and pleasing contrast to the sombre skies which often prevail during the two preceding months of winter. The forest in its white garments, with all the hardwood trees silent and leafless standing waist-deep in the snows, becomes beautiful and impressive. The air is still keen enough to be intensely bracing. A long tramp, which at other times might seem severe, is now a luxury. One fairly flies over the crust of snow and delights in the clear open vistas among the trees denuded of their foliage.

The little band of hunters keep moving rapidly over the smooth pavement prepared for them across the swamps where in the summer the traveller would sink knee-deep in the sponge-like sphagnum. Lakes, where thousands of perfumed water-lilies reposed on the trembling surface last July, can now bear a team of horses on the thick flooring of ice which confines

within it the stems and pads of the queenly flowers. Certainly the Canadian climate affords interesting contrasts.

After an hour or two of brisk tramping, dogs and men reach a moose 'yard,' which is found to be deserted. A number of well-worn paths cross each other among a low forest of young birches and maples, in places soiled with the spoor, showing that the yard has only been recently evacuated. Passing onwards and skirting a stunted growth of evergreens which fringe a 'barren' where huge boulders strewn in the wildest

'SILVER THAW' AS SEEN AT SUNRISE ON A MARCH MORNING

confusion, and tangled windfalls make the going somewhat difficult, the dogs pause at a single track where perhaps an hour ago a moose bull has passed, leaving deep holes where he has thrust his long cannon bones into the snow. The scent freshens as the trail is followed, until the dogs become almost frenzied. A veteran of the hunt, old Bang, with mutilated ears, and grizzled muzzle well scored with ancient scars of battles, stands completely upright on his hind legs and sniffs the suspected breeze. A cross between Newfoundland and bull-mastiff, he unites the broad soft foot of the former with the strength and courage of the latter. He is a powerful brute, who will dare swift blows from the fore-feet of the moose, and rush in to seize

the largest bull by the muzzle or by the long ears while others are taking him in the rear.

The whole pack in concert with noses high in air suddenly give tongue. 'Bang' starts straight as an arrow through the thick underbush and is followed by the others, while the forest echoes merrily to their cries. It is evident, however, that the moose has had a good start and is well away from the dogs; also that he is a strong and cunning quarry by the giant stride and by the trail leading wherever the crust is less sharp to the legs through the soft evergreen woods.

Fainter and fainter the cries of the dogs fall on the ear. The hunters know that a chase of many miles lies before them, and, recovering from their attempt at a futile spurt, settle down to a steady pace.

The moose soon enters a dense forest of black spruce where the going becomes heavy for the men. For a full hour he baffles his pursuers in this advantageous cover, but at length they push him into the open. Here little thickets dot an undulating wilderness of rocks and stumps, broken also by dense groves of alders fringing the windings of a sluggish brook. At a spot where the brook emerges from its sheathing of ice, and runs clear for some distance through a grove of hemlocks and pines, the wary deer bounds from the bank into mid stream and travels in the water in order to obliterate his tracks. Now dogs and hunters divide into two companies, some running up stream, some down, until once more they pick up the trail.

The chase now follows along one of those natural meadows due, perhaps, to the labour of ancient colonies of beavers, which are found so often in the heart of the wilds, and presently leads out upon a woodland lake stretching away mile after mile, studded with islets, and indented with deep coves and bays. The moose, unlike the caribou, under ordinary conditions avoids ice. His small and pointed hoofs render him about as awkward on a slippery surface as a horse, and he will not venture on the frozen surface if he can possibly help it. However, his sorely bleeding hocks urge him anywhere away from the knife-like edges of the broken crust. In a trice every snow-shoe is whipped off and, with moccasined feet, the men swiftly follow at a run the deep scratches in the ice, and the blood-red dotted trail reaching far ahead till lost in the distance.

Soon, however, the great deer tires of the hard surface and bolts away among the stems of a tall forest of hemlocks. He

is showing unmistakable signs of fatigue : the stride is shorter and the hock leaves a deeper groove as it is lifted with diminished speed and energy. Marks of the great teeth in the snow show that he has scooped out a mouthful now and then, a practice in which he never indulges save when extremely hard pressed.

But now old Uncle Enoch, the captain of the hunt is seen

MOOSE BULL LISTENING TO THE CALL OF THE COW
(From a Painting by F. C. Bell, Halifax, N.S.)

to be casting anxious glances towards the low winter sun hurrying downward to the clear cold indigo-like horizon, and throwing lengthening shadows from the tall trees athwart the whiteness. He calls the party to a halt where a clear brook is brawling between great grey boulders near a fine grove of hardwood.

'We must camp here to-night, men, and take him to-morrow.'

The words of Uncle Enoch are ever obeyed by all the able-

bodied men of the village, for he is their self-appointed yet natural leader. Whether on his knees in the trim little 'meetin' house,' unburdening his conscience with his own peculiar potency of vocabulary, or leading such a stern foot-chase as here described, this hardy veteran is ever the prominent figure. The snows of three-score winters have not stained with white a single hair of his head, or dimmed his eagle eyesight, or abated his physical powers by one jot.

In the winter twilight, a single planet in the pale-gold east shining brightly meanwhile, and a delicate purple vapour draping the distant hillsides, the men begin to shovel with their snow-shoes downwards to the hard soil beneath. Some fell trees for the night's supply of fuel; others build a 'lean to.' A 'lean to' is easily made, the name explaining itself. Two stout forked poles are set up, bearing a cross bar, from which slender poles are slanted to the ground. This rude framework may be covered over with canoe-birch bark, or simply with fir boughs. An enormous fire is built in front, which must be to the leeward if there is any wind. If the wind shifts in the night, the camp may readily be turned to suit.

On the levelled ground the small tips of 'sapin' or the balsam fir are deeply strewn and the camp is complete. Nature seems to have furnished the flat leaves of the balsam fir for the purpose of furnishing the tired hunter with a luxurious and aromatic bed. So quickly is a home prepared in the wilderness.

The fire is kindled on top of the snow about three feet above the bed, but it quickly eats its way down to the same level. Had the men not dug the snow hole, they would find the fire by midnight in a deep pit below them. The men roast slices of pork at the roaring flames, boil tea in their tin kettles, and with hard bread complete their frugal supper. Without extra covering they fall to sleep before their camp fire. At times one or another rises, stealthily carries a log from out the darkness and throws it on the flames.

A few hundred yards distant the hunted moose has flung down his stiff and bleeding limbs for his last bivouac on the snow.

That icy shiver which passes over the face of nature immediately before the winter sunrise arouses the men to a new day. The fire is replenished and a meal is prepared. While the pale amber opalescence in the east is fading before the intenser light of the rising sun, the dogs are again laid on the trail and the chase resumed. Once more the tired deer listens to the dread

shouts of men and the wolfish baying of the hounds. His bloody lair in the snow is reached and passed; his great strength is surely leaving him now. The keenness of the dogs proclaims his nearness. Uncle Enoch's eyes are fairly blazing with the excitement of the anticipated triumph. Soon the infuriated rioting of the dogs tells the tale that the game is brought to bay. At the foot of a steep cliff he has turned on his enemies. The snow, so lately of virgin purity, is now soiled and beaten down by the noisy conflict of deer and dogs. 'Bang' is bleeding profusely, while a black cur lies quite still with his ribs fairly

DEATH OF THE MOOSE BULL

cut from the spine by blows from the sharp fore-hoofs of the moose.

The captain of the hunt now approaches and levels his piece. All is soon over with the gallant moose, which has led his pursuers such a dance of nearly thirty miles.

While it must be conceded that this form of woodland sport yields at times great excitement and calls for extreme hardihood in its votaries, yet it may readily be seen that it can easily be abused, should the snowfall be deep enough to handicap the moose too heavily.

When the great deer, as sometimes might happen, sink to their bellies in the drifts, there would be nothing to prevent a

few hardy hunters, experts on snow-shoes, from slaughtering half the moose of a district. The floundering animals would sink exhausted a few hundred feet away from their yards.

When the snow, however, is less deep, and the crust weak, a moose will travel thirty to fifty miles before he gives in. Under such circumstances, 'crusting' may be termed an exciting and manly sport, only to be followed by men of perfect physical fitness. 'Crusting' has been the chief winter pastime

THE AUTHOR'S LIBRARY. THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF THE MOOSE-HEAD

of the past generation of backwoods settlers. It is exactly adapted to men of very tough fibre, good on snow-shoes, yet with no particular skill with the rifle. In this manner the grey-bearded veterans of the settlements have been accustomed all their lives long to replenish their larders in the season of winter scarcity of fresh meats.

While there is much to be said against it, especially owing to the butchery which it occasionally renders possible, 'crusting' has always been a good means of testing the mettle of the pioneer settlers, for none but men of the greatest endurance could be in at the death of many a gallant quarry.

Moreover, the sport is often redeemed by a spice of danger. A bull moose will usually show fight, and kill or maim many of the dogs, and even charge the hunters, unless he has only been overtaken after a very lengthy chase, when he is generally too exhausted to wage any serious battle with his foes.

The writer knows a New Brunswick guide who nearly lost his life from the attack of a moose in winter. The animal charged and broke his gun to pieces. In the end the hunter killed the moose with a weapon made by binding his sheath-knife to the end of a long stake, thus providing for himself a most effective kind of spear.

THE ETIQUETTE OF GAMES

CRICKET AND BILLIARDS

BY A. W. COOPER

ETIQUETTE, so called, in games, may be described as the unwritten rules of each particular game. These unwritten rules are for the most part mutual courtesies for which rules would be impertinent, it being an understood thing that as games are to be played by men of honour, rule making to that end is unnecessary ; though that this has not always been borne in mind may be admitted when one reads the rules of whist, which in certain cases seem specially framed to protect the innocent from the sharpers (*vide* the revoke rule and the misdeal penalty). It is as well to suppose that men wish to act as gentlemen even if they fail at times to do so. Be this as it may in various games which have started from this standpoint, what may be termed 'a scheme of courtesy' has been drawn up by practice which is in most cases learnt and acquired before even the rules themselves are thought of. But sandwiched in with these purely courteous conventialities will be found conventions which are extremely hard to account for, which as they stand seem indeed more or less unaccountable, and it is mainly with these latter that it is my purpose of dealing.

Some men there are who should be restrained by law from playing any games at all ; these men, good fellows in their

ordinary social life, trustworthy in business, capable of actual self-denial, are metamorphosed under the spell of any game. Self-denial becomes grab, trustworthiness vanishes into thin air, the man's whole nature is revolutionised, and it is a grief as well as an unpleasant duty to play with him. I have played racquets with men who have wrangled all the game through about strokes they never won, and yet in ordinary life these same men are George Washingtons; I have played billiards with men who when beaten hurl their cues into their cases and stalk out of the room without a word, and yet you can leave your youngest daughter with these men and they forbear to dash her brains out on the mantelpiece. These are the men who ought never to be allowed to play games at all : it is unpleasant for other people and must be bad for themselves. Therefore I say, and I say it with emphasis, before ever playing a game, be it Spelikins or Polo, grasp once for all that it is a game you are playing and play it for all you are worth, or otherwise Mr. E. T. Reed's cartoon of prehistoric whist is correct in detail.

Another thing there is which all men who play should take to heart, and this is that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when a game is finished it is best to let it lie and say no more about it. After a game of golf or cricket or what not, there is perhaps a natural inclination to be reminiscent—beware of becoming a bore.

The way to find out how much a thing really bores people is to listen to two or three men talking about a game you personally do not play. It is considered socially bad taste to talk so-called shop about business, the reason is that the interest being so purely personal boredom to the many must follow, and should not the same apply equally to game shop-talk? I think so, and now for one piece of advice which should be kept in mind in all games. Don't argue about points. It matters not if you are certain the other man is wrong. Don't argue about it and in all probability the moral satisfaction and virtuous feeling induced by your self-denial is worth many points to you.

CRICKET.

Surely the king of games, and yet how many of its devotees really grasp its full spirit? Of the crowds who play how many are there who do so simply with the hope of making a decent score or getting a few wickets, irrespective of what their side do, and who are pleased or sad according to the value of their own

personal contribution? We know them, these men who come back from a day's cricket with gloom upon their brows, and when asked how they got on say, 'Oh, we won, but I had the most beastly luck.' We also know the man who can't bat but can scowl when he is properly put in last; and that leads to a curious fact which those who play cricket may have noticed, and that is the absolute unanimity men feel as to their incapacity of fulfilling the requirements of the eleventh man in a team. I have played cricket now for a number of years and can fairly state that never as yet have I met a man who in his inmost heart considered himself equal to the post.

To tell the honest truth I don't believe an eleventh man really does exist; if he does I should like to meet him and when I do I shall fall down and worship him as the ideal cricketer. For listen ye cricketers, great and small; the best cricketer is not always the man who plays the best game but the man who plays cricket, or in other words cricket is purely a game where personal interest must subordinate to the good of the side, and thus it is that to play cricket well a man must play quite unselfishly.

Now among other appurtenances provided for in the rules of the game are umpires, and it is just as well to read the rules to notice that their ruling on any point is final. Bearing this in mind, if for your own purposes you choose to play a ball with your legs instead of your bat and the umpire rules you out, don't call him a fool for so doing; because, though every now and then he may make a mistake, in the vast majority of cases he is right, and whether right or not it is quite certain you *are* out and it's best to go with a smile.

Then again, though you may be of a nervous disposition, and though it is quite possible that anything behind the bowler's arm may put you off, don't be too fidgety; remember there are twenty-one other people trying to get amusement out of the game, and the removal of a cow in the adjoining field begins to pall upon them after the sixth abortive attempt.

Your adversaries' misfortunes, too, though probably pure joy to you, need not be met with unnecessary demonstrations; it is considered bad form to shriek with joy if the man on the box seat falls off, breaking his neck, and you bag his place, and in a minor degree if one of the opposing side happens to miss a catch (which probably you would never have been near) it is advisable not to abandon yourself entirely to mirth.

And now for a personal favour. Please don't wear your

shirt with the wristbands buttoned round your wrist. It's a small thing to ask, but oh ! the difference it makes. Roll them up my friend, never mind if your arm is like a pipe-stem, we will forgive that, but the other, never !

Now the unwritten laws in cricket are really very few in number, and though the above may be said to be some, actual conventions with regard to the game are few, but among them is one that calls for attention, and that is the 'pull stroke.' Some years ago to pull at cricket was somewhat on a par with shooting a pheasant sitting. Things have been modified, but even now if a ball palpably on the off side is pulled round to the on, men's faces take a somewhat sarcastic look and the bowler shrugs his shoulders.

Now why in all conscience should one stroke at any game be considered bad form and another good ? A pull is as much a stroke as a drive or a cut, but I have never heard any one say, 'Oh ! fine pull, sir,' except ironically, and yet it is common enough applause for the other strokes. Perhaps you say there is something in the rules which makes it bad form, and the answer is that according to the rules you can play any stroke you like—you can turn clean round and smite the ball straight at the wicket-keeper if he annoys you. No, there is nothing in the rules precluding you from pulling. Then what is it ? Why is it considered doubtful form ?

Well, the reason is quite simple, it is merely a form of misinterpreted cause and effect. To pull a ball from the off to the on means that you do not meet the ball and play it in a natural manner, but that you play across it, and experience has taught us that to play across a ball is very dangerous cricket, hence the element of bad play comes in, and though at the start pulling was more or less banned on account of the danger of the stroke to one's wicket, the fact, as time went on, outlasted the reason and men, merely because they found this particular stroke looked upon askance, took exception when perchance some more adventurous player accepted the risk and thus substituted bad form for bad stroke.

There is one point with regard to the enforcement of the rules which should be noticed. When, as often happens, a man backs up and leaves his crease before the ball has left the bowler's hand, it is in the province of the bowler to check his delivery and whip the poachers bails off, and by all the laws of cricket out he goes. This, strictly speaking, is fair enough, but practically beware of so doing without warning the batsman

first. The rule is theoretically fair, for undoubtedly the offender is poaching and gaining considerable advantage by so doing; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he is doing so unconsciously, and if warned he will not offend in future. Thus it is that the rule in this particular case is read in a wider sense than actually written, and the offender by the ruling of etiquette must be warned first.

If for your sins you happen to be chosen to skipper the team it is as well to remember that in your position you are responsible for the rest of the eleven's pleasure. The natural trend of human nature will point you out as a suitable first wicket man, but unless you are certain it is for the good of the side don't yield to the temptation. If the match is won or virtually won, and you in writing out the list have placed yourself in the position of next in, be a man, swear softly to yourself, and alter your position to No. 11.

BILLIARDS.

There are two crucial points which need bearing in mind when playing billiards. The one is that strength of nerve is the winning factor more often than anything else between two otherwise level men. The other is that a fluke cannot be intentional, and is merely an adventitious incident to the game. These two things once firmly grasped, and the true deductions made from them, billiards may be recommended as the first game of skill there is.

But why insist on these points so much, you may ask? Why, indeed, but for the fact that by far the larger number of billiard players ignore one or the other of them. There are some men who I verily believe would forgive you for blasting their reputation sooner than see you score a fluke to your credit. These good people are in a continual state of dissatisfaction and grumble, and they add to their amiability by triumphant pæans of joy when a fluke comes home to them. They never know, poor things, the awful depth of their depravity, nor do they realise the unholy joy to their victims of keeping them on the grizzle.

Do you happen to know the man who midway through the game wails, 'That's the fourth fluke you've had and I've had only one!' The dear man can't count, for you know he has fluked as many times as you have; but be wise, smile, and say, 'Never mind, I've some more coming.' It's the only way to treat

grizzlers ; they have no right to play any game, and it's just as well to rub it well into them.

I remember once playing an elderly gentleman who snorted hard at the first two flukes I had in a hundred up, and when the third came almost shrieked with indignation and remonstrated with me in Gaelic, but all I said was, 'Yes, isn't it funny,' and I smiled at him. The motto for billiards should be : 'Fluke and let fluke.'

With regard to the question of nerves it is as well to treat your opponent while he is playing as if he were an advanced hysterical patient. Some men could play, I believe, with a football scrum going on in the room, but the great majority, to concentrate their energies on the game, want perfect quiet. When you are quite young, and before the thousand and one worries and annoyances of the world have strung your nerves up to breaking-point, it seems faddy and silly of the men you are playing with to miss because you ask the marker the score on his stroke. It's neither the one or the other ; it is just nervous irritation, and unless you happen to be one of the very elect, be sure that sooner or later the time will come when you will suffer in like wise, and the old phrase, 'Be done by as you did,' holds good in billiards as in all other things.

In other words treat your opponent with as much consideration as you would like to receive yourself, only more so ; don't be disappointed or annoyed if he fails to act up to your modest requirements ; it is more than probable he will not, because most men are thoughtless, but the better you play and the better men you play the greater is the consideration shown as a rule.

This latter statement is so true that for an exhibition of true sportsmanship and courtesy a match between two professional players is a certain education. Watch them, you who rattle chalk boxes and talk on the stroke, not to mention you others of still deeper dye, who stand over the object pocket and fidget. Watch these two self-contained quiet people. They feel the interest of the game as much as if not more than you do with your petty hundred up. They are earning their daily bread, but though it is anxious business with them there is no chatting, no fidgeting, indeed, nothing but sportsmanship ; in fact they are precisely the opposites of your dear selves ; and it may be remarked that these are the men who play billiards.

Now, among the conventions of the game as played by ordinary people, there is one which specially calls for attention.

You will often, when men are talking over a game, hear one of them say, 'Talk about a game, why to my certain knowledge he potted the white (so many times),' or possibly you are looking on and hear the cry, with a good deal of emphasis too, 'Oh, hang it all old man—Whitechapel?' and you, without asking, know that the 'old man' in question has potted his opponent's ball.

But why this indignation? you say. Why should not one pot any ball one likes? Quite so, why not? There is nothing in the rules against the practice, on the contrary it is stated therein that a winning or losing hazard off the white ball shall count two in each case. Therefore a score of two is even provided for the execution of the stroke, and thus so far from banning the shot a premium is set upon it. No, the rules of billiards throw no light upon it, except in so far as one reads that whereas should the red ball be potted it shall be replaced upon the spot at the top end of the table, in the case of the white ball it shall remain off the table during the remainder of the break.

Read these rules and a light begins to break upon the point; why of course, unless the balls are in such a position as to preclude the possibility of a shot, or unless it is palpably the game to play for safety or a double balk, it must be exceeding bad play to pot the white from the striker's point of view. The natural remark, as a rule, when a man pots his opponent's ball is, 'By Jove, that's a bad shot,' and if you happen to be the opponent the only feeling engendered by the stroke should be that of satisfaction.

But precisely the same evolution has taken place in men's minds as was the case in the old pull stroke at cricket. What is merely bad play is as time wears on mistakenly read as bad form. It is very strange that this should be the case, and it is not very flattering to one's conception of the ordinary man that he should thus receive the stroke under a misunderstanding.

It seems almost incredible that men should fail to grasp the true significance of a stroke in a game, which probably they play every day of their lives, but so it is, and the fact remains that so far from being pleased to see their opponents lose a possible twenty or so break by prematurely potting the white, the ordinary man is very annoyed indeed, and taking it as often as not as a personal injury, lays in wait to avenge it by the self-same shot at the earliest possible opportunity.

A very similar convention obtains in pool. The ordinary

shot at pool being to pot the ball you are aiming at, it is considered quite a good shot in case the way to the pocket be blocked by another ball, should the striker plant the object ball on the last-mentioned and pot the same. On the other hand should the striker, instead of planting the object ball on to the other, cannon off the object ball on to the intervening ball and thus pot it, it is considered as the worst possible form. But why, again you ask? Surely one shot is as hard to get as the other? Quite, my friend, quite as hard, and a great deal more risky, the tendency being to follow through and make a six shot, and there you get the reason again: it's bad play.

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT

NO INFORMATION

BY R. S. MORRISH

THE time was 8 o'clock on a July evening, the place was a Swiss mountain hotel connected with the outer world only by a mule track, and we were a party of four; the Man of the Mountains, his wife, and two tourists whom we will call the Jester and the Photographer. The important matter under discussion was, at what time were we to get up the next morning, or rather the same night. We had been together a fortnight and this was to be our final expedition. The Man of the Mountains had selected our peak for us. Conway's Climbers' Guide had only allotted two words to it, and those two words were 'no information.' The fact that this particular peak had no known route up it at once commended itself to the Man of the Mountains, and we humbly fell in with his ideas. The hotel commanded no view of this mountain, but we studied its

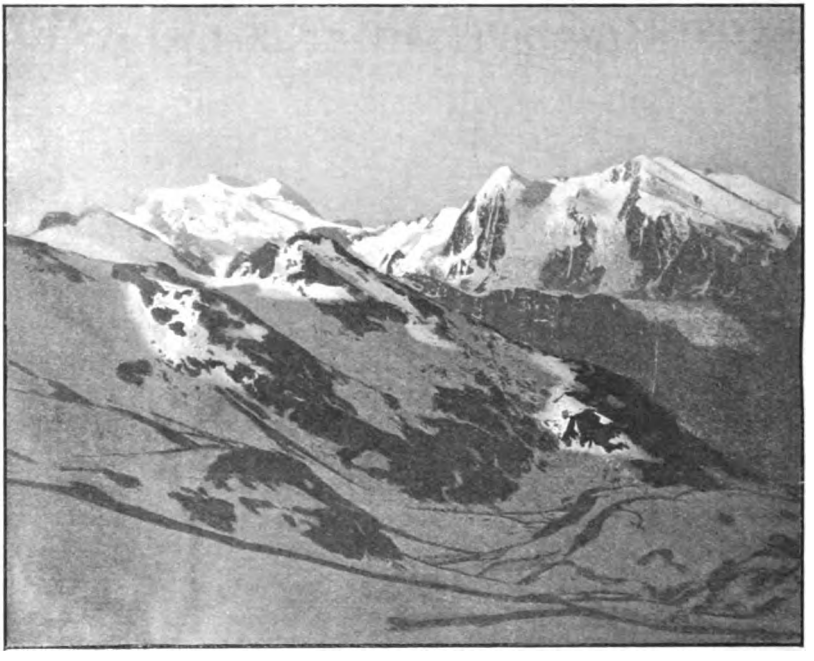
position carefully on the map and decided on which side to attack it. Having finally made up our minds that we ought to finish our night's rest at 1.30 A.M., we thought it wise to retire at once and get what sleep we could before that horrible moment should arrive.

Two o'clock saw us breakfasting by the light of an oil lamp and the hotel porter's smile. At 2.30 we plunged into the velvety darkness of the night, and 'our day' had begun. The first part of the way was familiar to the two tourists, and to them was entrusted the task of carrying the lanterns. We safely found our way over a bridge which spanned a roaring torrent, then through a higgledy-piggledy jumble of chalets where occasionally the faint tinkle of a bell announced the fact that goats formed part of the family asleep within. Then we emerged into Alpine pastures where the only obstacles were stone walls, on which one generally barked one's shins in the anxiety to keep the lantern clear. After an hour's steady walk we found ourselves well up the mountain side, and, looking back, we could distinguish the twinkling light from the salle-à-manger lamp which the porter had evidently forgotten to put out.

Suddenly the path, which had hitherto been very distinct, disappeared in a large patch of docks. The two tourists promptly differed as to the line to be taken and went off in different directions, leaving the unfortunate Man of the Mountains and his wife to follow the lanterns as best they could. After about a quarter of an hour's stumbling through bushes and tufty grass the path was found, the party united and peace was restored.

Slowly the dawn began to appear. The little fleecy clouds, which had obscured the stars, became a delicate pink, and then a deeper red ; and we one and all began to prophesy rain and storm before the morning should be far advanced. But the Man of the Mountains commanded that we should go forward, so the lanterns were extinguished and packed away into the ruck-sacks, and we turned to take a last look at the hotel fifteen hundred feet below us. Then, passing round a shoulder which formed one side of a steep valley, we saw, far beneath us, a deeply crevassed glacier. Our way now led us to the edge of a green alp, where a picturesque sight met our eyes. A herd of about eighty cows was gathered together in a little grassy basin ; and three or four herdsmen were engaged in milking them into deep wooden tubs. Each man was wearing

a one-legged milking stool strapped on to him behind, which gave him a very quaint appearance as he moved about among the cows. We were fortunate in coming across this herd after daylight had appeared, as on a previous occasion, when we were slowly making our way up a steep zig-zag path, our leader, who was carrying the lantern, suddenly disappeared with a loud clatter and left us in darkness. A black mass rose in our path, and we saw that our lantern-bearer had fallen



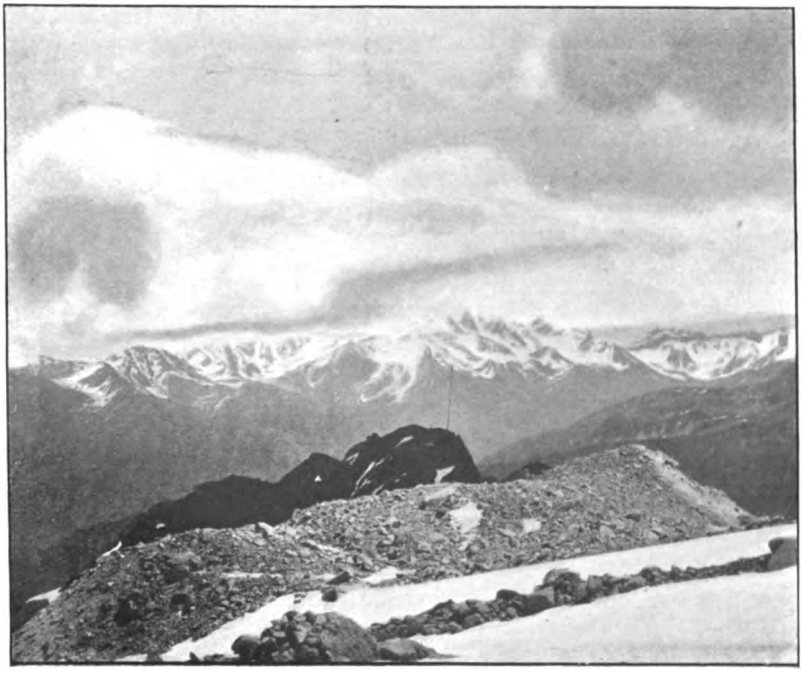
SUN RISING ON THE DISTANT PEAKS

right over the back of a cow which was peacefully slumbering in the middle of the path. The mountain-side was very rough and stony, and we found, as we proceeded, that nearly the entire herd had chosen the path as the most comfortable place to spend the night. Some of them rose up and disappeared into the darkness, but most of them remained, and we had to make our way carefully round them or step boldly over them.

Having passed the cows, we quickened our pace considerably and, at a quarter-past five, finding a clear stream, which did not owe its origin to snow or glacier, we decided to have our

second breakfast. As it was nearly three hours since we had started we felt quite ready for it. The sky still looked very overcast, and the temperature was much too warm for that hour of the morning. We decided to push on, however, and, as events proved, were rewarded for our perseverance.

Our way now lay up the steep, snow-covered slopes of a huge moraine, and we were all glad when we reached the top and were able to rest by the side of a little lake, which lay



A THUNDERSTORM THREATENED

embedded in snow, about a quarter of a mile from the edge of the glacier. We kept along the top of the moraine towards the head of the valley until it became necessary to hold a council of war to decide which out of the three or four peaks which rose in front of us was the one which owned the appellation 'no information.'

A careful study of the map, and a reading of the compass, showed us that the peak we were in search of lay to our left. The actual summit was apparently composed of rock, which fell away sheer on one side, but which joined itself on the other to a long snow arete. Our way evidently lay along the

arete, and the only accessible spot on this appeared to be a narrow neck or depression some way down it on the left side.

We accordingly left the moraine we had been following and struck up the steep shale and snow-covered slopes which composed the base of the mountain. The snow was so hard that, to gain a foothold, we preferred to keep to the shale, wherever this was possible. It soon became much colder, and we were glad to turn up our coat collars and put on thick woollen gloves. At half-past seven we reached the last of the steep shaley slopes, and, before starting on to the snow, we decided to have another breakfast. It was a very hurried meal, however, as the cold was so intense that we did not feel inclined to linger. All this while we were on the western face of the mountain, and, although the sun had been up for some time, we were quite hidden from it and did not feel its rays until we reached the arete.

The snow was now so steep that the Man of the Mountains was compelled to cut steps, an exercise which he indulged in until he had cut a hundred odd, while we slowly crawled up after him, balancing ourselves, sometimes with difficulty, in the little niches some three inches long, and two inches broad, which a climber calls a step. The slope gradually diminished as we neared the neck, and we were able to kick steps and dispense with the use of our axes for the last fifty feet of the ascent. We stepped on to the arete and into the sunshine at the same moment. Here we found a very different state of things, for the sun had been shining on the snow quite long enough to make it very soft, and we laboured along the snowy ridge, sinking up to our knees at each step. Presently we reached a minor summit, from which the real summit was easily visible, and at once saw that we were not to be the first climbers to tread the topmost peak ; for there, straight in front of us, stood a fine new stone man.

We had now to descend some fifty feet and then climb to the summit, but the rope had to be put on first as there was a large snow cornice here. The Man of the Mountains led the way, then the Photographer, then the Jester, and finally the Man of the Mountain's wife. We descended and in a few minutes were over our waists in snow. The Man of the Mountains tugged at the rope like a cart horse, and we all tugged in succession until at last we reached the steep rocky point which we had seen from below, panting and breathless.

A few minutes scramble brought us to the cairn. It was ten o'clock—seven and a half hours since we set out.

In spite of the prophecies of the morning the day had turned out beautifully fine. The grand snow peaks which rose around us looked magnificent in the strong sunlight. We appreciated the view none the less that it was familiar to us already from another peak; but to-day there was no time to admire, for we had still a lot of work in front of us or

WE STEPPED ON TO THE RIDGE AND INTO THE SUN

rather at our feet, and every minute the snow would become softer. The Man of the Mountains made his notes of times, &c., the Photographer took some views of the surrounding peaks, and in ten minutes we were studying our line of descent.

It is true we could have returned the same way that we had come, and a single glance showed us that that would certainly be the easiest way; but the Man of the Mountains had us in his sway and we anxiously sought for another route. We had ascended on the western face of the mountain, the southern face was a sheer cliff of rock for over 1000 feet, and

although there appeared to be plenty of good hold, still one slip would have sent the party to destruction.

The south-eastern angle offered the only other possible route, there by descending 150 feet of steep rock we could gain the head of a snow slope, which fell steeply away until it narrowed into a gully between two high cliffs. What lay immediately beyond those cliffs we could not see. but far below and farther out we noted a broad snow field, from which, when we reached it, it would be possible to find a way to the valley beneath.

We started down that 150 feet of cliff. The Man of the Mountains lowered his wife over the ledge first; then when she had disappeared and had duly announced herself as firmly fixed, the Jester was lowered; then the Photographer, and finally the Man of the Mountains himself climbed carefully over. We were all spread-eagled on the face of the cliff for just under an hour. It sounds rather dreadful, but it was quite safe, the holds being firm and the rock gneiss. The reason we took such a long time as fifty minutes over 150 feet of rock was that often it was only possible for one of the party to move at a time, and in one place; our axes hampered us so much that they had to be tied together with a piece of cord and lowered down and deposited in a safe niche, until we had all in turn climbed past the difficult point.

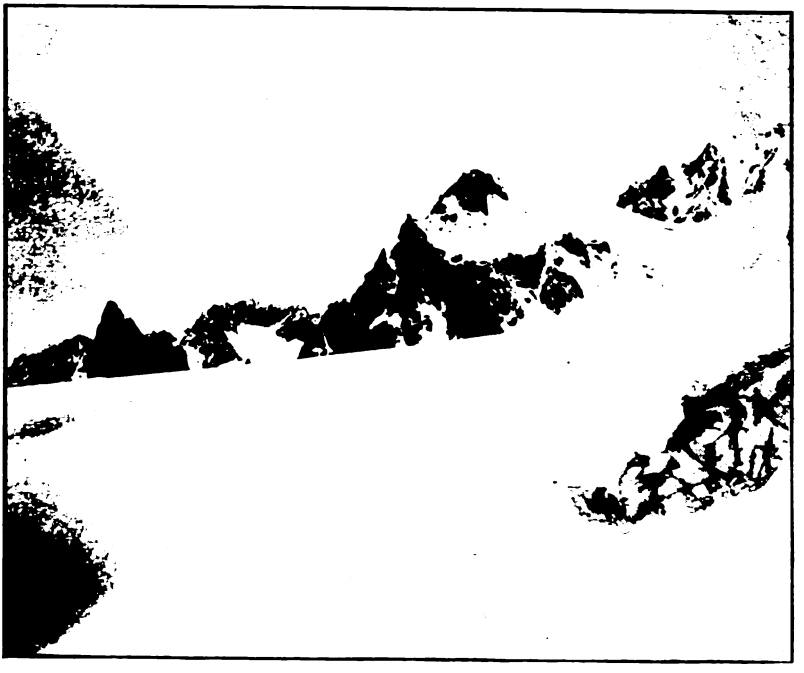
It was eleven o'clock when we reached the foot of the rock wall. The snow on which we stood sloped steeply away from our feet until it terminated suddenly in a sheer cliff with a drop of some hundreds of feet to another snow slope. The cliff was cut at one point by a snow gully which we had noticed from above, and it was now quite evident that our only way down was through this narrow gully. We could not see the bottom of it, but we hoped that it contained no stones or projecting rocks and also that it opened out into a broad and safe snow field beneath.

The snow now was very soft indeed and there was considerable danger of starting a snow avalanche and being carried over the cliff below us before we could gain the head of the gully. We proceeded down the slope with great care, keeping the rope as taut as possible and checking the slightest slip at once. We kept the same order as before, the Man of the Mountains coming last.

It took us nearly half an hour to reach a point well above the snow gully where we decided it would be safe enough to

glissade. The Man of the Mountains, however, insisted that it should be a standing glissade and not a sitting one and that we must be ready to stop the moment he gave the word. We could now see into the gully and there was no sign of a rock protruding through the snow anywhere.

We started slowly on our glissade, keeping the pace well regulated with our axes, but directly our leader reached the gully she suddenly assumed a sitting posture which was quickly

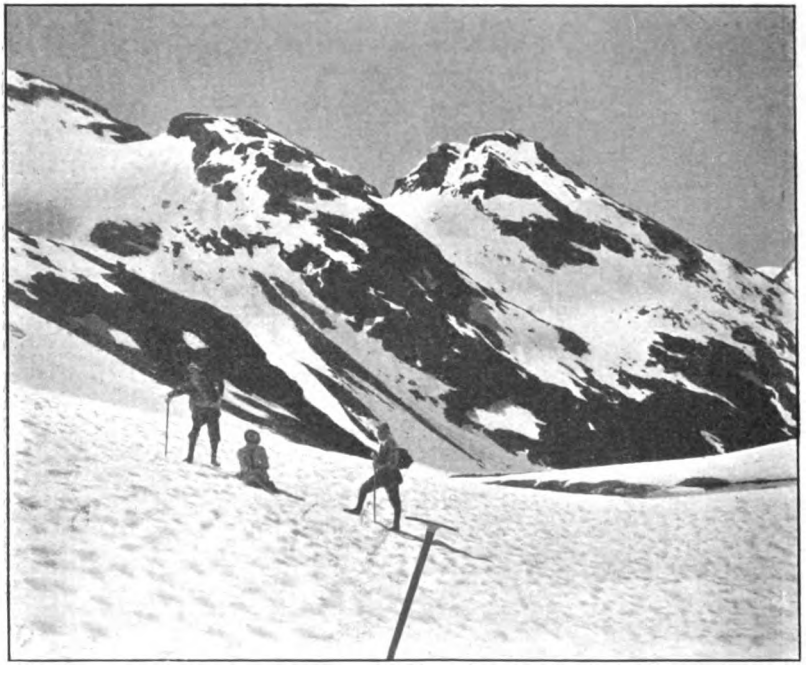


THE SNOW AT THE BASE OF THE WALL OF ROCK SLOPED STEEPLY AWAY

imitated by the remaining members of the party. For the snow at the top of the gully, where it was narrowest, had been protected from the sun's rays, and consequently was quite hard, and the sudden change from the soft deep snow to the hard surface was too much for our balance; we shot down the gully at a terrific speed, plunging our axes into the snow with all our might, and in a moment we had started what we had hoped to avoid—a snow avalanche.

As we emerged from the gully on to the steep snow slope beyond we saw almost an exact reproduction of the one we had just left, for below us the slope ended once more in a sheer

cliff cut in the middle by a big gully, this time unmistakably filled with rocks, which began with a drop of thirty or forty feet. We were making straight for this gully. The deeper we plunged our axes, the more the snow rose round us. Our leader was almost hidden by a big bank which rose behind her —the rope was covered, and we were all being whirled along at dangerously close quarters; when suddenly there was a terrific jerk—we felt ourselves checked for a second, but that



WE MADE OUR WAY QUICKLY OVER SNOW-FIELDS TO THE PASTURES BENEATH

second was long enough for us to regain our feet, and we held on firmly while our little avalanche flowed through our legs and disappeared over the edge of the cliff into the rock-filled gully beneath. How we had stopped none of us knew until the Man of the Mountains explained that finding we were quite unable to stop in the ordinary way he had grasped the point of his axe in his right hand and rolling quickly over to the left side had swung the head of the axe as far out as he could reach, where it had held firm in some snow beyond the edge of the avalanche. He was just in time, for we were only ten yards away from the top of the gully, and

had we fallen in there would have been broken bones or worse for some of us.

We now went on to the edge of the cliff, but there was no way down there, and we retraced our steps to the gully and found that by climbing down one of the sides we could get over the difficulty presented by the first thirty feet of drop at the point where it cut most deeply into the cliff. We soon discovered this gully to be filled with a moving mass of rocks and stones, for the melting snows had flowed down here and carried away everything except the larger rocks. A halt was called to take off the rope, as we found that our progress on these moving rocks was easier without it. The sun was pouring down on us now with all its mid-day power and we were getting very thirsty and hungry as well; but we had still a long way to go before we could leave the snow behind us. We emerged at last on to a large snowfield which sloped at a gentle angle, and allowed us to make long sitting glissades. By one o'clock we had reached its final limit, and in front of us the mountain side was strewn with great boulders of granite carried down by years of disintegration. Stepping from boulder to boulder was tiring work, but at last we reached the green pastures and made our way down to a chalet where we had hoped to obtain some milk, or at the very least, some water; but the cows had not yet come to this upland pasture and there was no water, so we were compelled to descend some way into the valley before we found a stream where we could quench our thirst and so make eating possible. It was now two o'clock and as our last meal at half-past seven had been a hurried one owing to the cold, we did full justice to the poulet, the *viande froide*, the potted meat and jam, the plums and chocolate; and the ruck-sucks were quite slender when we resumed our march.

We struck a good path which soon led us down into the valley, where we followed the roaring whirling torrent, which eventually thundered past our little village.

It was four o'clock when we reached the hotel, and as we parted company at the door we all agreed that our day's excursion had most satisfactorily satisfied that thirst for knowledge caused by those two words, 'no information.'

A FRAGILE BLOSSOM

BY A. J. BAKER

I

THE December sun is streaming gaily into the breakfast-room of young Mr. Pilkington's gorgeous bachelor quarters in Jermyn Street, lending an additional brilliancy to the row of many-coloured chrysanthemums and dwarf evergreens which line the window-boxes outside under the gaily striped awnings, and to the plate and crystal which cover the well spread breakfast-table. A few sporting prints and panel portraits of stars of the variety stage show the simple tastes of the occupant; the study of polite literature is indicated by a Ruff's Guide and a French novel, and an unrivalled collection of the daily and weekly sporting press; while the spot of high colour considered necessary to every 'interior' by the best authorities on pictorial art is furnished by the owner of the rooms himself as he sits at the head of the table, in a resplendent smoking jacket of sky-blue and black, striving manfully with the problem of a British breakfast.

To let the courteous reader into a dead secret, Mr. Pilkington had been up very late the previous evening, not to say this morning, and as he is due to ride his own mare Dancing Girl this afternoon in the Members' Steeplechase at Sandown Park, and the early rising has told on him already, he is busy pulling himself together by the aid of some strong tea and half an anchovy on toast. It was, perhaps, injudicious of him to have started celebrating the occasion before, instead

of after, the event, as it were ; but a quiet little dinner at the Junior Corinthian Club, with some particular pals, had been followed by a box at the 'Eldorado,' where some more particular pals were discovered. There was a Covent Garden ball to which he had certainly never intended to go, but to which he nevertheless went ; that meant supper, and what with the champagne and the fun and things, he has this morning only a vague recollection of the previous evening's proceedings, being a little uncertain as to whether he did or did not invite the company—including a foreign gentleman, a most agreeable person, who said he was a Count of the Holy Roman Empire —to spend Christmas and New Year at his uncle's place in the country, where he assured them Sir Marmaduke and Lady Pilkington would give them 'an old-fashioned English welcome.' In the cold light of day the organiser of the proposed feast swears softly under his breath as his imagination calls up visions of the remarkable possibilities of the visit.

The other occupant of the room is that well-known gentleman rider, Captain Martingale, a slight, dark man, of some thirty-five years, whose quiet attire—a dark grey *complet*, with plain silk tie and pearl pin—contrasts strongly with the vivid apparel of his host. He is Mr. Pilkington's principal adviser in the turf career on which he has recently embarked, and is to pilot the second string of the stable in the race of the afternoon with the avowed object of looking after his young friend. He is on two hundred pounds to nothing if the thing comes off all right, and being uncommonly hard up for the moment the money would be of the greatest use in a dozen different ways.

It would take a lot of doing though, he muses. The mare was well in, no doubt, wonderfully well in ; and over the distance—two miles and a half—must have a lot in hand of the best of her opponents. He wished, though, that Snaffle could have managed to pick out a more satisfactory mount for himself: Wild Hawk was no end of a difficult horse in a crowd—horrid, in fact. However, it couldn't be helped now, and after all the noble owner himself was the principal difficulty.

The truth is that Mr. Pilkington's previous essays in the saddle have not been brilliantly successful, a solitary win in a two-mile National Hunt Flat Race representing the sum total of success, while his various tries across country have not 'come off,' which is more than can be said of Mr. Pilkington

himself, who through a variety of untoward circumstances *has* come off on more than one occasion.

His principal qualifications for race-riding are a nice seat and light hands, and a certain happy knack of getting on friendly terms with the animals he bestrides, together with a placid confidence in their intelligence, which generally leads him to leave them to themselves. 'They probably know more about the game than I do,' he would reflect; 'heaven help them if they don't.'

'Well, Johnny, we must do our best this afternoon,' at length observes the Captain, diverting his attention temporarily from an excellent cold pigeon pie. 'But what price you for a gilt-edged jay, out all night and coming home with the milk, just when you should have turned in bright and early.'

His host smiles a vacuous but affable smile as the proceedings of the previous night recall themselves to his mind.

'Well, it wasn't my fault exactly,' he replies. 'I explained the whole thing to Jimmy Cassilis and the other fellows—said I wanted to go to bed early, no larks or anything, you know, and we did arrange for a specially quiet evening. But I never knew such a set of fellows—you can't walk down the street with them without something happening, and we dropped into the "Eldorado," and one thing led to another, and so on (vaguely). But it's all right, old man; I shall be as right as a trivet when we get down.'

'Well, we haven't over and above much time to waste, so look here.' The captain, who 'eats up well' when he hasn't got to waste, and who is making strong running over the Breakfast Table Course, helps himself to another cup of coffee and some excellent devilled kidneys from one of the silver entrée dishes, and proceeds:

'We've simply got to win this race, Pilkington (munch, munch). For one thing I am devilish hard up, and that two hundred will just set me on my legs again (crunch). Besides, with you up, the mare is bound to start at a good long price (sip), and we shall be able to pick up a nice little bit of money for a small outlay.'

Here the captain finishes his cup of coffee, and Mr. Pilkington, who is considerably impressed by the determined confidence of the other, pulls himself together in his chair the better to concentrate his attention on the speaker.

'Now the mare is very well,' continues the captain; 'and we know, though the general public does not as yet, that over

the distance she pretty well outclasses the horses she will meet to-day. You rode her last week and she went very well with you. She is a perfect jumper and a charming mount, and all you have to do is to keep a nice hold of her head and let her come along. She knows more about the game than you do—Yes, just half a glass, please, as a whitewash.'

'You won't need spurs, and as for a whip I suppose you will want to carry one for the look of the thing, but mind, you are not to use it on any account. Ride her home with your hands if it comes to that. I have seen too many races thrown away by fellows picking up their whips and stopping their horses.'

Here a loud and sonorous knocking at the front door resounds through the house and down the street and, apparently, away into Piccadilly. 'You are not expecting the Lord Mayor or any member of the royal family, are you?' breaks off the captain.

'No, it's all right, that is Jimmy Cassilis. He always knocks like that. He said he would look in about this time on his way to Waterloo.'

And in due course that light-hearted member of society makes his appearance in the room in company with two or three other choice spirits; and presently an imposing string of hansoms, with Mr. Pilkington and suite inside, may be seen bowling down Piccadilly on the way to the scene of action.

II

The great event of the day has secured a good entry, the best part of a dozen runners have put in an appearance to fulfil their engagements, and are now being put to rights in the paddock. As usual, each prominent candidate is surrounded by a dense circle of admirers, while Captain Martingale's mount Night Hawk, a big powerfully-made black, has invested himself with a factitious importance by his vagaries. He strongly objects to the crowd, demurs to being saddled, and ever and anon lashes out in wicked fashion. The strong gag snaffle in his mouth tells its own tale, and altogether he is no boy's horse.

The top-weight Armageddon, a regular old stager, is first favourite, and will be ridden by one of the Lorrimer brothers —the little man in the black and white hoops—who is rather sweet on his chance. Ebb-tide, a likely-looking chestnut mare,

the property of Major Court Royal, of the Guards, is also well backed, and will be piloted by the well-known amateur, Captain Mortimer of that distinguished brigade.

Altogether at least half a dozen candidates have been well supported, and the bookmakers themselves have to admit that it is a good betting race. Wild Hawk is backed on account of his rider, but Dancing Girl, though much admired in the paddock, remains for a long while at 100 to 8 and 100 to 9, the general public by no means displaying unlimited confidence in the ability of her pilot. The stable commission is on however, and Captain Martingale has backed her for a pony ready besides, through a friend.

In a corner of the paddock Mr. Snaffle is putting the finishing touches to the mare. Blessed with the sunniest of tempers and delightfully confidential, she is eminently suited to a novice; and she makes a pretty picture as she stands rubbing her soft muzzle against the trainer's coat—his best, as he warningly remarks to her—and 'kidding' him that she does *not* want to get a bite at the flower he is wearing in his button-hole. A bright bay, with a white star and one white stocking, slightly on the small side, but all quality, she is quite the lady of the party; and Mr. Pilkington, as he stands quietly by watching the process of saddling, with a light covert coat hiding his gorgeous racing jacket—sky-blue, black sleeves and cap—feels justly proud of his mount.

The ringing of the post bell infuses a sudden animation into the scene, and as the various jockeys mount one by one and ride out on to the course, Captain Martingale repeats his emphatic riding orders of the morning. As they gallop down to the starting-post the good looks of the mare and her rider's quiet way of handling her make rather an impression on the crowd, with the consequence that she comes to 10 to 1 in the market.

A few minutes' delay at the post and the ten runners are despatched on their journey. It is a capital start, and Dancing Girl, who is a good beginner, is into her stride in a moment and alongside the leaders as they jump the first fence. Here a pink and a striped jacket dash to the front to force the pace, the scarlet and indigo banner of Captain Mortimer on the Guards' horse is in a good position, while Captain Martingale —who, owing to a difference of opinion with his mount at the post, has got off badly, and is having 'a dooce of a time,' as the parrot observed, to hold his hard-pulling and insubordinate mount—is gradually closing with the leaders.

Mr. Pilkington is going well, and as he sails away over the springy turf with his dazzling silken jacket shaking in the wind, he looks as much like a jockey as any of them. His is not a mind capable of grasping many subjects at the same time, and they have gone pretty well half a mile before he quite realises where he is. But he has plenty of pluck in spite of his dissipated habits, and presently as they turn and meet the wind and a splash of rain which whistles past his head he warms to the occasion and feels an unwonted glow of enthusiasm pass over him. The country on either side of the course, with its trees, hedges, &c., seem to fly past him, while the mare takes the various obstacles as they come in gallant style and in the smoothest possible manner.

A rapid turn of the head shows him two horses alongside and three or four more close behind him, conspicuous among them being the hard-pulling Hawk who is already crashing through his fences in a nerve-trying manner. As they approach the water the captain shoots his horse up alongside the mare. 'Sit well back, Johnny boy, and she will take it in her stride,' he cries, rapidly pulling his own horse together for the jump; and Mr. Pilkington, who is fairly woke up at last, takes a firmer grip of the saddle and grits his teeth as they fly it side by side.

They are now only a mile from home, and the anxious and hard-pressed captain draws a breath of relief as the water is passed, while his young friend who has just grasped the idea that the stands and the winning-post are within measurable distance, tries to call up some sentiment appropriate to the occasion, but in the excitement of the moment 'Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine' is the only thing he can think of.

But the other riders are fully alive to the situation, and the favourite and Ebb-tide are both drawing up on the leaders, of whom the pink jacket has already had nearly enough of it, while old Jupiter, though going well, will be certainly outpaced on the flat.

Ebb-tide, too, considers the captain, rapidly reckoning up the state of affairs in his mind, is held pretty safe by the mare, but Armageddon is another matter, and he marks with growing disfavour and some consternation the strong untiring stride of the favourite.

'It's just my confounded luck,' reflects that harassed gentleman, as he thinks of his £200 and the disastrous results of letting Tom Lorrimer on a dangerous horse get alongside

his pupil in the run in. It is characteristic of the man that in this supreme moment no thought of his own peril, as he rides hard to keep his place on a beaten horse, ever crosses his mind; and he concentrates his whole attention on saving the race for his party.

'Something's got to be done,' he continues; 'and I shouldn't wonder if there wasn't a bit of a scrimmage before very long;' and curiously enough, they had not gone another furlong before something of the sort does happen.

'They were approaching the strong built-up jump, the last but one before the run in, when a regrettable mishap occurred,' as the leading sporting daily remarked in its account of the race. 'Night Hawk was lying alongside Armageddon, and as they jumped the obstacle, the former swerving from distress unfortunately collided with the other. A fine piece of riding on the part of the accomplished jockeys concerned kept both horses on their legs, but Armageddon was knocked clean out of his stride and his chance completely destroyed.'

'The contretemps was the more regrettable,' continued the report, 'as the favourite was going strong and well at the time, and, but for this untoward accident, would very likely have proved a thorn in the side of the winner.'

They are now nearing the bend for home, and have only one more fence to negotiate. From the stands the front rank horses are clearly distinguishable, and, as it is seen that Mr. Pilkington's sky-blue jacket continues to hold a conspicuous position on the rails, the excitement of the spectators becomes irrepressible. His large number of friends and acquaintances present, who do *not* consider him *much* better than a good professional, and whose breath has been taken away by the portent in the distance, are recovering themselves and shouting and cheering with the greatest enthusiasm. Of course the crack riders arrayed against him would, no doubt, make rings round him in a close finish, but the little man—who is coming along great guns—does not appear to have any intention of testing their skill on this point.

As they come round the turn into the straight 'Posh' Mortimer, on the hope of the Guards, shoots his horse up on the inside and calls out to the leader 'Pull out there, Pilkington, I'm coming through." But Mr. Pilkington, wild with excitement and nearly speechless, merely answers 'Cheero!' and continues on his way. The temptation to pick up his whip is very strong, but his mentor's emphatic warning saves him, and

he sits absolutely still as first a green, and then a white, jacket closes the gap between them, and the three flash past the distance post side by side. But the two jockeys alongside are riding hard, while his mount is pulling double, and gradually forging to the front, the game little mare dashes past the judge two lengths to the good, Mr. Pilkington's finish, 'Hands down and never moved on her, by Jove,' being voted a really artistic effort by the occupants of the stands.

Captain Martingale finishes down the course, but he has won his race for all that, and returns to the paddock bruised and sore, but perfectly contented and cheerful. He has won nearly five hundred pounds on the race, counting Mr. Pilkington's two hundred ; it is a long way the biggest win he has had this year, and will come in uncommonly handy to meet the overdue bill of that brute Levison, pay something on account to two or three pressing creditors, and leave some ready cash to go on with besides.

Mr. Pilkington, as he rides back to weigh in, is received with much approbation by the crowd, always quick to mark their appreciation of a sporting feat of any kind. It is the finest moment of his life, and his thoughts are divided between gratitude to the gallant mare who has carried him so well, and admiration for the remarkable ability and resource of the redoubtable captain.

The great Mr. Snaffle is all smiles, and the various subordinates and hangers-on of the training stable turn up in surprising force, with cheerful faces which indicate a confidence that they, too, will share in the celebration consequent on the victory, a confidence which is not misplaced, the careless generosity of the rider of the winner making it, for them also, the best win they have had for many a long day.

A few words to the captain, who rides in two other races and is consequently very busy, and then an adjournment is made to the refreshment room, where the victory of the host is properly toasted in the best racecourse champagne, while the eminent artist who has ridden the second string of the stable limps gingerly across the paddock to superintend saddling operations for the next race.

A PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Several other prizes will also be given away each month, each of them consisting of an original drawing by one or other of the artists who illustrate the Magazine. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects, and these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, athletics are practised. Racing and steeplechasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. All matters of Public School interest will be welcome.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

THE APRIL COMPETITION

The Prize in the April competition has been divided among the following competitors: Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down; Mrs. Vernon Eccles, Borstal, Rochester; Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington; Mr. E. T. Warner, Croydon; Mr. W. G. Dickins, Warwick; Captain G. B. Hankey, Rawal Pindi; Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's Co.; Mr. A. E. Burke, H.M.S. *Terrible*, China; and Captain W. M. Southey, Karachi, Sind. Original drawings have been sent to a number of other competitors.

EAST ANTRIM HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES. 'MOONLIGHT' THE WINNER OF THE 15 ST. 10 LB. RACE, LEADING AT THE FIRST FENCE

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down

POINT-TO-POINT RACES, ISLE OF WIGHT

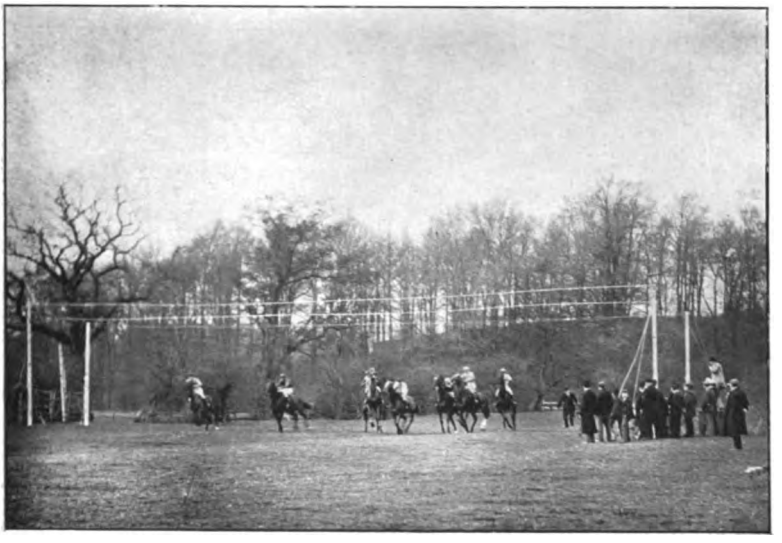
Photograph by Mrs. Vernon Eccles, Borstal, Rochester

TAMESIS SAILING CLUB. MATCH ON EASTER MONDAY AT TEDDINGTON. NEW CLASS I MODELS. GETTING READY TO START

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

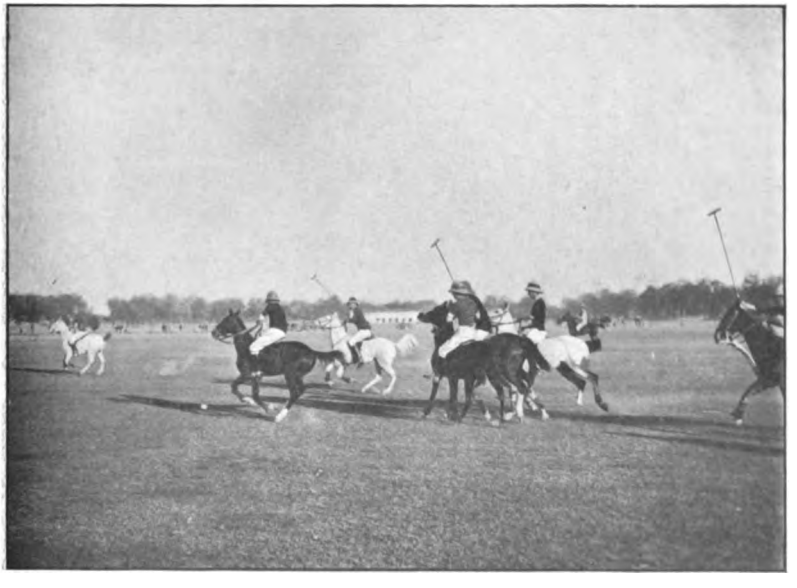
OBSTACLE RACE. CADETS' SPORTS, H.M.S. 'BRITANNIA,' APRIL 1902

Photograph by Mr. E. T. Warner, Croydon



START FOR THE APRIL HANDICAP, WARWICK

Photograph by Mr. W. G. Dickins, Warwick

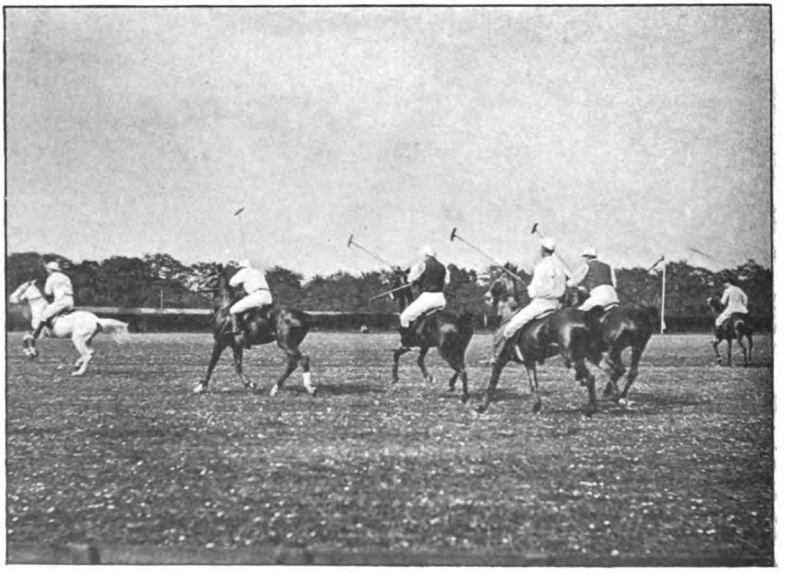


INFANTRY POLO TOURNAMENT AT MEERUT. THE RIFLE BRIGADE *v.* THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

Photograph by Captain G. B. Hankey, Rawal Pindi

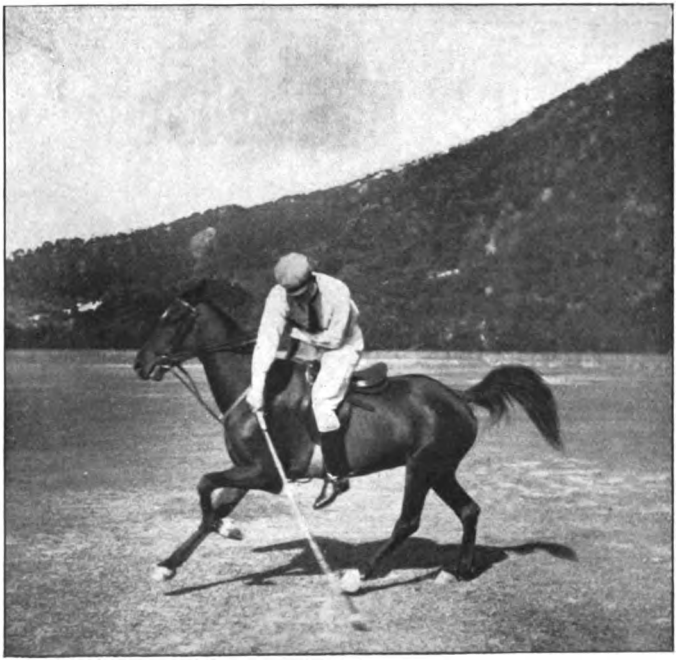
CASTLECOMER HOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's Co.



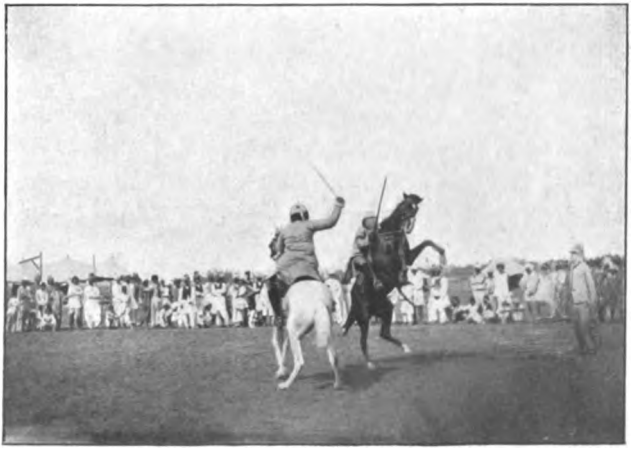
CO. ANTRIM POLO CLUB. AFTER A THROW IN

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, co. Down



POLO AT HONG KONG. FORWARD NEAR SIDE STROKE

Photograph by Mr. A. E. Burke, H.M.S. 'Terrible,' China

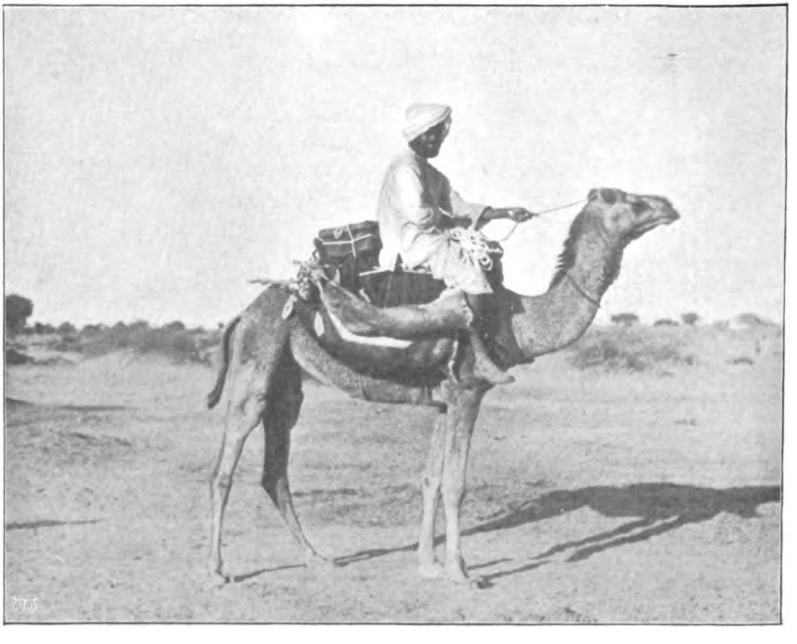


SWORD *v.* SWORD. MOUNTED NATIVE CAVALRY AT THE SIND DISTRICT ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Photograph by Captain W. M. Southey, Karachi, Sind

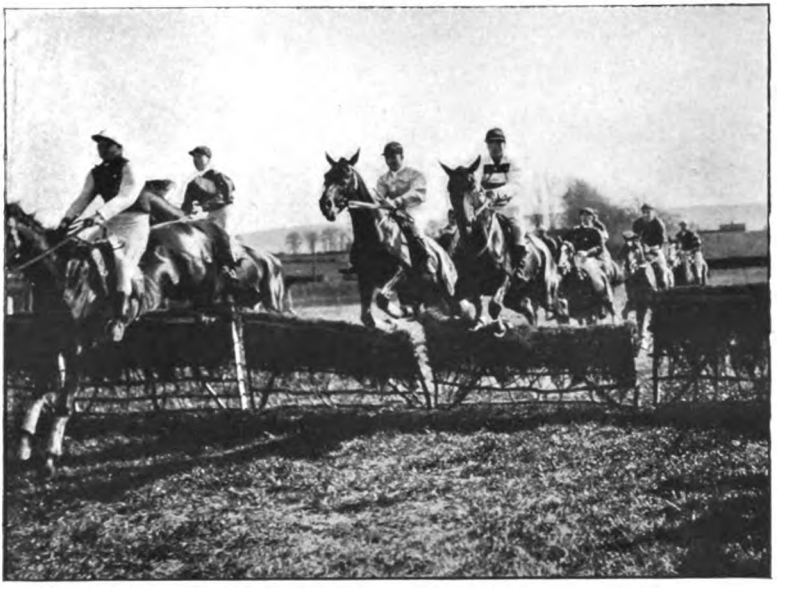
SHOOTING IN THE YANGTSZE VALLEY. ONE DAY'S BAG OF GEESE

Photograph by Mr. E. Collingwood, Shanghai



BLACK BUCK AND CHINKARA SHOOTING IN THE SOUTHERN PUNJAB
HOW THE GAME IS CARRIED

Photograph by Captain E. W. Wall, Mian Mir, Punjab

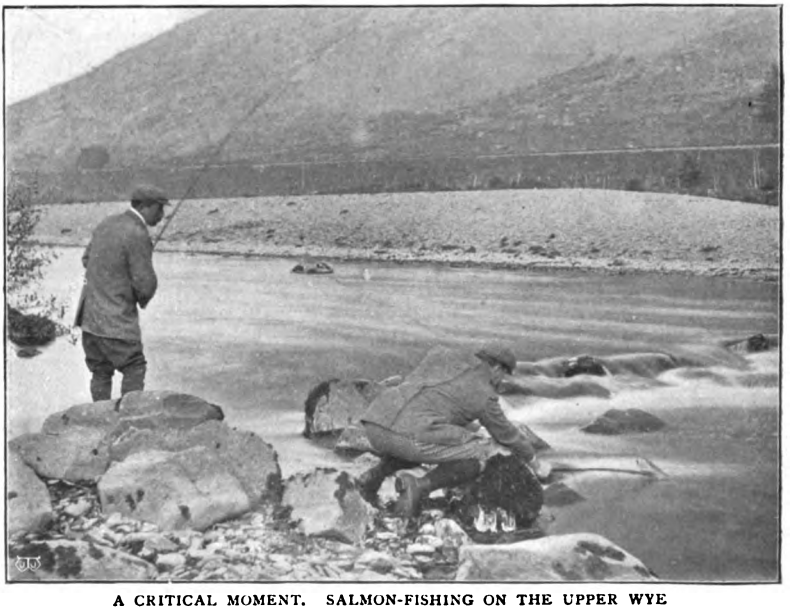


SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPLECHASES

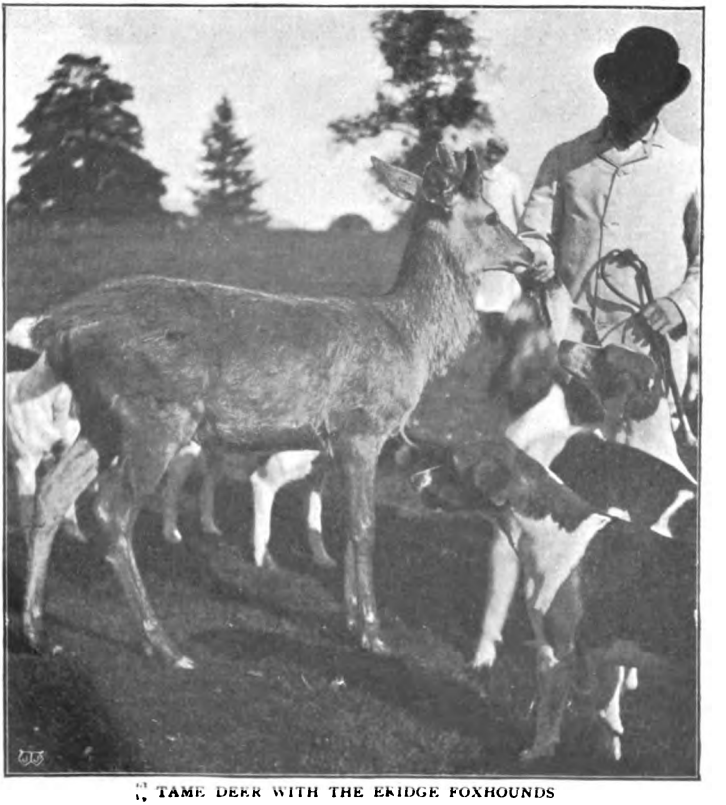
Photograph by Mr. Percy E. Hill, Hayward's Heath, Sussex

NAVAL OFFICERS' PAPERCHASE AT LARNAKA, CYPRUS

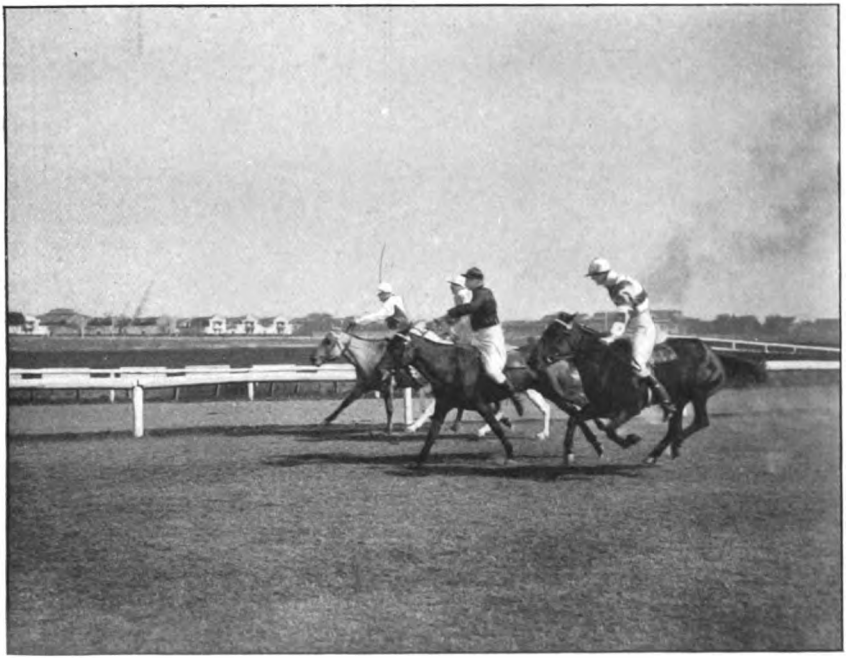
Photograph by Mr. N. E. Isemonger, H.M.S. 'Banshee,' Malta



A CRITICAL MOMENT. SALMON-FISHING ON THE UPPER WYE
Photograph by Miss Davis, Glaslyn, Rhayader, Wales



A TAME DEER WITH THE ERIDGE FOXHOUNDS
Photograph by the Viscountess Hardinge, South Park, Penshurst

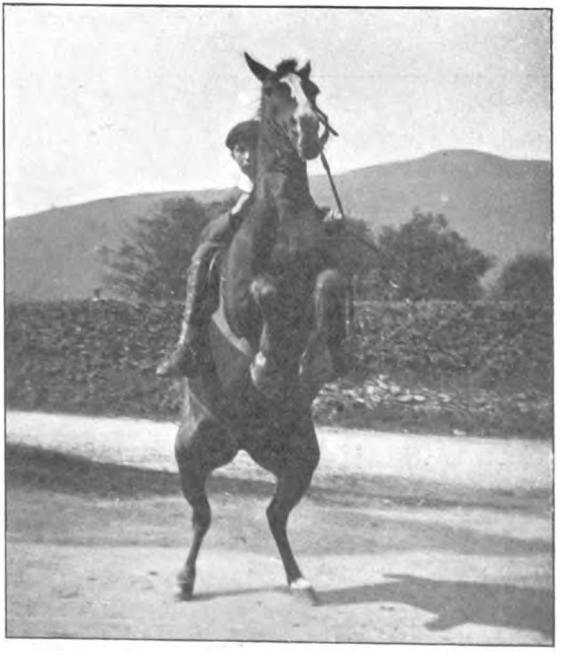


SHANGHAI AUTUMN MEETING, 1901. FINISH OF THE HALF-MILE RACE
Photograph by Mr. J. M. E. Machado, Shanghai

STARTING FROM NIKKO FOR CHAZENJI, JAPAN
Photograph by Mr. N. B. Bevan, Blandford

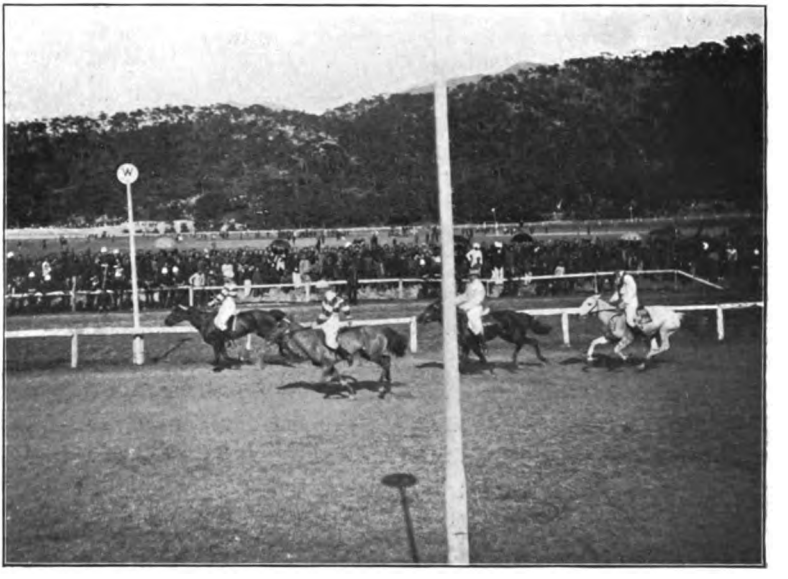
H.H. THE PRINCE OF MONACO'S YACHT, 'THE PRINCESS ALICE'

Photograph by Mr. C. Le Maire, Nice



REARING

Photograph by Mr. T. T. Nichol, Bedford



HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB RACE MEETING

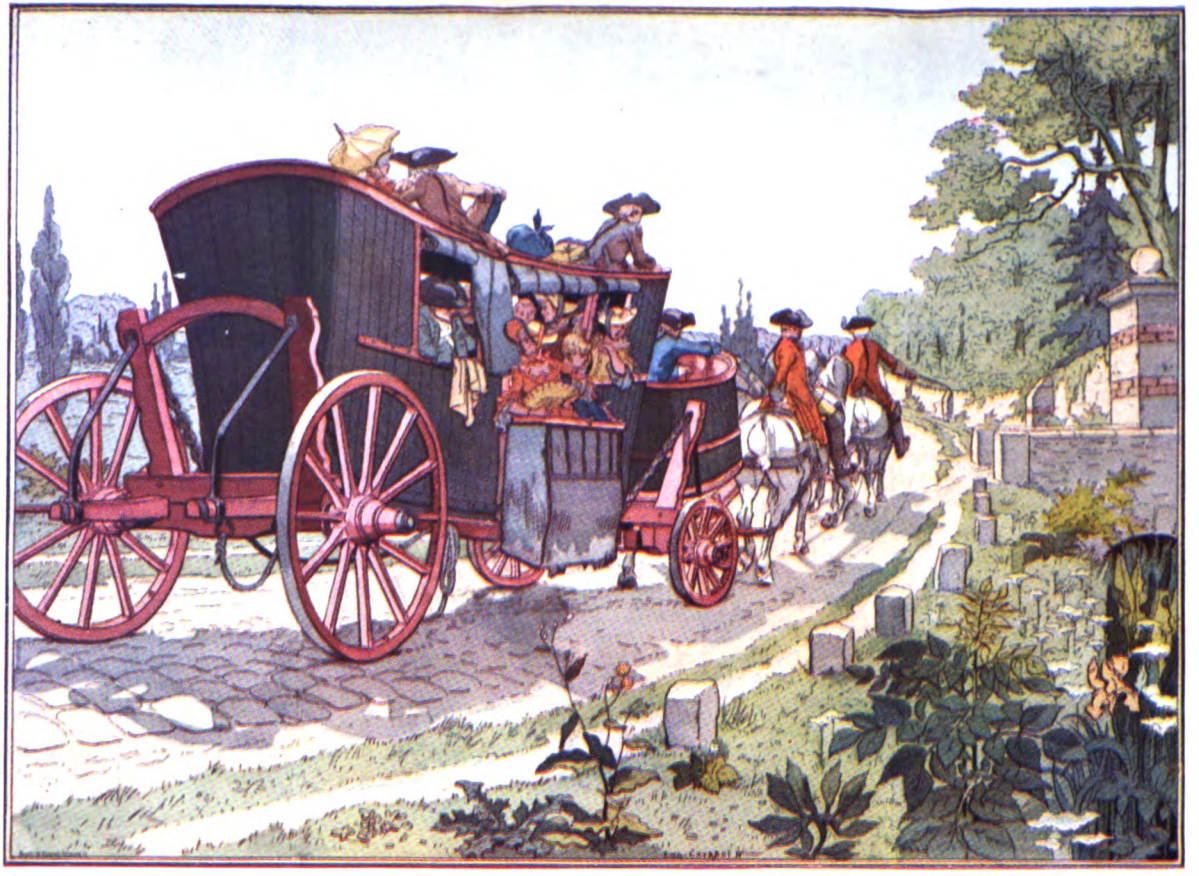
Photograph by Mr. A. E. Burke, H.M.S. 'Terrible,' China

MEET OF THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS AT STAPLEFORD HALL

Photograph by Mr. John Day, Leicester

THE COLOURED PICTURES

FOR the Coronation month we have thought it appropriate to give a picture of the King's first Derby, that won by Persimmon in 1896, and we have been enabled to do this by the kindness of Mr. G. D. Giles, the painter and owner of the original. How it happens that no one has bought this spirited painting we do not know ; but luckily for us it was still unsold a short time since, and we were thus able to copy it. The idea of the exciting finish is admirably conveyed : the horses, it will be perceived, are really 'going,' and it will vividly recall memories of the desperate struggle of which St. Frusquin had just a shade the worse. It will be specially appropriate if Persimmon's famous daughter Sceptre succeeds in carrying off the Coronation Derby. By way of contrast to the rapid and smoothly gliding motor of the twentieth century, we give an illustration of the elaborate, heavy, lumbering 'coach' of the seventeenth, taken from M. Octave Uzanne's singularly interesting work *La Locomotion à Travers l'Histoire* (Librairie Paul Ollendorff, 50 Chaussée d'Autin, Paris), a volume to which we have previously directed attention. The ponderous beams and heavy chains with which it was built up will be observed, and one may guess how the clumsy structure shook and rumbled and tired its horses, especially when crowded with passengers. The view of 'Rotten Row' does not need description. 'Wilson's Snipe' (*Gallinago Delicata*) is called also the English Snipe, Common Snipe, Jack Snipe, American Snipe, and Shad Bird, the last, apparently, because, as an American writer remarks, 'When the first shad run up our rivers to spawn, and the shad bush opens its feathery white blossoms on the roadside thickets in March, the snipe come back from the south to haunt the open wet places of the lowlands, fresh water marshes, soaked fields, and the sheltered sunny spots that are the first to thaw.' Its habits are practically those of its English relative, and like that bird it requires an experienced shot to make up a fair average of kills to cartridges.



FROM PARIS TO VERSAILLES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

NOTES

BY 'RAPIER'

'I SUPPOSE Sceptre is sure to win the Derby, isn't she?' is a question on which my opinion has been asked some score of times since the filly won both the Thousands. 'Sure' is a dangerous word to use in connection with the Turf, however. That she is the best of her year, unless perchance Sterling Balm may be better, which seems perhaps not very probable, her Newmarket victories strongly suggest; but 'sure!' The Derby was started in 1780, one hundred and twenty-two Derbies have therefore been run, and three of them have fallen to fillies—Eleanor 1801, Blink Bonny 1857, and Shotover 1882. This is an argument either for or against Sceptre, just as one chooses to take it. Fillies do not win Derbies; it may be said to have been 43 to 1 against them, at least only one has been successful in nearly forty-three attempts; that is one view of the situation. The other I have heard advanced is that fillies are behind their proper average of success, and consequently Sceptre may be expected to do something towards rectifying the proportion. I am not at all certain, however, that they are at all behind the average. A considerable number are annually entered; for instance, there were precisely a dozen in last year's race, but the twenty-five starters were all colts. Not a single filly ran behind Diamond Jubilee in 1900, nor behind Flying Fox in 1899, nor behind Jeddah in 1898, nor behind Galtee More in 1897. The eleven starters in Persimmon's Derby were all colts, so were the fourteen that finished behind Sir Visto in 1895, the half-dozen that Ladas beat in 1894, and the half score that Isinglass beat in 1893. No filly has, in fact, run for the Derby since La Flèche was so strangely beaten by Sir Hugo in 1892, and she was the only representative of her

sex in that field. One (Dorcas) ran in 1891 ; one (Porcelain) in 1887 ; one (Queen Adelaide) in 1884 ; and Shotover ran and won in 1882. In these years 238 animals have gone to the post for the Derby and four of them have been mares. I think this is a fact not generally recognised. If Sceptre is fit and well, cool and collected, she should win a fourth fillies' Derby. I cannot quite believe in Minstead, and Ard Patrick appears to suffer from one of the worst defects that a racehorse can possess—lack of speed : that brilliant burst at the critical moment on which such a vast deal depends.

It must often occur to the critical observer of contemporary racing to wonder how Archer would get on if he were still amongst us, riding as he was wont to ride, and declining to adopt the forward seat? Assuredly he would look odd, that once familiar figure, amid modern racecourse surroundings. Imagine a finish between Archer, sitting well back, driving his horse before him, as it were, and J. Reiff, well forward and whipping underhand ! It is rather beside the mark to consider what Archer did in his day—that his proportion of wins to mounts has never been equalled when big figures were reached. If a man rides a dozen races a season and picks his mounts, only gets up when he has a superlatively good chance in moderate company, he may, of course, show surprising figures ; but in 1884 Archer rode 577 races and won 241 of them, a proportion of as nearly as possible one in 2·40; and he was only unplaced on 122 occasions, having been second 120 times, and third 94. This looked an unapproachable record, but he came near it next year when he rode 246 winners in 667 races, a proportion of about one in 2·71. Put otherwise, Archer rode 41 per cent. of winners in the former year and 36 per cent. in the latter. The best figures last year were made by L. Reiff, 23 per cent. ; and in 1900 Sloan rode 26 per cent. This, of course, throws no light on what would have happened if the Archer style had been opposed by the Sloan method. Remembering Archer it is difficult to believe that he would have fallen far below his average ; but for myself when I found that Tom Cannon was teaching his boys to ride *more Americano* it seemed absurd to question the advantage thus obtained.

A visit to the Academy provokes the inquiry, Will a great painter of sporting pictures ever arise? I suppose one will

come some day, but his advent is greatly delayed; and yet various British sports furnish most admirable subjects, the accurate and vivid delineation of which would appeal forcibly to multitudes of observers. A race, for instance. The thoroughbred horse is a singularly beautiful animal; to show him putting all his desperate energy into a finish, his jockey urging him to the achievement—what could be a more effective study of action, and yet how seldom it is attempted, and how exceedingly seldom anything distantly approaching to success is reached! A hunting-field, again, is a subject replete with interest to thousands of Englishmen, whether they hunt or not, and capable of endless variety of treatment. Hunting-pictures are more numerous than racing, but how few of them rise above the commonplace and really appeal either to the sportsman or to the amateur who does not hunt! When the great painter of sporting pictures arises he will have no sort of difficulty in selling his work at huge prices. He must know his subject; technical accuracy is essential, and I suppose that few painters are sportsmen; but would it not be well worth the while of a few artists to study and to seek guidance from experts in matters of detail? I always regret that my friend, Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley, abandoned the production of shooting scenes for portraiture, for he is an ideal combination of an excellent painter who is also one of the greatest living authorities on his own sport and one of the most accomplished masters of what he portrays so skilfully. He proved what he could do in his admirable *Grouse Driving*, and might have given us an invaluable gallery showing how game of all kinds was shot by the best accepted methods in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

There are about the usual small number of sporting pictures now at Burlington House, including the accustomed proportion of 'pinks'—a by-no means flattering likeness of Mr. Phil May in one of them—and Lord Ribblesdale (a highly esteemed contributor of various articles to this magazine), an ex-Master of the Buck-hounds, in hunting costume, if not in scarlet; an excellent portrait. A rather sketchy 'Coursing Scene,' by Mr. W. Frank Calderon, exhibits appreciation of that, at the present time, rather waning sport. Mr. C. Hillyard Swinstead treats golf picturesquely in its 'early days' when costume was far more gay and tasteful than it is at present—*All Square and One to Play;* but I am not by any means sure that golf was in its

'early days' at the period he represents? The players carried their own two or three clubs—no caddies are to be seen, at least. *Le Volant*, by Mario Spinetti, is a graceful view of a game of battledore and shuttlecock, the players in charming attire, if not, perhaps, the most convenient for exertion. It was a brighter and more picturesque world when they played 'Le Volant' thus garbed. *Full Cry*, by Mr. Stanley Berkeley, is a vigorous hunting scene, but the artist is not quite happy in his perspective; at least, it seems to me that the hounds are too big or the horses too small? *Salmon Fishing in the Dee* (Joseph Farquharson, A.) will commend itself to fishermen; the water is very good, and I think the man who is gaffing the fish knows what he is about. *Away! Away!* is a spirited hunting scene by Mr. Thomas Blinks, with which we shall probably become familiar by means of engravings. The approaching field have sorely discomposed a flock of geese, who are noisily expressing disapproval of fox-hunting; the road division are steering towards the spectator, and a fence is being jumped, bringing one rider to grief. *After a Morning's Cubbing* is a characteristic little kennel scene by Mr. John Evans; the huntsman is examining a hound's foot. M. Gaspard Latoix has a truthful likeness of *La Flêche* as she now appears in the paddock; one gets a good idea of the wonderful mare. For Mr. Alfred Strutt's *The Huntsman's Vision* I do not greatly care. The 'vision' is of the maid who was in the garden hanging out the clothes: her face appears above the line that she is manipulating. The chestnut horse—he looks as if he had just been clipped—is a bit clumsy, and the very small terrier's attitude is not happily caught. *Gone Away*, by the Countess Gleichen, is clever; but why has Mr. Hugh G. Riviere (*At Iffley*) shown the stroke of the eight apparently in tears? No wonder that No. 7 looks at him—I hope he is saying something to cheer him up—but it is not a happy crew, for though No. 5 is cheerful, No. 4 seems extremely sorry for himself. In *The 10th Bengal Lancers Tent-Pegging*, Lady Butler has vigorously portrayed the horses in somewhat 'photographic attitudes'—I was about to say unconventional, but for some years past now the teaching of the camera has been recognised and accepted. These are all the pictures on subjects more or less connected with sport that I discerned on a first visit.

I must again direct attention to the remarkably wide-spread interest provoked by the 'Photographic Competition,' as

evidenced by the distant places from which pictures come. There is no sort of inclination to prefer those that arrive from 'foreign parts.' The choice of the twenty-two examples is made without any reference to this point; but it chances that this month the scenes represented occur at Rawal Pindi, Hong Kong—there are two Hong Kong photographs—Karachi, Yangtsze Valley, the Punjaub, Larnaka, Cyprus, Shanghai, and Nikko. Among the huge pile of those that could not be used, in many cases being regretfully put aside only because there was no possibility of making room for them, are subjects from well nigh all parts of Europe, and many parts of Asia, Africa, America, and the Colonies. It will be perceived that the Magazine goes far and interests those whom it reaches in distant lands—if this little crow may be excused.

The publication of a new 'Encyclopædia Britannica' can only be regarded as an event, and it is fitting that I should mention the work here, for in this edition sports and pastimes have been given considerable prominence. It is likewise, however, fitting that I should not dwell too exhaustively on the subject, in view of the fact that the editing of this part of the new issue, and the writing of several papers, was entrusted to myself. My method was that adopted in the Badminton Library, to obtain what was wanted wherever possible from 'champions,' makers of records, and others who have given exceptional proofs of practical efficiency in the sports and pastimes with which they are or were connected. At first the idea with regard to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' was only to add a very few volumes to the ninth edition; but when the matter began to be examined in detail the scheme gradually and steadily expanded until it grew to dimensions which rendered the term 'supplementary' altogether inappropriate. The quantity I had originally been asked to supply was more than doubled, and I have reason to believe that this was so in other cases; in fact, the present 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is to all intents and purposes a new work. That no pains have been spared to make it worthy of its reputation will, I have little doubt, be the cordial verdict of those who study it.

No one who traverses the streets of London or the roads of the country can fail to perceive that motors are rapidly increas-

ing in numbers, and the interest they create is shown by the fact that the first edition of the new Badminton Library volume was exhausted in a few days. Before I had fairly taken breath after the struggle to get it out at the date fixed, the intimation that 'we have to reprint at once' reached me, and the second edition will be afloat before this number of the Magazine. Elaborate as the new volume is, it was finished in less than a third of the time that had been occupied in the preparation of any of the preceding nine-and-twenty volumes of the Library; but to give credit where it is due, I must admit that this result was in a great measure—I am almost tempted to say entirely—owing to the exertions of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth and Mr. Claude Johnson of the Automobile Club, who did their work with a rapidity which seemed to emulate the speed of their own motors. That anything can now arise to check the movement is quite inconceivable. I do not suppose it will ever be recognised how much the Automobile Club has done to popularise motoring, by which I mean not only to extend the use of motors, but to render them not unwelcome to those who never travel in them, and have been under the influence of the dislike which seldom fails to accompany an innovation. Due consideration for all other users of the highways is a leading principle of the Club, and it may specially be noted to what a remarkable extent horses have already grown accustomed to the cars which they meet. We are a conservative people, and many persons doubtless will long continue to object to motors; but I fear there is nothing for it but to leave them to overcome their objections by degrees, for the comfort and convenience of the automobile will ensure its making its way. The one thing that must tend to check the use of motors by private persons is, of course, the expense, for the purchase and upkeep of a good car, with the wages of a competent man to look after it, are beyond the reach of all but rich men; and moreover those who know most about the subject do not seem to expect that great reductions of expenditure in these directions are at all likely to become possible. The best workmanship and the best materials are indispensable to the manufacture of motors, and these will always fetch their price.